

## \$moked Out, Loced Out (Part II)

\$uicideboy\$

Bud smoke is like a killer, keepin that grass up in they chest  
Killaz is rollin that blunt up with that motha fuckin budda blesss

Uzi be rolling the blunt up with the mother fucking stanky sess  
Put that pistol to my chest  
(Bud smoke is like a killer)  
I'm gone, up off that ganja  
Like fuck your drama  
Indo blunts all on my fingers  
I got that nina  
North Korea, if I see you  
Chief the reefer, jeepers creepers, I'm the reaper  
Up off that sack I got that pack  
That indo blow, the china snow  
Ain't got no hope, pass me a rope  
And slit my throat  
Bitch, I'm the devil  
Welcome to Hades  
Maybe I'm crazy, always blazing  
Always sipping, codeine addicted  
Come meet the Millers, ain't got no filter, the shape shifter  
It's...

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Fucking Oddy got a lil fucking Versace  
Rolling the dope, and I'm blowing the smoke  
Yeah, it got me feeling kind of disembodied  
This bitch is acting sloppy  
No, this shit don't fucking shock me anymore  
Poured the ho and four for the low  
Told her I wanted to get blown so she sucked my dick  
But I was talking bout the blunt I had already lit  
Stupid ass bitch  
Getting blowing, while I'm getting blown  
I can't complain  
Eyes redder than the cherry in my fucking name  
Smoked out  
Loced out  
Choked out in the grow house till my brain is stained  
Burning Buddha flesh  
What's left of the sess gets left for the next sesh  
Smokin to my death  
No breath in my chest  
Just leftover smoke seeping out of my vest  
Fuck the government  
Come and catch me the blunt is lit  
Fuck jail, bitch  
Shoot me now, bitch  
I want to be surrounded by clouds and the fiery flames to lighten the pounds  
, bitch

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I stay smoking heavy green

I stay with that sack on me  
Dirty money  
Keep a lot on me  
Bitch, I didn't win no lottery  
But nigga know I keep a lot of tree  
Professional with the pottery  
Got bad hipster hoes rolling up for me  
Swear they can't get enough of me  
Bunch of left foots while we smoke a G  
That's how the pimps do still got hoes on D  
Hitting my bong, I pull on her thong  
Stay with the grass just like a front yard  
Tipping the lean, I mix it with bars  
Yellow Xanax, that shit look like Bart  
Kush in my wood  
It smell like some fart  
Shoutout my hood  
It's close to my heart  
Fucking with me I'll rip out your heart  
Creep in the dark  
G from the start  
Smoking in public just watch for the cops  
They know I got grams all up in my sock  
They all on my cock  
Headed to the top  
Won't ever stop, bitch

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