

Chiefin

## Project Pat

We chiefin like a engine  
Hey! Ya, ya, ya  
Smoking like a engine  
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I'm so high I'm facing furs  
That's high as fuck,  
This weed so good gotta close yo ears  
That's loud as fuck  
Rolling up that west coast  
Papers, cigars, bongs, weed pipes  
Really smoke it off  
You know I fuck with them vapors  
Smoke weed under the table  
Smoking pounds dunking that  
This drink got me faded  
I can't see a damn thing  
Out these Gucci aviators  
Got my lean on ice  
Looking for some kush label  
Put that shit on down  
Roll up another blunt  
Bitch I burn up till I turn up  
And I do my own stunts  
Got my white girl bringin me  
A new stray of lean  
In my cup let's go ham  
Moving slow that a old man

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Young Khalifa man and I'm a play ya, ya, ya  
Rollin up that reefer everyday ya, ya, ya  
Try me, you gonna see that I don't play ya, ya, ya  
No shirt on, reloading up that K ya, ya, ya  
Talking shit we find out where he stay ya, ya, ya  
Hit'em up with something make'em say ya, ya, ya  
Chopper bullets hit him in his face ya, ya, ya

Taliban away my niggas spray bow, bow, bow  
Run up on you what you niggas saying nigga?  
Right now  
Heard you got that kush  
But it ain't right  
It's that light brown  
You niggas in the way ya, ya, ya  
Rollin with my bitch, do what I say ya, ya, ya

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Hey! Ya, ya, ya  
Smoking on that FI ya, ya, ya  
Turnt up on that white liquor vodka  
Smoking on this green like a rasta  
I got the wax candles big  
Like a crucifix  
It's a true blessing to be in  
Hey lit some Cali shit  
Wet herbs mixed with purple herbs  
That Kool-Aid kush  
I'm full poured up mixed  
With some orange crushed  
We on some astronaut shit  
Bout to lift off  
My partner putting on this heat  
Work he pissed off  
Them bitches on they way  
Dog my dick like crowbar  
I hope they got they shoes on'em  
I'm a knock they socks off

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