

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
rs

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