

# 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

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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

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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