

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!
Do it big nigga!
Do it big nigga!
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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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 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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