

40 & A Blunt

Das EFX

Ha ha yeah, huh, uhh
Uhh yeah, huh, ha ha ha
Skunk hash in the house
Uhh uhh, skunk hash representin
Sess sess on the sack, uhh uhh

Well biggity bang boom bamma, your robby, bustin my grandmother like cherrie
s
Niggas want to follow but they know my style varies
I smoke like a fire and I drink like a fish
I be the rapper junkie gettin funky, never miss a diss (boy)
Now is it just me or is it you too?
But all I want to do is spark a blunt and drink some fuckin brew (Me too nig
ga)
The weed smoker, MC provoker
No joker, my style be doper 'cause it fat like Oprah
Take a toké and blow the smoke like a dragon
Timberland boots'll keep my fuckin jeans saggin
Pour out my liquor, bust some niggas that we missin
It's just a tradition, the 40 keep me drunk and pissin
This ain't the mission, easy rider's got to go (c'mon)
We're only smokin phillies, white owls or optimols
We've got the flows that are better with every letter
I keep it wetter, niggas better get they shit together
To raise the lever 'cause we're never goin out
So if you didn't know when, nigga this what we about (boy)
We about uhh

Chorus x2]
A 40 and a blunt (You know my steelo)
A 40 and a blunt (You know, you know my steelo)
A 40 and a blunt (You know my steelo)
A 40 and a blunt (You know my stee, you know my steelo)

Ashes to ashes and blunt to blunt
See I fill em with thai or I fill em with skunk (punk)
I keeps it on lock but son I gots to come correct (what?)
The shit that I be smokin get'cha open like a Tek
Check the glaze in my eyes, no disguise
and I smoke so much boom that I should win a fuckin Heisman and wise like
the wise
I buys ten bags for dolo (and yo)
Sick of niggas askin "Yo what up with K Solo?"
Well I'ma fuckin bastard when it comes to gettin blasted
If it's the hashish then fuck that ole two-in-passion
'cause oh my God, I hog the blunt like a boss
Baby sip the 'orty til the 'orty get me source
Court forcin down with no shorts and no laws
When it's down to the spit like Tela rocks and it's yours
Just take a hit a'time or wacked raps in your slits
So peep the cracks in my lips to the black fingertips
Nigga 'cause I crack you up like the Riddler (word up)
Plus I come to get higher than Hitler
Lay sessions with the skunk, keep my tape stretchin
from A section to niggas on lock in State Correction
So when I'm in your town at a club near you (aiyo)
If you got the bomb. mtherfuckers bring it through

How we do

[Chorus]