

Homies 2 Smoke With

Violent J

Just stick to this road huh?
Fuck It, I thought, I'm sold, I strolled on down the road,
In C-walk mode, to the wizard I'm told
But hold up, this roadS fucked wit twists and turns
I'm haveing no luck as my vanilla blunt burns
I'm seeing' trees wit faces, bushes that walk
And as far as I can see nobody drawn in chalk
And the sky is bright green; sometimes it's kind of pink
I'm a twist another blunt here sit down and think
How the fuck, what the fuck, who the fuck and when
What the fuck I'm doing here I would have figured the pen
Then again I gotta get the fuck home before long,
Because the first of the month is coming' on, I'm gone
Let me spark my shit, right quick, I'm Outta here,

Yo, homie let me get a hit of that blunt

Fuck yea, wait a minute, who said that? look around everywhere
And I heard somebody singing over there, so clear
He went...

I don't need a brain, don't need anything
I just want somebody to smoke with
(Who said that, Who said that?)
Stuck up on this thing, wit no fucking ganj
I just want somebody to smoke wit
(Who said that?)

Well I said that!

Look at this shit, I'm talking to a scarecrow, stuck on a stick
Asking me for a hit, right quick, shit all I got is bobby brown,
I can't front, but the wizard gots all you want,
You can smoke off his tundra, they say it's the thunder
Me can have King Kong smoked under the wonder
I'm going there now and getting me some
It was the wizard gonna get my ass home, he's on...

It would be the shit big homie, If I could walk wit you
And talk wit you, and get up on a fat bag or 2,
Cause I've been hanging from this pole for so long
And smoking on home grown, my headache is full blown
Now I ain't the smartest scarecrow in the hat
But if you lift that little latch and I gone crash into a pumpkin patch
Don't leave me hangin' big homie, just pull the lever
So we can just get walking the yellow alley together cause...

I don't need a brain, don't need anything
I just want somebody to smoke with
(And I'm with that, and I'm with that!)
Man it ain't no thang, we can smoke some ganj,
But you got to put something on it
(And I'm with that, you know I'm with that!)

I helped set his ass free, he slipped off
Then his fucking leg ripped off and he was like...

Don't mind that shit dawg, it ain't nothing at all
Just a little bit of stuffing that straw

Hey Paul, I mean scarecrow yo

Don't ask if I ever tried smoking myself, no.

I only thought with the hay "ok"
Anyways let's get you some real shit down the yellow brick alleyway...

We don't need a brain, don't need anything
We just need some homies 2 smoke with
(And I'm with that, and I'm with that!)

(4x)