

Disturbing Tha Peace, Smokin' Dro

(feat. Tity Boi, I-20, Ludacris)

[Chorus: I-20]

I'mmmm smokin dro, choppin O's
Beat knockin with the big blaze choppin nigga
I'mmmm smokin dro, choppin O's
Ridin dirty, candy paint lookin purty

[Tity Boi]

See I'm addicted to this fast life, it's hard to slow me down
when ya, momma on the crack pipe and ya daddy ain't around
You hear the sounds of the wildest gunshots from a large clip
when we started choppin O's off in this empty apartment
See I was, standin in the track, and my back is the target
With a hammer on my side lookin like I'm layin carpets
See you flip it 'til you get it nigga, we hangin like this cable
On my way, to I-20 nigga I gotta play in Decatur
See I'm ridin and I'm blowin on twenty dollar bills
Cause we, only got that gold; you can't buy regular around here
Stayin true to the prestige and the, economic status
I still stacked 100 G's stayin in my momma's attic
Stackin under Kraft-matics, willie sleepin on the cheese
See we got ki's and the D's and the P's and TV's
And I'm ridin in C.P. with a glock-40 as my tooley
on the block, with the top back, blowin out that (?)

[Chorus x2]

[I-20]

You know I-20 ridin Regal's - cuttin cutters
since my wood grains got no stains; be in some other shit
A big body Chevy on the, chrome lookin pretty
If it's dro, or the sticky I need, I'm hittin Tity
on my system knock so loud (loud) they call the cops on me
Ladies show that ass proud (proud) and make it drop for me
This is how a nigga ride (ride) in A.T.L.
and if the twelve drop pull me over (over) I hide the scales
Blowin dro out the song booth, with windows tinted
Ridin clean down Old Campbellton Road, y'all know who in it
Got my seat pushed way back, arm out the window
Niggaz quick to pull a car-jack, (?) when they in ya
I push a Range and my brother Fate in S.S. Impala
Ludacris, with the Escalade, and Tit' quickly follow
Gettin ready for the summer get your cars out and fix it
When it comes to that ridin and smoke, look I'm addicted nigga

[Chorus x2]

[Ludacris]

Yo, gotta get that monkey off my BACK.. sir
I'm smokin dro and choppin O's up in my 'LLAC.. sir
Where the fuck you at when them little bitty "Animals ATTACK".. sir?
I'm in the TRAP and when I get caught up in a RAP-ture RELAX.. sir
It's like cata-RACTS to me, AC-tually it HAS to be
a FAC-tory of SMOKE and clouds I'm CHOK-in proud
and RHAP-sody, the SACK of trees is WROTE and now
So POT-ent now the TRACK is squeezed
So CLAP and be happy to be nappy and snappin
Just keep on rappin but nobody comes AF-ter me
POP.. {*cough*} one hit from the blunt then I stop drop, ROLLLLL!!
Really really wanna fuck with the glock glock? NOOOO!!
They so simple better hit that block, SLOWWWWW!!
On yo' mark, get get ready, set, GOOOO!!
You could watch this Georgia tech' BLOWWWWW!!

If I don't get some of that wet wet wet-t-t wet DROOOO!!

[Chorus x2]