My Smokin' Song

Lil Wyte

(Chorus: repeat 2X)
This is my smokin' song
It ain't very long, but guaranteed to get the job done
Smoke one, what the fuck you waitin' on
Get high, I'd love to blaze you high as the sky
But it get hot, Wyte how hot, So hot ya brain about to fry.(Lil' Wyte)
Check it out I roll with Swisher Sweets
And all day long I'm down to smoke
When it comes to chiefin' dope
Its got to be dro to make me choke
What's the word up on the low
I'm a let you know soon as I hear
That dro gone take a few hours
But I got hook ups on that pure
What you want player What you need
Comes to you no stems or seeds
Twist it up just as quickly as you get it and you will see
Swisher Sweets and greenary
Gone leave you floatin' like the sea
Carribean Islands where I find them dope dealers supplin' me
I got no time for yo bullshit
When you say you ain't got my goods
Check yo references and find out I'm reliable in the hood
Give me bab I wish you would
You'll see just how Lil' Wyte work
Say you pushin thunder chicken
Bag it up let's watch it twurk
If it's some dirt, then you'll get no cheese in return when I come back
The only reason I do that
Is to get a refund on my stack
But if its fire I'm comin' back
To get some mo and that's a fact
Bet's the believe it's got to be goody goody green
That's where it's at
(Chorus: repeat 2X)
This is my smokin' song
It ain't very long, but guaranteed to get the job done
Smoke one, what the fuck you waitin' on
Get high, I'd love to blaze you high as the sky
But it hot, Wyte how hot, So hot ya brain will melt, you'll fry.(Lil' Wyte)
So you got a quarter key of some that California chronic
If its fire I'm jumpin' on it

And if it ain't I'm bouncin' off it
It ain't no profit comin' back
A big ole bag of Bobby Brown
Soon as get that shit I'm Frayser bound
And down to smoke a pound
I never frown as long as that Mary Jane is all up in my system
Too bad you miss them What
Them six blunt that we turned to victims
Its on again
Like you got a two liter coke and a fifth of Hen
Steppin' in everywhere you go fallin' down
Cause you ten seats in the wind
Throwin' up nothin' but liquer and bud
Slow ya roll dog you to fuck up
You gone end up like the rest of them fools
Face down in the flo' cause you got to buck
I got some problems just like you do too
But there's always tommorrow
Will mo solve em'
Pass me the blunt I'm gettin tired of hittin on this bottle
It's almost over for me and you
My ass about to pass out
One mo thing before I go
Never mind just put that fuckin' dope out
I'm smoked out
And there ain't no way I'm gone keep on a going
I should of been in bed a long time ago
I know it
(Chorus: repeat 2X)
This is my smokin' song
It ain't very long, but guaranteed to get the job done
Smoke one, what the fuck you waitin' on
Get high, I'd love to blaze you high as the sky
But it hot, Wyte how hot, So hot ya brain will melt, you'll fry.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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