

Nelly, Wrap Sumden

[Chorus x2]

Hey this is no lie
Me and my niggas gettin high
Yo if you look up in the sky
You might see us floating by

You see Biggie be like what's beef?
Me I'm like what's weed?
Weed is actually a medicine for me, you know.
Every 4 hours like a prescription I smoke.
And I'm thanking my refer chief for making me choke.
I'm like one of those half-baked thugs, I'm in love.
Then after that roll cool "J's"; I mean bud.
Cause I still piss stems and still shit seeds,
I spit residue smoke on my way to buy weed.
Wrap Sumden, always I smoke more then Cheech and Chong.
My best friends a bong and my homies a smokaholic.
I know one day, I'm gone stop,
but that'll be the day when my seeds don't pop.
You see weed helps me get my thoughts together quick.
But on the other hand, as soon as I'm sober I forget.
Shit, I'm still stuck at point "A"; ya dig,
and my momma think that I should quit.

[Chorus 2X]

Ya I get high.
You might see me stroll by
in the Bob Marley tie die with the red eye.
I'm sick now, I think I'm catching glaucoma.
Standin' on the corner, looking for weed donars.

You know how we do it kid. We get that good herb and swerve.
Till the gas run out, the way we smokes absurd.
That's my word, Wrap Sumden (Wrap Sumden),
make a nigga clap something, get all mad and slap something.

Yo grab the towels cover the smoke alarms and doors.
See I somke alone, I need grass like lawn mowers.
Say dutch time, roll up it's clutch time,
and I burn mine, don't you ever ever touch mine.

Fire it up dog, but watch out for 5-0.
Eyes blowed fuck plenty henny and hydro.
Fuck a bitch and some clothes, I gotta get rich
gold platinum and do some shows and get blowed.

[Chorus 2X]

All I know, is money making hoes and smoking endo.
If I wasn't high I'd probably know a little more,
but since I don't some might consider me slow.
Don't worry though.
I keep the pants sag. Bubble eye hands rag.
Eyes glassed smoking fill from the hash.
Choking after that but don't the blunt pass.
"What we doin' today" Same shit we did last week.
Wake up in the morning and yawn and roll up.
Bag up and make some runs and roll up.
5-0 behind me my niggas so hold up.
Ok made a left so continue to roll up.
Don't get me wrong police, yo I stop for them,
But guaranteed when they leave I'll be smoking again
Catch my second wind and start in on my next bag.

The type of nigga smoke on the way to his rehab.

[Chorus 2X]

[Fade]

[Chorus]