

# I Smoke, I Drank

Roy Jones Jr.

I Smoke, I Drink

B-Doctor!

Let's welcome em to the Vault baby

Do it big nigga!

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Stupid ass nigga

I smoke (Yea!), I drank (Yea!)

I'm supposed to stop but I can't (Uh-huh)

I'ma dog (Yea!), I love hoes (Yea!)

And I'm addicted to money, cars and clothes

Do it big then

(2x)

I do it big nigga (3x)

So many ways to get paid

Better, keep, fake, i.d.

Sure yall don't try me

It's murder, I'm a server

Lyric life sentence

Relentless, a menace to society

Full of robberies so \*\*\*\* it

I hop in the bubble

Wrap the Beretta wit a rag

That glock in the Cutlass

Nigga I'm always hustlin

And yea, round the Cadillacs

The alibam's a must (Uh-huh, yea yea)

Crimey and grimey weed smuckers (Uh-huh, yea yea)

Money and weed, you know my mind see on the Don Don P

With Mr. Magic and Traffic blowin some bomb weed (Uh-huh, yea yea)

In your mind, I call my pistol cause it stay by me (Uh-huh)

That's like my brother, lucky mothers

We ain't nothin to see (Uh-huh)

Or like my nigga Pete, but Uncle Pete

Or my partner Moe Pete, and Low Key

Nigga, you know me man

It ain't no thang to c\*\*\* it back and make you shake thug bang

Grab the weed, rhyming the coke name nigga, what's up

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Do it big then

(2x)

I do it big nigga (3x)

I ain't got nuthin but d\*\*\* for you hoes

I won't trick, I ain't sick for you hoes

I ain't got nuthin to give to no nigga

Deal wit no nigga, chill wit no nigga

I'ma keep a stack of that funny smelling tobacco

Pistol in my hand, nigga ready to act a  
God damn fool, ignorant muthaf\*\*\*a bout to lose my cool  
Let me smoke a goose so I can calm my nerves  
Find me a duck, get some head in the Burb  
I'ma fool on them hoes nigga  
That's my word, show me a dime and I'm bet I'm gettin served  
Everybody know me probably saw me half-c\*\*\*ed  
Drunk, high in the club bout to get it hot  
Louisiana nigga, down here we getting bucked (Bucked!)  
And if we ain't fighting, it's probably cause we too f\*\*\*ed up!

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I'ma dog (Yea!), I love hoes (Yea!)  
And I'm addicted to money, cars and clothes  
Do it big then  
(2x)

I do it big nigga (3x)

I do it big  
Lil Boosie do it big boy  
Feel this here, check this out  
Look

I smoke, I drank, I tote that iron (That iron)  
Eyes stay red, and my guhl stay fine  
I'ma problem child, I know you heard  
I ain't no turtle, I'ma crocodile (Crocodile!)  
And I'll serve ya  
See Lil Boosie from that South Side (That South Side!)  
In they mouth got bout five  
Got them Tees with dem Ree's wit dem black and white cowel (Cowel!)  
I want Ashanti, Beyonce and Trina  
So I could hit her from the back, like I do my black nina  
I miss my nigga Soulja Slim (Rest In Peace), and that's for real  
So in your memory I pop a pill, c\*\*\* the steel  
If you don't like it you could take it to that level  
That go the mo light, mo won't you come and meet the Devil  
Look, I'na put two labels on my back and start walking (Start walking!)  
And it ain't in six states now I got everybody talking  
Look, and I thug (I thug), with my thugs (My thugs)  
We getting paid from the block to the club  
That's what's up nigga

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