

Stuff Crust

Gucci Mane

We rollin' 2 grand doobies,
Point 5 for cuties
Blowin San Francisco cookies
It's bout to be a movie
Call me PeeWee Tarantino
Big clouds of weed smoke
Hashing flash like a weed low
Start crushing till we overdue
Stuffin crust
Stuffin crust
Stuffin crust
Stuffin crust

In the trap house man a homie struck go get
Put down swisher roll up here
Still crusing the beamers at
Ain't no pressure got alot of bag
Ain't got to worry about popo bag
You can roll your own jay keep nothing
Come cook it it's a virus
Smell in the bed
Got your tumor if you know what the hell is that
San Francisco you got to be afraid to get that
I'm a bosey I got me a mail mechanism
In the long life long blunt powder and sense
Rick man calling it's a scrunch mail in it
Blowing gas with a bad bitch, she gaggin' and shit
My bad I stuck 2 grounds in this spliff
I forgot you smoke power fire queue shit
Baby gone I'm the back of man trying to catch a breath
I'm a stalker crossing over by the red man trip
How you caught a nigga moving how I kick big shit
But the whole bank cross the crust like dick
Only cut with 4 sluts got big butts
I'm amazed once a star crust hit swisher
And I can't wait to smoke it with her
Like cookie she throwin up
Like the movies we stuck in crowd

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Give me a swisher so I can roll up
And I'm leaning so hard look like I'm doing the hold on
No smile blush, your blunt need to grow up
And I keep that gag in me alive so I can blow up
I need more haters, that's why I smoke a pound a day

I need some acres
I keep a blunt on me like it's my firearm
We in the club for one reason
Set out the fire alarm
Them fat blunts that's how we smoke
And it ain't strong if you don't choke
Fuck the nike deal I should sign with coke
We getting fields of that shit
On a fucking boat

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