

# Rappin' 4-Tay, Dank Season

(feat. Seff the Gaffla)

It's the dank season for nineteen ninety four  
Seff the Gaffla and Rappin' 4, yo  
Everybody's smokin' chronic fuck the reason  
It must be pleasin' man it's dank season  
[x2]

For 1994, Tay is in this muthafucka  
An' I could never be a silly stupid ass sucka  
Busta, it runs in the family  
Shakin' em, breakin' em, takin' em like a vet from the bay, G  
Seff the Gaffla that's my nigga were persuin' this  
Giggalo, giggalo G, boy you're doin' this, beat  
So let me kick a verse about that shit called chronic  
Don't try to play it stupid cause I know you up on it  
You probably just rolled you one, probably just smoked you one  
Callin' up the hooker play the ho for another one  
Late night hustlin' in the projects, O.C.  
My brothers in the dark an' were way past OD  
Just flipped my money, feelin' good and I'm cheesin'  
Seff'll hook you up or put you up on the season

[Chorus]

[Seff the Gaffla]

Rappin' 4-Tay, what's up with these foo's  
Actin' like ho's when these niggas know the rules  
So I'm about to flow, an' let these niggas know  
About the Y, the B, the G, it ain't easy being me, so  
Break down the dank, roll it up with the quickness  
Pass me a lighter so I can cure my sickness  
How many hits does it take to make you stop?  
How many tapes does it take to make you pop?  
Go ahead an' tell me cause I really wanna know  
Smokin' ind-e-o with my nigga Rappin' 4  
Never beat around the bush I'm gettin' striaght to the point  
After every meal I fire up a dank joint  
Gettin' high as a bird, a bald head eagle  
Man I can't wait until they make dank legal  
That'll be the day that'll probably be the end  
Loungin' in the Mo smokin' dank drinkin' gin  
Kinda like a rocker but I live in the ghetto  
I got you hangin' on so you better not let go  
Have a seat, what cha see, dank in your cup  
gain your composure while a nigga fire up  
I smoke dank daily to the point that I'm lazy  
Every day I smoke a half a quarter, can't faze me  
You know who I am, so go ahead and jam  
Fire up the dank while you let the tape slam, damn  
I feel hella good for some reason  
Got a nigga cheesin'  
Indo's in season  
Humboldt-Kelly all the way to the bay  
Ragtop Productions with my homie Frankie J  
Hooked a nigga up when he heard a nigga flow  
Anotha platinum hit with the nigga Rappin' 4  
And oh, you didn't know, I coulda told ya  
You ain't got five on the dank that I hold ya  
Ran out of Zags, get some more from the corner store  
Seff the Gaffla, nineteen ninety Rappin' 4

[Chorus]

[x2]

Break a, break a twenty sack down to two joints  
And fuck all that other shit niggas gettin' to the point  
Pass me a baggie so I can empty the sack  
I feel the bass in the back, if you can hang get the contact  
Cause niggas twistin' more than just your average dank smoker  
Me an' my homies we blaze this shit we gets ova  
An everyday routine if you fakin' with your paper  
Call up my nigga cause he clockin' on this pager  
Sticky, sticky green oh no I can't fade the brown leaf  
Nothin' does it better than that potent ass indo weed  
Keepin' my composure plus this douja's got me coughin'  
And if one of these niggas don't pass the blunt I might go off  
An' snatch it up an' smash it up an' puff it till it's outta there  
You say you spent twenty dollars but ask me if I care  
Now I got the munchies, need some cookin' from my boo  
But she's out with her potters they in the cut smokin' dank too  
Seems that everybody's smokin' plenty marijuana  
But don't let that be the reason you're caught up in some drama  
From slippin' and trippin' this lip until you're stuck  
Sucka Free City niggas know what's up, what's up

[Chorus]  
[x2]

[talking]  
Now pass that muthafucka up on the left hand side, man  
Giggalo what's up G?

What's up boy? You know I'm still just chokin' smokin' same old thing  
Ain't nothing changed

Yeah, I'ma send this one out to all the dank smokers out there  
It's all good baby boy  
It's the dank season  
And let the chronic be the muthafuckin' reason  
We up out this muthafucka for 1994  
Me and Seff the Gaffla, it's like that G  
Here we are  
That's real  
And don't forget, it's the dank season