

Bamma Weed

Smoke DZA

Nigga, I'm high off living, do what you do
Live how you live, hold your opinion
Probably cough into a coma if you hit that bowl
God bless the man if he just that bold
You don't do it like we do, nah, we don't believe you
You niggas on that K2, we smoking sour diesel
Kushed God, bitch, nigga chief like Katonah
Flow bonkers, been fly since Tonka
Contraband left on my dresser
Bagged up, got extras, more bread to get up
I hustle, I ain't letting up
These wild niggas sleep, money still printing up
So I be Zombie status
With my Zombie niggas, getting all this cabbage
Kushed God in the physical, Smokers Club original
Members are minimal

Don't give me no bammer weed
We don't smoke that shit in the N.Y.C
Lucy in the sky with diamonds, feeling vibrant
Close your eyelids, the glorious dead arrive with
DZA, we stay high, stoned, and stay fly
Three grams for breakfast, hash wax for seconds
My reflection, the force to be reckoned, but my direction
These niggas awkwardly threaten, don't need a weapon, this menace
Spark that leaf [?] with a ounce of top shelf chilling, top peeling
All about that green, nigga, can you hear me?
Same nigga on the block, serving grams, getting knots
Wha-what? What you thought, you was smoking that good?
I got a sack of dour and that wax is hitting proper
Dusty Rhodes, elbows dropper, only smoke them if they proper
The dondada, pussy popper, show stopper
Z-O-M-B bitch

Don't give me no bammer weed
We don't smoke that shit in the N.Y.C
We them top notch marijuan coppers
O.G. a dour, make sure it's proper

Not swagger, but effervescence, some say that sex is a weapon
Keep shorty around like she pregnant
Since I have no filter on the blunts, I have no filter on my mouth
Fuck the living, we are dead, I smoke the marley like the dreads
Rude boy, choose I, lick a shot, choose I
I am on that new high, I'm just trying to boost mine
Spanish mamis say my eyes rojo, don't call po-po
I'm rolling solo, dank, buddha, ain't a thing to you
Eyes closed, Bush, got me singing songs to you
So what's wrong with you, not getting along with you
We should live it a little, smoke trees, fuck all my enemies
Since all my niggas are smoking good, my bitch turned Hollywood
My niggas are riding good, take a pull of the chronic cough
Making you lose your composure so you could hardly talk
DZA got 'em, spark the lighter up
Not dividing us, nigga, you ain't as high as us

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