

I Smell Smoke

Mystikal

I'm in the land.
L.A. -- land of the sticky
Sup?
What ch'all niggaz know bout that purple weed nigga?
Show y'all niggaz some shit
It's that sticky, that budIndo, hydro
Open up the window, I'm bout to blow!
That fire shit
Nigga what ch'all, what ch'all got
what ch'all got to roll em up?
Packwoods? Garcia Vegas? Straight chocolate Phillies?
Nigga straight,?, the Dutches and the Black n Milds?
Y'all niggaz don't know nuttin about them Corolas
Ha yeah, J.O.B., one point five
(Mystikal)
Break it up, chop it up, cut it up, tuck the end
Take the Phillie out and roll it up!
Light it, hit it, hold it, pass
Puff puff blow it up!
See some of y'all niggaz be talkin about blowin
but can't handle the doja
Gettin sleepy n shit, quittin all early
Bitch you ain't no smoker!
Y'all must think used to hittin that dirt
the sticks with the brown buds
Me, I ain't got shit else to do
Nigga I'm bout to get FUCKED UP!
Two cases of green, optimal burned away
A.M. done turned to P.M.
and nighttime done turned back to day
I'm, still smo-kin
Feelin sporty in my hotel - spent the whole day gettin LOA-DED!
It's nothin but smoke til there's nothin to smoke
It's nothin but sticky and nothin but doja
Disconnect the smoke detector and
put a wet towel up under the door!
Nobody else probably more dope for me, I got the whole tree
Leftovers for me, whoo this bitch off the HEE!
Button up cause suck em up is a pet peeve
First don't put my light in your pocket
Second don't wet my god damn weed!
That's just two, before I could get to three and four

five and six, I heard a DUM DUM DUM DUM at the do'
Evidence all over, I've been doin somethin serious
Gotta hide this shit, cause I know that's hotel security
I played it off, I said, "Come back later I ain't got on no clothes"
He said, "Sorry sir, I don't mean to disturb ya, but I smell smoke!"
Fuck it just went to jail for that shit
I ain't goin back
I done ate an ounce and I'ma flush the rest
Cause I ain't goin out like that!
Sprayin cologne and cuttin on the shower
Tryin to clear it up
Worried like a dog but I gotta open the door
Fukkit here go nuthin!
The do' swung open and some young nigga
talkin bout, "What's happenin?"
He said, "I know you got that fire, sell your boy a sack!"
Ain't that a bitch!
Boy you betta get your bitch ass up outta here
Nigga I'd think you the motherfuckin police
I done threw all my motherfuckin weed away
fuckin with you old bitch ass nigga
Nigga, get your motherfuckin hoe ass up outta here
Bitch before I stomp your bitch ass
The fuck!

Boy this nigga done blew my motherfuckin high
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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