Treez

Raekwon

Word up, yo call up the jet, call up the dred, man
Word up, man...

"Smoking" "Drinking" [x2]

Aiyo, soon as he hit the door, he seen me, I'm playin' the floor
Backward packs, Dutches by the drawer
Didn't want the nigga to grab me, yo
He threw my skirt up, my Glad bag, he touchin' my seeds
Goodness calm down, chump, you ain't the largest nigga
Holdin' that match pack, I still broke 'em off and my back was killin' me
Yeah, this nigga try'nna pose, frontin' with Loretta
In the crib with some hoes, yo...
He bought to fuck both of them yo, call Kush and 'em up
Purple Haze just got rolled on, why the fuck my niggaz know nothin'
Matter fact, I heard Thai Stick got stuck, they blew Black Gold on 'em
Plus your son's spoiling my days, yeah
The nigga robbin' everybody, him and Keith, them niggaz crazy, yeah
He just came home, he out in Ghana, packagin' shit
They ride inside of Ice Cream cones
Look at Northern, that nigga hazed out
He and some wack nigga Air Force, lame nigga, he ain't bathed
And got the nerve, yo, to look like Grady, God
They threw the brown paper bag on his face, and Jail went crazy
Blamin' 'em, yo he was gettin' tortured
He had white niggaz pissin' and shit, he left sores on 'em
Wow, what up with Maui, Maui chillin'
He in the fed joint, cousin got knocked, I heard he got millions
Tourin' with Yukon Gold, yo, they out in Europe
With the new accent, that shit is grown
Northern got his Lights sprayed out
He out in Texas, with some ugly ass African niggaz, they blew his pipes out

Weed, niggaz fiend for me, smokin' my leaves
I'm like weed, can't stand niggaz touchin' my seeds
I'm like weed, keep sellin' me to crooks and thieves
I'm like weed, all the young niggaz callin' me trees

"Smoking" "Drinking" [x2]

Went in the stash, grabbed Hash and 'em
He had a forty pound nigga named Brown, they poured gas on him
Yeah, yo, the crib got raided, God, Challish was there
He got tangled up, caught him and beared
Yo, under the pillow, White Widow, yo
She went to crack school, never came back, I heard she look old
Her and Sesamia, God, two twin crack monkeys, pa
Sleepin' in quesadias, Blueberry rollin' 'em
She crashed the "Purple" whip, Passion had it
They up in In' niggaz crib, all dusted, niggaz butt ass
Acapulco Gold 'Dro, chillin', him and Satib'
Out in Geneva, in Cherry Gold's benzos
Corner Bud, he a real gangsta
Him and Skunk got drunk, they murdered a man with one lung

Now they on the run, yo, Con Bud, nigga got bodied
Had Jamaican niggaz, yellin', "He robbed me!", yo
Look at all of 'em, Yard Weed and 'em
Bloods geesin' 'em, now he can't sell, he livin' with Trees
Afghani' bugged out, some Israel niggaz rushed 'em
Kidnapped his little sister Pine Green
Word, it got deeper, word, they chopped Reefer
Caught 'em in the sock of some young nigga, they meat cleaved 'em
Yo, I got to blow, I'm embarrased
They threw Crystal Palace kid off the roof, with T.H.C.'s madness

Weed [x4]

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