I got 1. 5 for the blunt Go ahead and pass me a Swisher Blunted, blunted, blunted, where the blunt at?

I got 1. 5 for the red eye flight If you tryna get high bitch just my type Sittin' in the room full of disco lights Pair of shades on, I'm the coolest nigga on sight Tell 'em hide that, where the fuck you buy that? I can't even try that, glad I got my own shit wit me Catch up, if it's og match up But you ain't got a Swisher then we ain't gon' session This mothafuckin' weed so sticky Breakin' this down get ya fingers so messy You gon' put a hole in the blunt, keep rushin' Shoulda used a grinder ho, then ... You could say I'm an addict Got a gram of the wax if you need a dab hit Must keep it in a jar cause these niggas cabbage What you smoke, 420 is my fuckin' average, imagine Blunted, blunted, know you can smell me comin' Said blunted, blunted, everybody always like "sell me somethin'" But this sack cost more than a 20 You can roll one of mine just wrap it like a mummy Straight top shelf in the store Stole the connect, now I get it for the low So you know I got...

1. 5 for the blunt
Go ahead and pass me a Swisher
Smoke about a pound in a month
I don't even pay no attention
I got 1. 5 for the blunt
Go ahead and pass me a Swisher
Stay blunted, blunted, blunted
Where the blunt at?
Blunted, blunted, where the blunt at?
Blunted, blunted, where the blunt at?
I got 1. 5 for the blunt
Go ahead and pass me a Swisher
Stay...

Roll one for the niggas who fronted, for the bitches who want it Roll one for the money, roll one to the face
That's 4 if you countin', high as a mountain, all for these ounces Stuck in the middle of the couch with cotton mouth
I need a sip from the fountain
So gone think I left a couple nugs at ya crib
Make sure you hit a nigga when you found 'em
Blunted, blunted, me and my niggas treat weed like money
Said blunted, blunted, if I smell another seed I'm runnin'
Said, no sticks, takin' shots while you hittin' bricks
Know I got the juice and you niggas nowhere in the mix
Be consistent, what you smoke hit or miss
I roll up og every intermish
O-Og, make a mothafucka od
Hit ya body like morphine, army

Babysittin' the blunt, I'll get you a car seat
Fuck what it cost me, these dividends is all goin' to the medicine
It ain't one of the 7 sins, rollin' with these 7 grams
Sorry baby if there's weed hangin' out the end
But its...

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