

# Who Wanna Blaze

**Baby Bash**

The adventures of that Scoop Deville  
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Scoop! Why these tracks so danky?  
Why my tree so stinky?  
Why the fuck am I posted up  
With that thick bitch not too lanky!  
Why the hell she wanna thank me  
When we do that hanky panky?  
Cause she know it's real and not janky  
Some of these squares just can't be  
Let me introduce game one on one  
When it comes to getting saucy.  
Paul Wall still love the boss  
Still the PU you just so bossy!  
Get that solid dope, nigga say it's not  
Showing out in the parking lot  
Bash you got your helmet missing,  
Yeah, I [?] cause I drop top a lot!  
Chop a block, chop a slayer  
Toss the keys of that valet  
Fuck VIP, we owners, nigga  
Smoking on some of that Cali!  
I got that dress code in force  
But not for me and my clicka  
Ball caps and all that  
Waitress from Costa Rica!

You know I'm pulling up in some way,  
We on the way!  
I got the sip, I got the zip,  
Now tell me, who wanna blaze!  
Let me know, who wanna blaze!  
Let me know, who wanna blaze!  
Let me know, who wanna blaze!

SNOW WHITE! huh!  
Let's get faded  
Forty ounces, and some J's in  
Took a sip, while we waiting  
For the night to fall and we blazing.  
Got the cookies going ham in the back  
Riding on clean [?] new plates intact  
Got the whip murdered out [?]  
Even the rims match  
Mat kit on that body  
And everything on that bitch [?]

Got 'em all like, uh, uh  
Snow-white came up  
Like how the fuck?  
Must have been luck!  
I'm like nuh uh! I hustled up!  
I've been slanging tapes since the wake and bake  
Better know that I paid my dues  
I'm a have you know I ain't half the hoes  
To go toe to toe with these dudes!

Look, I'm Cali made and I'm Texas paid  
Mexicana on point!  
I'm working days, and I'm working late  
So at night better pass that joint!  
Young chick hanging with the boys  
So we're popping bottles and sipping  
I'm making money with OGs  
And I ain't got no time for these bitches!

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We're on the way!  
I got the sip, I got the zip,  
Now tell me, who wanna blaze!  
Let me know, who wanna blaze!  
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Here come the dolo  
Here come the dolo  
Here come the dolo  
Here come the dolo  
Paul Wall  
Here come the dolo

I pull up with a bag of California finest hay  
Got swishers sweets, Garcia Vegas  
And backwards I don't play!  
I get high every day  
Gotta go out there and get it in every way  
My cup cold, my neck froze,  
My drink muddy as a mother made  
Let me know if you're down the blaze  
Got satellite Kush rolled up for days!  
3.5 that's minimal wage  
Blow a few P in a couple of days  
AP, 28 to purp. I'm a run that back in a couple of plays  
Don't read me wrong, I'm on a different page  
If you wanna get high, I got a couple of ways.  
You'll still be high in a couple of days  
Don't plan on coming down, coming down  
Super throwed like Clayton Kershaw standing high on that mountain.  
If you're down with the get down,  
Then go get down when I pass that thing round  
When I pass by, get double looks  
Cause I'm smelling like a pound  
Getting faded, if you're down the roll  
Let me know, got smoke on deck  
Got a two in a big blue  
You can hop on in if you're working neck  
That ew wee, have you feeling good  
You'll love that Kush [?] get tripping!  
I'm gonna go and get that check  
Pulling that, get that, I'm a get my mind correct

You know I'm pulling up in some way,  
We're on the way!  
I got the sip, I got the zip,  
Now tell me, who wanna blaze!  
Let me know, who wanna blaze!  
Let me know, who wanna blaze!  
Let me know, who wanna blaze!