

# All da Smoke

## Future & Young Thug

You it, I'm it, everybody it  
We want all the smoke, we want all the smoke  
We want, I want smoke  
We want all the smoke Yeah he just, he just breaking up the ice  
We leaning, facts  
Yeah  
Slatt Stackin' it tall  
Every nigga out my city became a boss  
Though she roll it, holy moly, no days off  
Pyrex, cook it up like Kyrie, trade you off  
Green and white like Celtics, don't play with me, play with a fork  
I'm superior, I'm imperial, I ain't feelin' ya  
I been eatin' me some heroin, oh about a brick  
I got Barry Bonds on my wrist  
Blowed your college fund on my bitch  
Out the slums, taking a chance, toting tommy guns  
Left out of school, start smelling rocks, bought me a drop  
Cartier frames, Cartier rings, Cartier socks  
Homicide gang, they gon' put you on Fox  
Putang ran up a whole M sittin' in the box  
My dog rock a Rollie in the feds nigga, and still move blocks  
We had the bando goin' crazy in the SWATs  
Ten-four, they runnin' up on all the opps  
We want all the smoke, we want all the smoke  
We want all the smoke, we want all the smoke  
We want all the smoke, we want all the smoke  
We want all the smoke This money turning me on, ayy  
This money turning me on (turn me on)  
I'm thinkin' out loud, but these hundreds got a nigga gone  
Woo, far gone, I'm so gone on it  
300 racks on a Bentley truck, yeah yeah  
Take the factories off and go and lift it up, yeah yeah  
Lift it up, cash all on your bitch, she on the living room floor, yeah  
Having a private party, you know how that go  
Music all in my ears (yeah), instruments in my ears  
I'm in the backyard feeding deers, I'm in a penthouse poppin' seals  
I got pom-poms in my rear, Chanel CoCo in my kill  
I missed a couple shows for my deal (if I could take it back I will)  
And don't you take that to the hat  
You know I got you in my will  
So big dog bring them bricks in, got a hundred more in the crib  
Make the dope do the windmill

Nigga swing through Actavis  
In a corner too, I'm killed  
And I was in Miami countin' a mil, ayy  
I told my bitch, no more ass shots  
She stopped all the way like a stop sign when it's traffic time  
My diamonds go around like Budweiser  
Count a half a mil with my bitch, now her feelings sloppy  
Came out of the projects, ain't have shit  
I wiped a nigga's nose for a tick  
Hit it from the back  
Make her say slime, say Slatt  
How you dig that?  
Whip up the fishscale, K and got racks, ayy  
We want all the smoke, we want all the smoke  
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We want all the smoke, we want all the smoke  
We want all the smokeWe want all the smoke, we want all the smoke  
We want all the smoke, we want all the smoke  
We want all the smoke, we want all the smoke  
We want all the smoke

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

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