

BABY BEESH, Weed Hand

BABY BEESH
Smokin Nephew
Weed Hand

[Chorus:]

Sometimes da game got me stressin partner i can't lie
I roll me a sweet smash off n da ride a whole piece i aint never lied
I put my weed hand n da sky
I put my weed hand n da sky
I respect it for da luv of life
A whole piece i aint never lied
I put my weed hand in da sky
I put my weed hand in da sky

[V1:]

The smokes killing off my lungs and appendix.It's baby bash the modern day jimmy hendrix.deep down in texas,dope house is so relentless.the fluff is endless.smokin wit my lawer and my dentist.Feelin stupendiss wanna come to my quarter stacks.Smokin on greener reef.singing boby to dem older cats.(bobby brown)Dem dolger sax,wit a coffee grinder at my mercy.Dun rolled a lax wit a highspeed chasers ones dat couldn't curch me.Cocked mouthed and thirsty gotta keep my spirit lifted though.My spiritual,lyrical,it's hydromyrical.I'm comin visious though,wit a fully loaded off dat durby. feelin so worthy cuz my vacume lungs are like dat curby.and don't desturb me when i'm floatin to my foriegn land.You no fo' sho' i keep my pipe in my weed hand.My weed hand is something i don't disrespect.Your weed hand throw it up and represent your weed.

[Chorus:]

[V2:]

I'm gonna admit it and you know i'm wid it.begin his life,got his only one and split it.Lit it up wit my nephew.and now i'm floatin.My crown is broaken.soakin up my soal.sippen styraphone cups.choken now i'm low.If you ridden on us dats cool but pass da joint.diamonds flyin and you just had to go.cuz u dun cast da vote.and i didn't even get a hit.no not even a little bit.so now help me get rid of dis.baby girl don't disrespecr the luv.and i can't see dat.ask where we get the best of bud.put up ur weed hand.

[Chorus:]

[V3:]

Man i been down dis way before.i hit da bong back up and blow.I'm too damn high don't pass me no mo'.I blaze drown,sip on a four.stayin high i'm on a note.u can smell da bong all on my clothes.man look at my eyes they bout to b closed.I'm choken dudes up out hte room wit my weed hand in the sky.I'm stayin blowed on octamodes and i'm leanin half da time.I'm stayin high and i hustle fool.don't be at home up on my ass gotta get up and glock sum cash.hoes thinkin they gonna smoke for free.but not wit a young P.I.M.P.Just cuz i'm young don't mean i'm dumb.Red microphones now blaze sum of dat greener reef.and pour sum of dat purple stuff.down here we smokin bud.ya i no u herd of us.

[Chorus:]

ending outro:My weed hand,put ur weed hand in da sku,my weed hand,east west,my weed hand,north south,something we can all relate to,my weed hand.