

Keep smokin'  
Keep smokin'

Bring something new to the table  
And I don't want yams because I had some yesterday  
But I can smoke grams blaze one almost everyday  
And I will shake hands and make plans with a featherweight  
Wolf Gang clan sold out when we set a date  
Klux Klan burn the stage down let it marinate  
Correlate circulate percolate a work of fate it hurts to hate  
For me there's no surrogate  
It brings the fucking food to the table  
And if you get cheese make it provolone or parmesan  
Roll the mary j kill the pain and my other vibe  
Hold another dame and the main in my other arm such a charm  
filled with dro these bitchens blowin'

It's the M, the E, the L  
The L, the O, W, H  
The Y, the P, the P, the E

It's the M, the E, the L  
The L, the O, W, H  
The Y, the P, get your money

Never been a buster nigga  
I ride with them thuggish niggas  
Mellowhigh, Loiter Squad  
I ride with them ruggish niggas  
Never fuck a bitch up in the bucket, she just suck a nigga  
81 box chevy  
Dirty seats, dirty sprite  
Ridin' dirty through the night  
Shining like some pearly whites  
Lurking for the popo though  
Fuck them punks  
Exit out the way I'm a hit the Shake Junt  
Hey my nigga G goes smoke 8 junts  
Tear the bottle, full throttle, bad bitch  
Still fuck with me i still fuck with ya'll  
But we ain't fucking free, all my wolves eat feats  
And we all flaw so we ball songs, ain't all talk  
Sawed off, ya'll small talk  
Big noise, big toys  
Monstertruck, Dompster truck  
Fuck the slut in dope and smut  
Trash wang, that's what's up  
Trash wang, that's what's up  
Trash wang, that's what's up  
Trash wang, that's what's up  
Trash wang, that's what's up

It's the M, the E, the L  
The L, the O, W, H  
The Y, the P, the P, the E

It's the M, the E, the L

The L, the O, W, H  
The Y, the P, the P, the E