

## Personal OG

Freddie Gibbs

Smokin' fire, pourin' up  
Hennesey and Red Bull in my cup  
OG Kush wrapped up in the wood  
And I still smoke good in a '83 Cut  
Still smoke kill in an old Deville  
I keep the leather on my back, wood on the wheel  
If a nigga don't blow smoke on chrome  
Then I really don't feel how I'm supposed to feel  
Because I feel like blowin' blunts back to back  
With no shame, keep a pack and a sack to wrap[?]  
At 13 I was taking Swisher Sweets to the dome  
With my nigga lil rone you can ask him that  
My homeboy Kendell roll thin ass blunts  
So we can smoke at least 20 every day of the month  
And keep at least 5 pounds of the hay in the trunk  
And when he came from the Chi we was weighin' it up like  
Uh  
I got 16 zones of death and you can hit it at your own risk  
When I travel I ain't lookin' for the local weed man  
I be gone on the zone on my own shit  
Got a stick or a seed in ya muhfuckin' weed  
Then I guarantee you blowin' on the wrong shit  
And they wonder how the kid stay blowed, eyes halfway closed  
You ain't on what I'm on bitch  
I'm lifted  
Me and my girl just blew six blunts up in a blue 650  
Charleston blue kush and blue Ken Griffey  
She love the thug shit so boo get wit me  
Cuz I'm young and I'm wild but I'm focused  
But my dro and my flows be the dopest  
And I'm a motherfuckin' marijuana addict so I had to do a song for the smoke  
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Smokin' fire, fuckin' up  
[?] of Hendog in my cup  
Couldn't wake up for a job interview this morning  
The OG had me stuck  
Last night I blew a whole zip with the crew  
We was rollin' with hoes lapped up in the truck  
Keep a gold pack of the Trojans  
I let a nigga rap to a bitch while I'm wrappin' it up  
[?] in yo main dame  
I come straight through and get straight brain  
She blow straight kill and make straight change  
To make sure my pockets stay straight man  
Cuz this pimp shit is in my veins, it's in my blood  
I was born with it and I'mma die smokin' this fire bud  
In my old school with my chrome spinnin' like  
Uh  
And my niggas in the bay got the kush for the 27 hundo  
I'mma get 'em and sell 'em for 55, you get it for 48  
If you wanna get more than one though  
Go to Cali and I ship it to the G  
Ship it to the Chi, ship it to the D  
Ship it to my nigga in the A-town  
Plus that nigga breakdown  
Triple what I paid for the P that

Master kush purple dro  
Keep my whip swervin' slow  
Hey Fred can I hit the kill? Hell nah  
Put on a sack, this personal  
Cuz I'm young and I'm wild but I'm focused  
But my dro and my flows be the dopest  
And I'm a motherfuckin' marijuana addict so I had to do a song for the smoke  
rs