

Smokers

Berner

La Música de Harry Fraud

Yeah I drink, and I smoke
If I can't blow my weed in this club
Then I'm a get ghost
I'm in it with the smokers (smokers, smokers, smokers)
I'm always with the smokers (smokers, smokers, smokers)
I party with the smokers (smokers, smokers, smokers)
If I can't blow my weed in this club
Then I'm a get ghost

You know I fuck with you, if you fuck with the smokers
Three pre-rolleds, a little more up than a quarter
Smoke in the club, Wax hits in my hoopty
I'm stucked on the couch, gettin' stoned like a loser
Bern don't touch no bud rot either
White powder molds you can go ahead and keep it
And glass tips make the J taste cleaner
Me Big Snoop, B-Real and Khalifa
Can't forget about spitta and all my other people
We smoke everywhere we goin', treat herb like it's legal
Roll Sherbet, not really into Diesel
Smoke out in London, France and Ibiza
Raw wide roller big time stoner
Growin' 5 millions shout out to the goons
I'm a smoker, smoker, smoker
Two hits off the Snow Man, Wax and it's over

Shout out to my growers and all stoners
What you smokin' on, OG Kush flowers
If you look up in the sky, see a smoke signal
It's a Westside it's so simple
Pull a place Say you ridin' high but you a low level
We got them strains, medals
Ain't nobody up who got a Rollie Twist
Now and they takin' shot and they missin'
But green shinin' like the ice on your wrist
So much sugar on the cookie got you blind to this shit
Medication on deck seem better
Candy flavoured on the King Shatter
You fuckin' with the most higher make a toast
Cheese to the