Tommy Steiner, What If She's An Angel

When I get to a party To get it started I grab tha microphone and rock it cold hearted Go behind tha curtains while my fanz they point You know what Loc's doin' I'm blazin a joint Cause it seems a lot of times I'm at my best After some methical or a bowl of sense. I'm creatin' multiplyin' big time supplyin' Enuff bud to keep tha whole party high on I might get ill and roll an 8th in one hooter Park my Benz or cold jet it on my scooter Bail to tha coast, take a head of this Skunk Twist up a big bomb of this serious dope Smoke it down to tha dub or roach tip So much damn resin it's startin' to drip It ain't harmful like heroin, this stuff's cheap That's why I'm glad that I got this..... CHORUS

Man, Don't cha hate it when you ain't go no weed It seems about tha time you really feel tha need To get high, get full, you know get blasted Keep ya singin' tha high it really lasted Rollin' around tryin' not to get stopped By tha boyz tha pigs you know tha cops Pull into one spot to see what they're all about Suckers noddin' their head, tellin' you they're all out You go back to tha crib, Pick up tha telephone You try it so I guess they saw you got home Cause I can buy it O.Z. or go buy dime I get cash for her I can get it on time It really makes no difference long as I get lit Roll it in my Zig Zag take a big bone hit Cause after tha bud, My rhymes start flowin' Never gettin' short of uh uh, The always knowin' I'm maxin', relaxin', but never taxin' No need for you to keep on askin' If tha It is tha It, If tha Shit is tha Shit Cause when it comes to smokin' cheeba You know my shit is legit Your tha student, And I'm tha teacher I'm not a minister, Reverent or Preacher So excuse me while I call time Cause I'm gonna take a few hitz in tha middle of this rhyme..... CHORUS One day I was coolin' with my homeboy seal, chill Gettin' fucked up in his coupe de ville, still I wasn't to high to know what I was doin' Went to tha store and got some more brew in Came back to tha car, Try'd to be a winner Rolled up all my roaches, they bearly made a Pinna (Pin) I wasn't upset I had more at tha house I was savin' it for later, When I get with my spouse Cause when we're together, blazin' tha cheeba She does things to me that you wouldn't believe I'm not talkin' freaky or nothin' obscene But it's not far off if you know what I mean She'll take me upstairs, lay me down on tha bed Pull off tha Fila shorts n start givin' me hizead (head) If I was boo I'd do tha same She must love it, She ain't never complained They'll be moanin', kickin' a lot of screamin' I work it so hard she starts steamin' You know how it is after a couple of wooers She was subject and I am tha Ruler

She's my freak y'all, but she's no skeeza One thing for sure, Tha girl's always got that..... CHORUS

Two weeks ago when I was writin' this rhyme I had some hydroponic, Boy that shit was fine I had two joints, One for me and my homie After half tha show, He didn't even know me His eyes were tight, they turned red He could bearly hold them up, They where heavy as lead An hour went by, He said Loc I'm kinda hungry I said oh shit! This brothers got tha munchies Got off my couch, put my Gucci's on my feet Went to tha Seven Eleven at tha top of tha street I ordered everythin' edible off tha shelf He thought it was sad, I ate it all myself When we got back to tha car, Headed north then south I needed a drink I had a cotton mouth We had so much food didn't know where to start At tha Hagan Daas or Kelloggs Pop Tarts Big bags of chips, gallons of dips It took me weeks to get tha taste of my lips I ate so much miserable is how I felt Almost busted out my pants had to loosen my belt Kickin at the tube, wathin' none better than You know tha king of late night, Yeah Dave Letterman Not to hilarious jokes kinda plain But everythin' is funny when your smokin' Mary Jane..... CHORUS