

# 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

Don't give me no bammer weed

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We them top notch marijuan coppers  
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