

# Kush Cloud

Freddie Gibbs

Floatin off of that kush cloud  
Floatin off of that kush cloud  
Floatin off of that kush cloud  
That kush cloud, that kush cloud  
My kush cloud, my kush cloud  
Floatin off of that kush cloud  
Rolling off of that kush cloud  
OG turnt up too loud  
That kush cloud, that kush cloud  
Floatin off of that kush cloud  
That kush cloud, that kush cloud  
Floatin off of that kush cloud  
My kush cloud, my kush cloud  
Floatin off of that kush cloud  
Rolling off of that kush cloud  
OG turnt up too loud, bitch

Mo-murder, mo-murder  
In the Tahoe with my burner  
Tell 'em that I just got a shipment in  
And if you in to win then I'll serve ya  
Know I'm floatin off of that kush cloud  
OG turnt up too loud  
A nigga busy getting to the money and weed  
That's why a playa hating nigga get tuned out  
In a shootout nah cause they don't want that shit  
Traffic the powder, how you want that whip?  
Grind it out, pound it out  
Then I took her to the house, I ain't want that bitch  
I get the killa shit from my niggas in the Bay  
We wheeling and dealing so what you niggas wanna pay?  
Got dope in the attic, I'm in the ceiling with the yay  
We flipping it really, you pussy niggas in the way  
Got thug love from my niggas choking, smoking bud  
Bought my dope from Lil' Sodi yea I fucks with cuz  
Corporate thuggin, so all I'm wit is thug niggas  
Can you picture, this rapper slash drug dealer

I said I was never gon' smoke no mo'  
20 minutes late, okay I'm a smoke one mo'  
The next thing you know, I'm blowing through the whole O  
Smoke alarm going off, popo knocking on my do', oh  
I'm a real OG chief choker  
Green leaf stoner, real weed smoker  
Wanna kick it with me, you better bring weed over  
I got too many problems, ain't no need to be sober  
But I ain't really waiting on you niggas to split it  
Roll it and hit it cause I've already got me some  
Roll another nigga, I'm hardly done  
Kray Jack got Bob Marley lungs  
I hit a little bit of Snoop OG kush  
Then I roll up some Wiz Khalif to get a hook  
It's sticky icky nigga, trust it be real  
Cause I planted it and grew it on Cypress Hill  
Bud smokers only, bud smokers only, on-ly  
Don't ask if I'm high  
Look into my eyes, you can tell that I'm zonin', zonin'

Kray and Freddie Gibbs, nigga there it is  
Midwest get ready when I come around the corner in my spaceship  
And we take off into the cloud

She rolled up a sack of that, purp  
The mystical haze got her going in a maze  
While she twerkin and workin slow motion - I am the potion  
That will dwell inside the magical purp that you inhale  
Inside your mind as I, seduce your brain cells  
You gotta get high 'til you can't tell  
If you in heaven with the angels  
Playing my music and get high to it  
It's hypnotizing like a brain spell  
Real nigga smoking on purple trees  
All about money, gotta count this green  
Mackin these bitches and I'm gettin to the riches  
And yo bitch love smoking me  
When the beat break down (break down)  
Get lost to the sound (to the sound)  
Roll the window down (down)  
Let her see the kush clouds (kush clouds)  
Ride around through the town (town)  
Nigga let the wind blow (wind blow)  
Gotta get head in the front seat slow  
Let a nigga see the kush smoke

[Hook]