

# Half Ounce Quarter Pound

Jarren Benton

[Verse 1: Jarren Benton]

D-d-d-d-damn, never smoked nothing like this in my life  
Pack it in a pipe, put it to a light  
5, 4, 3, 2, 1, I ignite  
I'm high as a kite  
Levitate through a fuckin' room, I'm in flight  
Nigga so geeked that I ain't feeling right  
And I just wanna come down, get back home from Mars  
Call a fucking paramedic cause I feel like I'mma die  
Party 'til my death, cardiac arrest  
Heart beatin' out a nigga mothafuckin' chest  
Dawg what'd you put inside this weed, is it laced?  
Cause I feel like I got bugs eating all around my face  
They in formation, California Kush  
Shit so loud like a ho that need a douche  
Like I'm in a coma need a motivator push  
There a nigga go, with the dope boys dough like,  
Let me get a can I get a

[Hook]

Half ounce, quarter pound  
Roll it, smoke it, feelin' good [4x]  
Roll it, smoke it, feelin' good,  
Roll it, smoke it, feelin' good,  
Half ounce, quarter pound,  
Roll it, smoke it, feelin' good [2x]

[Verse 2: Aleon Craft]

Eighth, half ounce, quarter pound  
Yep, nigga fix my order  
All different flavors and I'm 'bout to, burn it, down  
In my 'Lac with the preacher's daughter  
Windows rolled up so the smoke just loiters  
My paint swag boss sit the rims on tortoise,  
Now I'm looking spaced out cause I'm really spaced out  
Plenty Mary Jane all satellites cordless  
Big bag of Wi-Fi, smell it when I fly by,  
Look at these colors, loud packed full of tie-dye,  
Out of here, I'm high, see you later, bye-bye,  
Grindin' up fresh fruit while I'm eating pantie,  
Pomegranate, red eye, pineapples, man I  
Can't seem to focus seein' double never pans out,  
What it is? See her look her tongue out  
When I pull that bong out, fuck it baby girl pull your pants down

[Hook]

Half ounce, quarter pound  
Roll it, smoke it, feelin' good [4x]  
Roll it, smoke it, feelin' good,  
Roll it, smoke it, feelin' good,  
Half ounce, quarter pound,  
Roll it, smoke it, feelin' good [2x]

[Verse 3: Dizzy Wright]

Young nigga with a flat top, see the smoke in my back drop  
Niggas hatin' on the internet, only cause I can't run up in your house  
And lay yo head on yo laptop, crack rock, with the rap spot,

To the top man, I'm 'bout that, the loud pack made a soundtrack  
All around the world with a sound that,  
Make 'em wonder where I hid the fuckin' bomb at  
Bomb sack, I'mma medicate, livin' life for a better day  
I wonder where niggas think I'mma be at the end of the year  
12/21/12 2012? Hell, I ain't really trippin' I'mma get it while a nigga here  
!

End of the year, I'm killin' 'em all, (true)  
Speak my mind, then I'm sendin' it off  
Hittin' the booth, smokin' like I'm chillin' wit Snoop  
And if it's money then I'm gettin' involved  
I told you motherfuckers I ain't finna play 'round,  
Playground rappers finna fuckin' lay down  
Hear that AK sound (BLAH!) killin' every rapper,  
You ain't safe in the safe house  
Las Vegas route, with a fuckin' Bay crowd  
Jarren Benton brought a motherfuckin' A crowd  
So A1 that I'm A+, hit up Aplus, to shoot a damn video at Dame house  
Same crowd but we make moves, work hard, had to pay dues  
Gettin' money still the same dude, sellin my soul somethin' that I can't do  
Tell these bitch niggas, betta make room  
Less cheap for the best weed, West Coast not Cali, but the LV  
Half ounce, quarter pound for the low, low key  
You could probably slide through around next week  
I'm the nigga that you need to know

[Hook]