

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
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.

