

# Smoke Out

Birdman

What's up Chop (What's happenin wit ya baby)  
nigga how you feel comin'out that project nigga  
to these E-States and floatin on these million dollar yahts  
smokin these thousand dollar Marlboro's  
You gotta roll that weed nigga let it burn  
bust then burn nigga wait yo' turn  
roll it up I'm smokin  
roll it up I'm chokin  
We got weed in the mornin', weed for the homies  
weed in the back of the Coupe I been smokin my nigga  
I went from G's and thieves nigga  
we blowin the weed my nigga-fuckin wit freaks nigga (hot boys)  
I'm in that Bentley Coupe nigga  
from Shine On video to six foot shorty too my nigga  
and yeah we headed up town nigga  
blow after pound my niggaz puttin it down nigga  
and yeah ridin big is my crown nigga  
holdin my rounds nigga-holdin my town my nigga (believe that)  
to be the boss that I be nigga  
and smoke weed everyday of the week nigga  
on Stunna Island nigga fuckin with them G niggaz  
we gettin money everyday of the week nigga  
it's fast money nigga-Cash Money made me  
we blow that purple everyday in my city streets  
I'm headed to Stunna Island it's lovely over there  
sand in my toes feel the breeze in my hair  
in the two piece Chenell shades and the (??)  
Chenell beach bags where I keep the weed stash  
and I ain't gotta tell you what the ice like  
mothafucker this is Cash Money you know what the life like  
you smoke what you can, we smoke what we want  
it's never back yard boogy, straight stock yard funk  
the higher ponc chronic, blueberry, and white russian  
get it by the block it ain't open for discussion  
I ain't touchin and puffin nothin give me a charge  
I'm float with the cloud above and then go with the stars  
blow dro with my girl Venus on the way to Mars  
they say you need a ship but niggaz get there in they cars  
Uhhhh we smoke out till we choke out  
I'm clearin my throat and I'm at it again my nigga no doubt  
I took a half a block, gettin my ice box for freshness  
got half the block complainin how loud the stench is  
Pewhheeeee pimpin (??)purple or blue, white widow  
cause after a few hits ya through  
can't get no realer then 6 Shot baby  
hot like a smokin tree baby you think I'm crazy  
keep the windows foggy in the black Harley  
puffin on Bob Marley the sticky ick-no seeds and sticks  
gotta love it bout the size of ya finger  
get a light nigga this one's a banger fuckin right  
got that light green, red, orange, yellow  
got that strawberry, large cherry, bubble gum, vanilla wrap  
you ever ask a nigga bout me  
cause them hoes know Shot blows guns 7 days a week  
Huh picture I'm an O.G.  
from a gram, to a quarter, to a half, to a whole Ki