

# I Need a Eighth

Mac Dre

Man who got this  
Oh don't worry bout it nigga just pass the weed  
You're here suckin' up all the weed,  
Mouth looks like it's a box of powdered donuts  
We're real dumb in here with the Louie's

In this time of bammer weed  
As a Louie I know just what I need (What ya' need cuddie)  
I need an eighth of sticky gooey  
And when I get this eighth I'm blowin with the Louie  
Help me out  
(2x)

7 a.m. in the mornin and the monkey's at my bed  
Got me cravin' and enslavin' I need some dope for my head

And I be kickin Backwood's fore' I hit the hood no doubt  
Monkey on my back turnked out

Cause It's 3.5 on my rictor scale  
And if the sack ain't obese you won't make the sale

I need an eighth big body's sayin  
When you bring my shit make sure my shit ain't hay

Cause if it's hay when you bring it  
I'm a get to wingin ghetto bling blingin leave a nigga head ringin  
Fo show 3.5 of indo

Cause heads turn and bitches scream  
When my man he pulled out that sticky green  
It was sticky gooey residuey  
One more time for my niggas in the looie

I can't spend over satchie that could buy me too much weed  
As a louie I need gooey cause the gooey's what I need

And they be rollin fat vegas we stayed smokin' major  
And niggas wanna hate us because we straight playas  
But ask them other niggas bout my crew and what we doin and  
We blowin crypt and that's the motherfuckin truth man  
Ya know man we ain't no Kurt Dogg's flowin big things turf hoggs  
Hit the block blowin Backwoods and sew it up like a mac should you know  
And Sugarwolfeezy off the heezy eat em' up best believe me with the louie's  
And it was Dubee comin' through on the sticky gooey biotch

Grab the bud get the scissors and cut it  
Grab the razor the blunt must be gutted  
Up the middle like a fullback  
You know we recycle the contact

I the dogg bitch I'm a smokin major  
Need a fast sack better hit me on my pager  
Dub all's and ten sacks  
Ouie hold that big bomb pillows take ya way back

My back is getting smaller and my man ain't callin back

If he don't call by tomorrow  
I'm gonna have to start on black call me damn

[Cell Phone Rings]

Hello

Hey what's up my louie

Hey man when the fuck is you comin' man

Man three minutes

I need an eighth know what I mean (I got some killer brown)

Don't want no Bobby Brown I want Al Green

Gonna hit this Bobby come around I need that shit from Humboldt County

420 Airaqui shit that make you cough up snot

Three and a half no more no less in a Backwood it a bust ya chest

To have a grown man cryin tears sayin damn I ain't been this high in years

That Indo only in Cali grown and we've got fat sacks in a Valley Joe

Blowin' big bomb at my house and leavin niggas stuck with cotton mouth

I need an eighth

That shit taste hellla good