

Twista, Front Porch

(feat. The Speedknot Mobstaz)

[Danny Boy]

On the porch, on the porch
Smokin reefa
Hmmm yeah

[Liffy Stokes]

I woke up early Saturday morning sick off Rhemy and brews
Wit a hang over from blues
Hurl on my clothes and shoes stomach on wooz
From this killer weed that's so fired it made your nose bleed
I had me so high, my brain was fried movin at slow speed
This thick bitch chose me and was stickin like liquor
She look to tight that bodies right my heart and mind was like "Dick her"
But wit my body aching from hurl sensation that's got me shaken
I swiftly took the number and passed on ass that was for the taken
I remember wakin up at the flat fucked up in the back
Checkin on my weed and scratch I damn near fell out the lat
I hit the sack to sleep it off woke up woozy and still smoking
Twista's wishes thinking about last night and the bitch that was scopin
Fuck it lets get 'em on I grabbed the phone "Girl call your friends"
Then I hit Twista and Maze and them bout the bitch in the Benz
Nigga push only cause I see them already been in the block
You know the lit niggas you'll find us in my favorite spot
And that's on

[Chorus 2x]

The front porch smoking reefa
The weed got 'em feelin umm hmm
On the front porch getting deeper
Ghetto love got 'em feelin, umm hmm yeah yeah

[Maze]

In the summer I hit the front porch wit a morning B
Sippin on the duce duce OZ
And I be killin me how many thick fees I see
Getting bubbly waitin for Stokes and T, I spit a little game at three
Tryin to talk up on the shoppin spree
Or a B of that stinky green free
Straight getting, to puff puff pass
and drive up my gas hittin all the hot blocks
Bumpin "Legit Ballers" to "Rock Y'all Spot"
Everybody know the shit 'bout to drop
See from Northbound to Ten Row in it go tryin to get they props
Pollutin the air wit squares, blunts, and tops
Settin up shops for lots comin back nots
Each and everyday of the week
the Mobsta Elites be on somebody porch dumpin heat
Bustin flows in the cipher getting deep
While we cheat something sweet to Legendary beats
'Till we reached our peak
Scummy aloud attractin crowds to the street
Then it's time to retreat grab something to eat
And head to the late front to get up wit some freaks
Wit a treat under the seat
For the cats who get the sudden urge and wanna try to jack
Cause when your pockets is fat
It seems like all the haters and hood-rats want to attack
And when the park close we hit the liquor store
for a box of Sitches and a fifth of Yak
South on the corner and get a few sacks
Or betta yet the whole pack so we can get back
On the

[Chorus]

[Twista]

One morning I
Woke up next to a chocolate fee and a red bone
My dick was hard I started stroking and poking
After toppin I tell them to role the blunt
Cause on the front I hear them niggas steady smoking and jokin
I heard it's gonna be hot outside gotta get up and lay my clothes out
It's gonna be too many hoes out
Before my ladies rolled out I got 'em to clean up the whole house
Then I threw my fit on look in the mirror get on gone
"Nigga you looking dope because you got a knot"
Ain't no cruising up out the hop
I'm hangin by the spot cause I had to put the Lexus off up in the shop
But it's all to good it's a hood thang
Never too bogus notice the love on the block that nigga coolin
Aiming the radio out the window steady grooving
Tip by the corner store wit the indo steady movin
Niggas who flippin new 98's is steady cruising
Bumpin up the block flossin for the chicks cause they rich
But I ain't leavin off the front with the blunt
Set a switch just to pull in all the thickest btiches
At the crib I can't get caught wit heat
If it's some static I shall chalk and sweep
I go and get the B's up off but chief
"Come get me if the phone for me I'm at the party across the street"
I'm enjoying the breeze high degreez and no ease
Pockets be full of G's smoking B's hiding the fees
Making no enemies the po P's yellin out "Freeze"
Serving niggas wit ease staking cheese so nigga please
Tell me 'bout some ghetto love
Homies around smoking Newports 'till the brew drunk short
You can travel the world can't find a place like home
With a crib on the front with a skunk torch
Ain't nothing lie