

Blunted

Kid Ink

I got 1.5 for the blunt
Go ahead and pass me a Swisher
Blunted, blunted, blunted, where the blunt at? I got 1.5 for the red eye flight
If you tryna get high bitch just my type
Sittin' in the room full of disco lights
Pair of shades on, I'm the coolest nigga on sight Tell 'em hide that, where the fuck you buy that?
I can't even try that, glad I got my own shit wit me
Catch up, if it's OG match up
But you ain't got a Swisher then we ain't gon' session
This mothafuckin' weed so sticky
Breakin' this down get ya fingers so messy
You gon' put a hole in the blunt, keep rushin'
Shoulda used a grinder ho, then [?]
You could say I'm an addict
Got a gram of the wax if you need a dab hit
Must keep it in a jar cause these niggas cabbage
What you smoke, 420 is my fuckin' average, imagine
Blunted, blunted, know you can smell me comin'
Said blunted, blunted, everybody always like "sell me somethin'"
But this sack cost more than a 20
You can roll one of mine just wrap it like a mummy
Straight top shelf in the store
Stole the connect, now I get it for the low
So you know I got...
1.5 for the blunt
Go ahead and pass me a Swisher
Smoke about a pound in a month
I don't even pay no attention
I got 1.5 for the blunt
Go ahead and pass me a Swisher
Stay blunted, blunted, blunted
Where the blunt at?
Blunted, blunted, where the blunt at?
Blunted, blunted, where the blunt at?
I got 1.5 for the blunt
Go ahead and pass me a Swisher
Stay...
Roll one for the niggas who fronted, for the bitches who want it
Roll one for the money, roll one to the face
That's 4 if you countin', high as a mountain, all for these ounces
Stuck in the middle of the couch with cotton mouth
I need a sip from the fountain

So gone think I left a couple nugs at ya crib
Make sure you hit a nigga when you found 'em
Blunted, blunted, me and my niggas treat weed like money
Said blunted, blunted, if I smell another seed I'm runnin'
Said, no sticks, takin' shots while you hittin' bricks
Know I got the juice and you niggas nowhere in the mix
Be consistent, what you smoke hit or miss
I roll up OG every intermish
O-OG, make a mothafucka OD
Hit ya body like morphine, army
Babysittin' the blunt, I'll get you a car seat
Fuck what it cost me, these dividends is all goin' to the medicine
It ain't one of the 7 sins, rollin' with these 7 grams
Sorry baby if there's weed hangin' out the end
But its...

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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