

Smoke & Ride

Freddie Gibbs

(Hook)

Smokin and ridin x3

(Verse)

I left my love in San Francisco with ten pounds of indo
I put her on the roll with the work told her hold that first, we gon' cash o
ut get mo
Down from the jump, hand on the pump, see my shotgun rida
If a nigga want front, throw him in the trunk
Run him up, pass my lighter
Smokin on killa straight casualties
In your weave like mickey and mallory
A pimp nigga, bitch nigga, yea gotta be
A broke bitch fuck with my allergies, (whoa!)
Damn pray, god bless ya
These niggas and the hoes can't stress ya
A sack of the good, rollin the wood, ain't no pressure
I got money on my mind, dope is on the line
Police tryna get me but they miss me every time
Bout to smoke it right, pourin up a pint
Police tryna get me but they miss me every time

(Hook)

Smokin and ridin x3

(Verse)

Good gangsta Gibbs and we cruising down these ghetto streets (you know it)
You checkin out his trials, seeing how they be (you know it)
His cup full of pink, mine's full of brown
And you know that's us coming down the block when you hear that sound (aw ye
ah)
Right now I'm smoking with Gibbs but girl I'm thinking 'bout you
Then we smoke some more, with Problem too,
And when we done smoking, I'm tryna get to you, baby baby baby

(Hook)

Smokin and ridin x6

(Verse)

Half a zip of that cali-flower
Every time I write rhymes in first class with a roly on
That's how I define hard times
Long way from them drive byes
Them ratchet hoes and them drug dealers
Bougie party need a fifty plus
Bring them ratchet hoes and our drug dealers
RNS, I love niggas, I'm off more than I love weed,
Body shots I see bloods bleed, once you turn the hood
They say blood leave, that's how they show me the love me,
I thank em now that I smash off,
Drop some bread in my cash vault
Then hit the block and drop a half off
Smoke with me, roll it off
Money stacks, getting Kobe tall
My young ridder hit his first lick
We celebrate even though they roll
10 drinks can't keep me calm
Stay focused on what I need to do
I'm the one, there's no need for 2
I breathe the block, you bleed the truth

(Hook)

Smokin and ridin x9