

# The Cloud

Wale

They need More About Nothing  
One two one one two  
One two one one two  
One two one

Let's get high, kill these lows  
Let's get fucked up to the bone  
Blowing trees yeah we do the damn thing all the weekend weekend  
Let's get up, let's get down  
Come wit me you'll smoke around  
Beggin please don't be shy no it ain't no secret secret

Yeah Wale  
Yeah a nigga been cold wit it (yeah)  
Married to this rap shit and yall just go wit it  
Oh here we go again eyes a lil lower I be 420'n when I'm 310'n it  
High grade karma, pass me the ganja  
I swear to god I hit it like I'm Garciaparra  
Far from alarmed, I just part wit my problems  
I party on the stars bitch I'm farther than a Martian  
Pardon my absence, I'm actually far out of town wit a pound  
Bitch, I'm parked on a comet  
Fried than a mugg, OG kush I need another nick  
Starks at the garden  
Holla; Cheech, Chong & Folarin, only get high when my lows come often  
Hoes out in Boston, hoes out in Crofton, hoes in the cold, if them hoes keep talking  
Huh all we ask is trust, all we ask is good to decorate the dutch  
Never late for lunch, never fade the uh  
If you killing your lows, then honey raise it up

Let's give up, smoke that dro, we gonna smoke till we can't no more  
Smoke that weed then we do the damn thang every evening evening  
Lets get smack, lets get fried, lets do anything you like  
Huh I can't sing it - TT, you got it  
Uh lets go

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Let's get high, kill these lows  
Trees yeah  
All weekend  
Let's get up, let's get down  
Boy, you know I'll smoke you out  
Haha no secret