

Smokey Klause

Smoke DZA

Right
Sweet baby kush god
Gather round children
It's the night before christmas

RIGHT
Fuck them raindeers
I'm comming off dat continental V
Smokey klause commin with that marijuana tree
Only bad yellow bitches get the candy cane for me
Jump up on my lap baby tell me what you need
The night before christmas I was all up in the house
Santa workin over time while I'm diggin down the spouse
Not a creature starin' so we did it on the couch
Thinkin in my head like this what's it about
The children was nestled, snuggled up in they bed
Probably havin xbox visions up in they head
Her mama up in her underwear and I'm in my skully
She makin wild noise I know it's bound to get ugly
Lil' nigga woke up cause he heard all the chatter
His mama was screaming, he tryin to see what's the
Matter
Then to the closet, I threw her the flash
He opened the door, and he saw my stash
His mama has her titties out tryna be low
Startin askin her questions told him he had to go
Then he through his wonderin' eyes it would to appear
Saw it was a rubby hangin off the chair
The lil' fucker was quick, certainly cleaver
Started smilin' and shit like "it gotta be DZA"
Smelled the polo colonge, den' he got brave
Knew all my songs started to callin' em' by names
Kushed god, 4 loko, sour hour, ya kiddin?
Personal party continental kush, he has risin'
He spoke about that mirror that was on the wall
And ralf lift shit, said he was fresher then them all
Then threw a twinkel up for I he would appear
Polo undershirt, phone pauses that's rare
Spoke not a word, not even a curse
Walked to the chair and he picked up his shirt
Sprang to the street gave his driver a whistle
Flew down the ave I swear it looked like a missle
But I heard him scream, fore' he got out of sight
My fault lil' nigga, marry christmas righhht