

Weed Hand

Baby Bash

Sometimes da game got me stressin partner i can't lie
I roll me a sweet smash off n da ride a whole piece i aint neve
r lied

I put my weed hand n da sky
I put my weed hand n da sky
I respect it for da luv of life
A whole piece i aint never lied
I put my weed hand in da sky
I put my weed hand in da sky

The smokes killing off my lungs and appendix.It's baby bash the
modern day jimmy hendrix.deep
down in texas,dope house is so relentless.the fluff is endless.
smokin wit my lawer and my
dentist.Feelin stupendiss wanna come to my quarter stacks.Smoki
n on greener reef.singing boby
to dem older cats.(bobby brown)Dem dolger sax,wit a coffee grin
der at my mercy.Dun rolled a
lax wit a highspeed chasers ones dat coudn't curch me.Cocked mo
uthed and thirsty gotta keep my
spirit lifted though.My spiritual,lyrical,it's hydromyrical.I'm
comin visious though,wit a
fully loaded off dat durby. feelin so worthy cuz my vacume lung
s are like dat curby.and don't
desturb me when i'm floatin to my foriegn land.You no fo' sho'
i keep my pipe in my weed
hand.My weed hand is something i don't disrestpect.Your weed ha
nd throw it up and represent
your weed.

I'ma gonna admit it and you know i'm wid it.begin his life,got
his only one and split it.Lit
it up wit my nephew.and now i'm floatin.My crown is broaken.soa
kin up my soal.sippen
styraphone cups.choken now i'm low.If you ridden on us dats coo
l but pass da joint.diamonds
flyin and you just had to go.cuz u dun cast da vote.and i didn'
t even get a hit.no not even a
little bit.so now help me get rid of dis.baby girl don't disres
pecr the luv.and i can't see
dat.ask where we get the best of bud.put up ur weed hand.

Man i been down dis way before.i hit da bong back up and blow.I
'm too damn high don't pass me
no mo'.I blaze drown,sip on a four.stayin high i'm on a note.u

can smell da bong all on my
clothes.man look at my eyes they bout to b closed.I'm choken du
des up out hte room wit my weed
hand in the sky.I'm stayin blowed on octamodes and i'm leanin h
alf da time.I'm stayin high and
i hustle fool.don't be at home up on my ass gotta get up and gl
ock sum cash.

hoes thinkin they gonna smoke for free.but not wit a young P.I.
M.P.Just cuz i'm young don't
mean i'm dumb.Red microphones now blaze sum of dat greener reef
.and pour sum of dat purple
stuff.down here we smokin bud.ya i no u herd of us.

ending outro:My weed hand,put ur weed hand in da sku,my weed ha
nd,east west,my weed
hand,north south,something we can all relate to,my weed hand.