

# 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 chieffin' 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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