

Buck 65, Toxic Constituents

Shit

Some start smokin' for weird reasons concerning fashion
But me, I hate all of that shit with a burning passion
Cigarette, something gets my eyebrows all in a twist
Ballin' a fist, yellow fingers, can call it a diss
Cause like I don't want all of my eyeballs dried out
So head for the hideout, man ya should have never tried out
Stay home, blow that smoke up your own ass
Mow the grass, you're grossin' me out with every second breath
You're begging death, you're making me choke
I wish you'd hurry up and start takin' a stroke, I don't say it for the sake of a joke
I'd rather snack on a cactus with asbestos
It's why I prefer doin' shows out on the west coast
No smoking only, I'm the cardiovascular
Muscular masculine, spectacular, gas mask wearin'
Rap Mass who's strapped with an ash tray
But some MC's come to please with the gum disease instead
Stayin' alive for the full suit of armor maybe
But smoke and cigarettes during pregnancy can harm your baby
Bad idea, as soon as I see someone lightin' up
It puts me on edge and my stomach muscles tighten up
Please keep your cancer to yourself with your black lungs
The wack one's bum smokes from someone when they lack funds
Trust me, it feels like my throat is rusting
My lungs are busting, it's frustrating and disgusting

Smoke, smoke, smoke, smoke, smoke, smoke, smoke, smoke
Smoke, smoke, smoke, smoke, smoke, smoke, smoke, smoke
Smoke, smoke, smoke, smoke, smoke, smoke, smoke, smoke
Smoke, smoke, smoke, smoke, smoke, smoke, smoke, can you smell the smoke