

## Smoking Section

### Jelly Roll

I was talkin' to a guy that I respect dearly the other day  
And he told me not to get so distracted fighting the alligators, that I forgot to clean the swamp  
And it took me a second to think about what he was really sayin'  
But he was sayin' "Don't let my problems distract me so much dealin' with them, I forget my mission"

Hey baby brother, how ya doin'  
The streets still holdin'  
The last time I seen ya, you ain't seem so focused  
Can't believe I ain't noticed, I can't believe I missed it  
Life been crazy man, fast life livin'  
While struggles sittin' in prison, I'm sittin' and trippin'  
And I'm sittin' here wishin' that you were sittin' here with me  
But you're not, I'm all alone  
Tryin' to write this song  
Sippin' on some bourbon and blowin' a little strong  
This is therapeutic music so I'm takin' my time  
Figured while I had a second I would drop you a line  
Me and Will are doing well man, don't worry 'bout us  
I bet yo ass up there chillin' probably rollin' it up

I hope that heaven has a smoking section  
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When it's said and done and we're all gone  
I hope they got a place that we can blow  
I hope that heaven has a smoking section

Hey Momma V, its been a minute since I mentioned your name  
And every hardship is a blessing and this is the same  
It's been 16 years, it doesn't lessen the pain  
'Cause your death was a first hand lesson on age  
I'm just riding through my own neighborhood reminiscing  
The life that I was livin', man was I trippin'  
I grew up around sinners all after tryin' to win  
People livin' to die but they was dyin' to live  
Think about you every now and then I ride by the crib  
Call it the crib, but my mother hasn't lived there in years  
Meanwhile my cousin came home from doing a bid  
Gave the man an iPhone and he didn't know what it is

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We ain't smoked in a while, I'm sorry the change did it  
That and the fact you got strung out on painkillers  
The money and fame did it, you tried and you can't quit it  
To think it's a shame that your names in the same sentence  
As a junkie, a flunkie, your back is the monkey  
You used to have it all, the hoes and the money  
Had a dream that you killed yo'self  
Woke up reachin' for my phone like you needed my help  
But I'm so focused on myself and my daughter doing well  
You're a grown man, I have to hope you're going through a spell

But I'm prayin' for you and I know that you're feelin' the pain  
But you're an addict, you won't change til you're ready to change  
And I hope you think about your family and get it right  
And just know that I'ma pray for you before I sleep tonight  
And me and money talk, I'd like to share this thought  
While you fightin' alligators don't forget to clean the swamp

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