

# Dirty Lungs

Wooh Da Kid

[Hook: x2]

Lotta' smoke, dirty lungs  
I swear I smoked a lot, I need 'bout thirty lungs  
Word around town I'm worth 'bout thirty tons  
Thirty youngin's on the block, that's 'bout thirty guns

[Verse 1:]

My little homie hit a lick, for 'bout thirty pounds  
His little sister, baby daddy, he just laid 'em down  
He robbed 'em with a mess like he ain't no his voice  
He like I don't give a fuck, I ain't have a choice  
Thirty youngin's 'round with him, they don't play around  
Thirty niggas with extendo's that hold thirty rounds  
Lotta' smoke, dirty lungs  
Don't get your ass smoked from this dirty gun

[Hook]

[Verse 2:]

It's a party going on with the Squad nigga  
B.S.M., Wooh Da Kid, party hard nigga  
You know Wooh Da don't play that, shooter's I'll K that  
Chopstick party, you know we will A.K. that  
Two two three will make him lay back  
Close the curtains on your life, like a Maybach  
Why I'm getting zooted with my niggas, hella dirty lungs  
R.I.P. Slim D, I got us, put that on my son's

[Hook]

[Verse 3:]

Fist up, thugging like the Panthers in the eightie's  
Wooh Da I'm a hippy, I be smoking with your lady  
Dirty lungs, dirty girl, she got dirty ways  
He ain't seen her in a month, that's 'bout thirty days  
Thirtie's the new twenty, then I'm in my teens  
Your little sister nineteen, then I'm in her jeans  
She got dirty lungs, all she do is smoke  
Swimming laps in that pussy, think I need a boat

[Hook]