Webber & Williams

Smoke DZA

Uh-huh
Yeah
You gotta know
You gotta know how you wanna go out in the end
(183rd Street)
I know how I'ma go out

I'm from the get booked, get back, get poppin'
Stack it up in Section 8 and then go whip shoppin'
My player never slows down and he ain't with stoppin' (Nah)
My brodie caught a body out in Pennsauken
State police is runnin' 'round, still askin' questions
That's why I talk to God and only ask for blessings
'Cause everybody's fucked up out here, it's mad depressing
Young and dumb added lessons, adolescence
Was in a bad direction, nobody came and saved me (Nah)
I came up off a crop of reggie and a hundred eighties (That was me)
You're only playin' yourself tryna play me (Uh-huh)
Who want smoke? I whip this coke like a tinted-up Mercedes
Guerilla, goon, gangsta, but I shows class
Old head's worth a couple million, but he smokes glass
I know my smoker won't crack, he just smokes crack
He gets me players now, I got him his own jack
They call for fifties, and they call for hundreds
The game don't love us, but I fuckin' love it
My bro high, he kept on flashin' out his gun in public (That shit on him)
Now he doin' five for bein' Perked, Xanny'd up and blunted (Man)
DZA, listen here, I can see it crystal clear
We gon' make a couple million if the crystal's clear
We consistent here, Christina Aguilera with the Britney Spears
And I give 'em smoke, DZA here

Crystal clear
At this point, we could tally it up before I disappear (Uh)
Boxes on deck, I up the different gear
Multiple options of transportation to get it here (Really)
Plugged up in Cali, home in the Valley
It all started with unfathomable numbers and a couple addys
They tried to bump it a couple of points 'til I got aggy
Shit, you know how they be tryin' to do us East Coast niggas
First off, you need the clientele to see those figures
Secondly, you can't stop my bag, we go-getters
'04, I was flyin' shit back, ask Third
Pickin' up loads, gotta use passwords
The irony, goin' into compliancy
The storefront from the trap, legally buy my tree (Right)
Anything else is uncivilized, minor league
Turned my contact book into a dynasty
You niggas still tryna catch up and be high as me
Never mind, I'm from Harlem, tryna be fly as me

OT the Real, Kushed God
It's all tyrants here

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