

Smokin' Green

Master P

(Master P) My nigga Big Boss gonna hit this sweet
Kane and Abel (what's up) gonna hit the muthafuckin sweet
(What's up Mo B?) Skull Dugrey
(KL) gonna pass that muthafucka righthere (Craig B) I'm a smoke some of this
For all my niggaz dat's dead and gone and ain't here
(Time for us TRU niggaz to get ya'll niggaz high)
Smoke somethin (Silkk in this bitch, C-Murder)
For all them niggaz in the projects that's tryin to come up
(And you know me, Master P, pervin on that muthafuckin swisher sweet)
Mr Serv-On gonna hit this sweet (swisha sweet)
Somebody done (that muthafuckin green chronic)
(Nigga that's how we smoke it down here)
Put Big Pokey on that muthafuckin... on that dank
(Dank, doja) got him hooked on chronic
(We don't fuck with that brown weed) Big V said
(Brown weed's for suckas, nigga) pass him the sweet
And then give it to Big Man (and we serve cluckas)
(So it's time to jump in yo muthafuckin ride and get it smoked up)
Don't pass it, nigga, to Big Ed cause you know he'll mug you
(I want the windows to be foggy)
(And tell ya partna nigga, pass that muthafucka, go like this here)

Chorus: 1-2-3 niggaz blowin dank in my cadillac
4-5 niggaz smokin weed in my cadillac
6-7 niggaz blowin dank in my cadillac
8-9 niggaz blowin weed in my cadillac
10-11 niggaz gettin high in my cadillac
12-13 niggaz won't fit in my cadillac
Gettin high in my cadillac
Niggaz smokin sweets in the cadilla

Uugghh!

Verse 1

TRU niggaz keep roaches in the ashtray (ashtray)
And smoke mo chronic than that nigga Diggity Dr. Dre
Ask Cube, cause today is a good day (good day)
And I been blowin that green all fuckin day
And these hoes on my nuts, cause I got that weed
Keep em 2 for 5, niggaz I got it 4 for 3
Holla at yo boy, if you wanna get high
I keep that green when I'm rollin in my dope ride
Lickin on that sweet, split it with your fingernail
Dump the tobacco out, pass the green dank that's real
Turn up the bass on the 18s
Roll up the window cause a nigga can't lose no swisha sweet
Smoke, and let my niggaz choke,
And if you can't handle that dank, get your ass out my car bro
We been smokin since '83,

'97 Silkk told ya'll hoes, none of ya'll bitches ride for free

Verse II

You got twenty let's go half on a 40,
Stop the Lac at Motel 6, it's time to get retarded
Bitch ask me for a shotgun, I'm bout that
20 minutes, that same ho on her back

Talkin bout, she high as a kigitty-kite
But we been fuckin and smokin dank all fuckin night
Made it home mama smellin on a nigga shirt
Say it smell like chronic, I mean that green dirt
Got a nigga fiendin, flippin to lunch
I mean you know that dank (ooowheee!) have you with the munch
Damn nigga, but it's all good
After today I do that same shit, knock on wood
My red eyes need Visine, I got mine
If ya'll niggaz still smokin, fool press rewind

rewind noises

Chorus

Verse I

Mo B. Dick

Let's go half on a 40 sack
Roll up some swishas, (I told ya'll niggaz I was gon get ya'll high)
For some pull on that
Cause it's time to get high (Cause that's how TRU niggaz ride)
That's how TRU niggaz ride (No Limit Soldiers)

Repeat

Smokin weed, makes me feel fine
Lord I got the chronic on my mind (repeat)

(Master P)

Playaz get high, let's get smoked nigga, damn
One of ya'll niggaz gon pay
For my seats, ya'll done burned up my muthafuckin seats!