

Smoke Clouds

Merkules

I'm rollin' weed, trynna find myself
Every minute, every hour til' my time runs out
I'm on a highway and I can't slowdown
If I crack open the window
All you'll see is smoke clouds
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A steady smoker, a joker with no diploma
The dopest, I'm roll the ganja
Ted talks of the marijuana, ha
The c-pedal, hella chieffin' the weed regular
Hittin' the green ambula, sleepin' with three dabras
It least I think so, I call 'em by the same name
Got 'em rolling blunts and pour the drinks before the gang bang
The same thang, homie
Only it's a different day
Roll it up and drift away
I smoked the blunt then hit the jay
Trynna smoke but you ain't pitched in
Everybody else high and I feel no pain
Went through too many talks in the brain
Shorty keep pullin' on a rope or my chain
Untainted, something like an animal
They know when our wolfs come out tonight
Too cool, I'm never with the school
When it comes to the kush, I'm about that life

I lay her back and then start pullin' down her thong
I hit like a mack and then we pullin' out that bong
R-a-a-aw
It's how I keep it when I'm freakin'
I bust a nut, she take a cab
I'll see her on a weekend, ha

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Ten shots of vodka and a fresh pack of swishers
I turned into into a jerk and proly PIMP slapped your sister
A grown man, so refer to me as mister
I roll it up and pass it til' my thumbs get the blisters
I'm hella high, I don't even need to try
Chieffin' in the rider, fall asleep while listen drive, ha
We smoking heavy, we sippin' bourbon in the jeep
With the top down cruising, couple burned holes in the seat

So much second hand, it's like service in the streets
Young Merk is on a creep, I put in work over these beats, ha
And you didn't know then what you know now
I got a couple of ozys when it go down
Profound, got 'em fiending from the dope sound
Blow pounds, roll round with the whole crowd
Yo, Merk, you need to slow it down
So they could understand
Well, I got four words for 'em "I'm the fucking man"
Started at the bottom, now we made it to the middle
Then we remunerate to the top
Roll up the chronic and I'mma headed a little bit of gin
And I just can't stop
Feeling faded, really high, I don't know what time it is
Light it, blow it in the sky
You too scared to try my shit

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