

Smoking

Blade Brown

Remember when my line weren't ringing
Thought my phone was broken
Then I got some remix then went and put some Coca-Cola in
Put it on the strip, yeah I had them niggas overdosing
Fucking with the set then you're gonna see some barrels smoking

Niggas talking like they know shit
These niggas never seen a full clip
Nigga you've never seen a whole brick
I break down a whole thirty-six
I can turn one into three things
Mix that with the magic, hocus pocus
All I know is getting money, I ain't following no rules
I ain't your average young nigga on this road thing
Yeah I be out here making potions
But that money keeps me wavy like the ocean
My young shooter, if I need him I'll phone him
He ain't your average young boy, like the Omen
Haters talking but they don't want a problem
So that can never be right up in my focus
I chase the money and it's taking all my focus
Got me that new shade, white like a coke brick
Still with my day ones and we do our own thing
He might be around the boy but he don't know shit
She might be around the boy but she don't know shit
And if I slip, let me find out who told him
Ain't a holiday when I make a road trip
Just a day one nigga that I go with
In your stereo, Bags & Boxes
On the motorway about to get a load in

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When nothing weren't cracking it was a mad ting
Phone line ain't rang, tryna wrap things
Niggas fucking with my dough, I'm tryna clap things
But he get clapped, fuck around and try and match things
Four hours in the booth tryna rap things
I was on the ends, couple straps, had a strap link
Link my nigga B Brown in the street side
And then when we roll my nigga link me on the B side
I was tryna go ghost till the P rise up
Tryna go low, throw the peace sign up, deuce
Might come to your block with the Trey Deuce
No pussy niggas gonna try and make truce
2Pac's in my ear, got the straight juice
In the hood, what's good?
I was handing out pits cah I've got some new buj
Got some new white and it don't even look white
Street smart, you don't even look wise
Look like a chump nigga, yeah you move like a bum nigga
You don't even look right
See him and shoot, I don't even look twice

Me and my niggas roll through with disguises
Got a big watch, better hide it
Out here living real life shit
Fuck your bait lies, nigga better realise shit

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Everybody's screaming "Bring me in"
But when I was trapping hard you didn't bring in cling
When it was wartime you didn't bring the ting
Riding out, you didn't bring the ding
Yeah, so don't call my blower
Crop's soon done, gotta cool my grower
Line got hot, told my nigga "Go slower"
Called up the plug, said I need my price lower
Yeah, we haggle and barter
Agree on the price then we bag it up after
Worker was moving too slow so I told him to bag it up faster
If you get poked with the sweater
You're gonna need more than a plaster
If you get hit with this machine
You're gonna need more than a plaster
My nigga came up off of B Z's, got more reloads than EZ
Said he really trapped, said he really clapped
I couldn't give a fuck what he said
I make a detour when I see feds
It's pure ganja smoke when I see dread

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