

Kush

Caskey

Pull yo' weed out the jar
Grab yo'self a lighter
Couple blunts
This here my smokin' song
It ain't long but guaranteed to get the job done
Smoke one, what the fuck you waitin' on
Get high
Word to my big bro Lil Wyte

Check it out
This not a song about addiction at all, nah
This one here is about the love of my life
Pull it out the jar
Roll that weed inside a two dutch cigar
Bring 'em both together
Conservative style, we don't know no better
We just gazin' out the windows of life
Still blazin' peep the pages of my twenty year vice
We influenced 'dem
Joint papers on my table
And I ain't usin' them
It's preference
You don't gotta like my smoke
Just speak to me with reverence
So many different pines that I could reference
My eyes be so low
And zip my ties when I be pressin' the corner
Swear I gotta keep quarters
They my cheap orders
Edibles on my table
They help me sleep sorta
Who knows
Infinite supply, two Os
Or two hundred fifty pounds
Man I give my kudos to the plugs
And the middle men
They play they position
That don't mean that yo' weed come on time
That's the business

And you know it if you been there
I been there
Chronic smoke inside the air
Man it's in here
There is something about the Indo
That had opened my eyes
When I was barely gettin' by

So blow some fuckin' kush out'cha nose, bitch
And roll up, and roll up, and roll up, and roll up

So blow some fuckin' kush out'cha nose, bitch
And roll up, and roll up, and roll up, and roll up

Ya, man this routine get to crushin'
Lately I just been rollin these dutches
My budget calls for it

You try'na smoke this all
And I'm all for it
Man I'm liable to pull some weed out the storage
It's like the chorus
Blow some kush out'cha nose
Been exposed to a wave that will align ya with the flow
Man we just copped that Purple Haze
Roll it up and get ghost
Man if we ain't dimension hoppin'
Then we had gotten close
Word to overcomin' odds
Rollin' potent rods
Indulgencin' involved
Man I'm a smokin' God
And you ain't got the lungs to inhale this reefer
And you ain't got the funds to pay for this feature
But its cool
We still coexist as humans
Everythings a movement
The teacher one with the student
My pieces are nothin' similar to Judas
Man they are more Christ-like
I ain't tryin' to see another knife fight

And you know it if you been there
I been there
Chronic smoke inside the air
Man it's in here
There is something about the Indo
That had brought me peace
When I ain't have it in the least

So blow some fuckin' kush out'cha nose, bitch
And roll up, and roll up, and roll up, and roll up

So blow some fuckin' kush out'cha nose, bitch
And roll up, and roll up, and roll up, and roll up

Aye, this weed is like the closest thing to the tree of life
That I've seen in life, ya
It make you wonder what's the meaning of life
How come a higher power ain't intervenin'
How come when I wake up I always feel like I'm dreamin'
How come I'm just stoned and they always feel like I'm schemin' on 'em
Shit, make you wonder what kinda demons haunt 'em
Shit, they probably got some type of reason for 'em
Or season for 'em, you know how that goes
Cruisin' down the back roads
Powders and pill capsules
I never liked
I just brought light to the tabernacle
With the weed inside
Split the blunt, put the weed inside
They don't know what it mean to be high
But fuck 'em cause you know it if you been there
I been there
Chronic smoke in the air, man it in here
There was somethin' about the Indo that had changed my life
When I was hatin' life

Yo, so blow some kush out'cha nose
And roll up, and roll up, and roll up, and roll up

Yo, so blow some kush out'cha nose
And roll up, and roll up, and roll up, and roll up