

# Kush (feat. Dr. Dre, Snoop Dogg & Akon)

## Ace Hood

Roll up, wait a minute  
Let me put some kush up in it  
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Roll up, wait a minute  
Let me put some kush up in it  
Now this that puff puff pass shit  
That Cheech and Chong glass shit  
Blunts to the head, kush spillin' no mattress  
Speed boat traffic, bitches automatic  
Cross that line, fuck around and get yo ass kicked  
We roll shit that burn slow as fucking malasis  
Probably won't pass it, smoke it till the last hit  
Down to the ashes, Mary J. a bad bitch  
Andre 3001 another classic  
Go ahead ask him bitches, bout "how I be smokin' out"  
Party all night, yea its goin' down  
Order rounds, we smokin' quarter pounds of that good stuff  
O yea we smokin' all night  
Yea puff puff pass that shit right here  
Nigga, better than my last batch, caramel complexion and her ass black  
Inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale,  
I know you tryna get high  
Type of shit that have ya leaning sideways  
Make her work for this suicide  
Holla at me cuz I got it all day  
No need to fly to Jamaica  
Quarter ganja, we can get the same thing  
You want that bom bom biggy, holla at my niggi right here in LA  
Inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale  
Hold up, wait a minute  
Let me put some beats up in it  
Hold up, wait a minute  
Let me put some beats up in it  
Still I am  
Tighter than the pants on Will.I.Am  
Backthrow, back still, I have a pound in my backpack  
Next to where the swishas at, smokin' presidential  
Got some bubba, I give me that  
Need it for my cataracts  
Four hoes, and I'm the pimp, in my Cadillac  
You can tell them Cali back

Matter fact, they a know, this aint Dro  
 Get a whiff of that  
 No it aint no seeds in my sack  
 You aint never gottta ask dawg  
 What he smokin' on?  
 Shit kush till my mind gone  
 What you think I'm on  
 Eyes low, I'm blown  
 High as a muthafucka, aint no question bout it  
 Niggas say smoke me out, yea I really doubt it  
 I'm Bob Marley reincarnated, so faded  
 So If you want it  
 You know yo nigga homie,  
 You can put it in a zag or a blunt and get blunted  
 Inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale  
 I know you tryna  
 get high  
 Type of shit that have ya leaning sideways  
 Make her work for this suicide  
 Holla at me cuz I got it all day  
 No need to fly to Jamaica  
 Quarter ganja, we can get the same thing  
 You want that bom bom biggy, holla at my niggi right here in LA  
 Inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale  
 We get that kush, we blow on the best smoke  
 Inhale slow, no choke  
 Make yo ass choke  
 Hold up wait a minute  
 You can go put it back  
 Cuz what you got in yo sack boy, it aint that  
 Aint that Kush, we blow on the best smoke  
 Inhale slow, no choke  
 Make yo ass choke  
 (Inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale)  
 Niggas put my face on the milk carton, take  
 the shit off  
 Cause I've been home with the kids instead of breaking shit off  
 I'm asthmatic, aftermath-matic, Dre want me in the booth  
 The room better be padded cause I'm Loko  
 Psychotic, six hundred wide body  
 Lost a couple mill last year, but why cry about it  
 Westside got a nigga back so I throw my dubs up,  
 Never leave without my strap, it's like that  
 Got palm tree's, we comin' through on three's  
 The A-F-T-E-R-M-A-T-H nigga we got a army  
 Aftermath general, one love to fifty  
 Aint seen him in a minute yo, used to be my nigga yo  
 Money changed niggas, but we the same niggas  
 Add fuel to the fire, that makes the flame bigger  
 But sometimes ego's clash with dessert eagles  
 And I stayed loyal to the city where the weed grow (compton)  
 (Inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale)

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

