

Green Suicide

Juicy J, Wiz Khalifa & TM88

I got my own strand of weed, its comin' out, It's called Green Suicide
It's got be at y'all local dispensary This that shit, This that shit
That'll have you sky high
That'll have you with them wide eyes
This that shit, this that shit
Make you mix the sprite with a dirty 4
Have you leaning' with a ratchet hoe
This that shit, this that shit
That have you light up on a dab
This that shit, this that shit
And blow that shit all in the air
This that shit, this that shit
It make you loose yo fuckin' mind
We call it Green Suicide
This that shit will have you feeling like you Superman
This that shit that have you feelin' like you in a Lamb
This the type of shit that make you blow a hundred grand
This the type of shit that make yo bitch come fuck the fam
Once you take one hit of this you gon' feel so high you not coming' back
This is that shit that have me wildin' and spazzin' on all of them tracks
This is that shit that have me pimpin' bitches that bringin' me racks
All in the while I be smellin' like Cookies and shit while I'm running through racks
Aye this that shit you never smoked before
Yeah this that shit that make you wanna choke
Aye this that shit that'll have you on the floor (yeah)
Aye this that shit that'll make you kick a door
This that shit, This that shit
That'll have you sky high
That'll have you with them wide eyes
This that shit, this that shit
Make you mix the sprite with a dirty 4
Have you leaning' with a ratchet hoe
This that shit, this that shit
That have you light up on a dab
This that shit, this that shit
And blow that shit all in the air
This that shit, this that shit
It make you loose yo fuckin' mind
We call it Green Suicide Put that shit off in your lungs
Break it down roll you a joint
We smoke it all til its done
Three pounds that's all just for fun

Beef with my squad better run
Millions I want more than one
Bad hoes I want more than one
Just a bought a car for my son
Put that shit in the garage he'll drive it when he's old enough
Had to go switch up my bank the old one wouldn't hold enough
Old bitches cuttin' me off say I don't hit they phone enough
If you ain't down with the gang then my nig you can't roll with us
Codeine in the Soda, I put KK in the cone
And I took a bitch and I don't know her
Pour some drink I'm never sober
I done rolled a hundred joints and I don't leave the crib
Even hit snoop hit it once and said he need a zip, nigga
This that shit, This that shit
That'll have you sky high
That'll have you with them wide eyes
This that shit, this that shit
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Have you leaning' with a ratchet hoe
This that shit, this that shit
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It make you loose yo fuckin' mind
We call it Green Suicide
I'm working like a boss, smokin' like a chief
Smokin' on a pound lookin' like a reef
This shit put you down put yo ass to sleep
This shit have me buyin' a pound every other week
3-5 in my zone, she like damn this long (mm hmm)
One puff and she gone, she like damn this shit strong
I'm like yeah bitch I'm on, You ain't used to this shit
You ain't used to this fire weed, you ain't used to gettin' lit
Aye, this that shit that make you act a fool
Aye, this that shit that have you skippin' school
Aye, this that shit that make you go bizerk
But this that shit that make you put in work
This that shit, This that shit
That'll have you sky high
That'll have you with them wide eyes
This that shit, this that shit
Make you mix the sprite with a dirty 4
Have you leaning' with a ratchet hoe
This that shit, this that shit
That have you light up on a dab
This that shit, this that shit
And blow that shit all in the air
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We call it Green Suicide

Go to your local dispensary tell em' you want new Juicy J weed
Green Suicide Nigga, knock you on your motherfuckin' ass nigga this that shit
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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