

Smoke To It

Marc E. Bassy

Smoke to it, fuck to it, drink to it [x3]
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Smoke to it, fuck to it, drink to it

I used to just wanna be famous
Then I said "maybe" just not nameless
Then I said can somebody out there hear me out
You know when you thirsty, that's when they give you the drought
Mmmmm, you know what this shit is about
It's art, the art of how do you sell out?
Am I dreaming of just smoking weed on this couch
I got demons, I swear this the way they get out

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Poppa came home in the evening
Untying his shirt, wife in his arms
He wasn't the type to be cheating
They took him too early, I thought it was wrong, how we move on?
I went for liquor expression and floating on cause from the bong
Dreaming about making it, never reflecting except in my songs
I turned my back away to the sky
Go ahead and let this music take me hight

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Smoking insense to the dome
Hoping that this time elapses
All of these Coors and Pabst blues
I'm a just chill and get plastered
She gon' sit down right next to me
And probably act like it's an accident
Next thing you know it's the morning
I'm ignoring the question she's asking
Bitch I'm faded off a Xanax and a Vicodin
Need some peace cause all this chaos
I'm just tired of it
Bulletproof, but you shooting at a nigga heart
I'm so selfish, I can't help it
Knew that from the start

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