

Yeah, right there

Smoke all this weed 'til I can't even breathe  
Smoke up in my room, I can barely even see (goddamn)  
TH, PS3, skate in the street, smokin' my blunt in the trees  
My thoughts are covered in leaves, they're never pleased  
No success, no release  
Do what the fuck I want  
Take my time, take my grind  
Pack this shit up in my blunt  
I don't need to fuckin' rap, man  
I just need my fuckin' blunt  
Fuck this shit, alright, man  
I just need a mothafuckin' blunt  
'Cause all I do is smoke, all I do is roll  
All I do is choke on that potent red smoke  
'Cause all I do is smoke, all I do is roll  
All I do is choke on that potent red smoke  
Goddamn, purp  
Dopeman blunt  
In my mothafuckin' lips  
Take this shit to my lungs  
I be smokin' Sour D every day of the month, bitch

Breathe, stretch  
Deep breath  
Life, death  
Smokin' these blunts to my neck 'til I go  
Open my lungs and I resin my throat  
Choke from the blunt while I flex on your ho  
Smoke, smoke  
Pass the gas and the lighter  
Smack on that ass and I bite her  
I'll make that pussy feel tighter  
Blowin' my smoke at a spider  
I'm gettin' bugs high  
Bitch, I'm a swamp guy  
I'll give you one shot  
Bitch, take your best shot  
I could really give a fuck about you people  
Smokin' reefer like this shit don't make me evil  
Meet the reaper while I'm burnin' down the steeple  
Keep the beeper by the heater, that's illegal  
Fuck what you thought  
Fuck what you bought  
Fuck what you drive  
I'm fuckin' your mind  
Scuffin' my kicks  
I play for the Knicks  
Cuts in my wrist  
'Cause I know that nobody can fuck with this shit  
I feel so alone, look at the clones  
If your body dope but your mind in the gutter then don't call my phone  
I'm good on my own  
Blowin this dope out my throat what cho bitch won't stop watchin me fo?  
I got your bitch moppin' the flow  
I'm gettin' cancer, I'm gettin' cancer, I'm gettin' cancer, ho

I heard you be dancin', ho, don't make me wait, I won't answer, ho  
Don't got the answers, don't got the answers, don't got the answers, ho  
I am not fancy, I am not wealthy, bitch you can't talk 'bout my clothes

Middle fingers up in the sky, don't ask why  
Put your middle finger to the sky  
Middle fingers up in the sky, don't ask why  
Put your middle finger to the sky  
Middle fingers up in the sky, don't ask why  
Everybody wanna get high  
Middle fingers up in the sky  
Everybody wanna get high, middle fingers to the sky  
Middle fingers up in the sky, don't ask why  
Put your middle finger to the sky  
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