

Dre Dog (Andre Nickatina), Smoke Dope And Rap

I smoke chewy like a mothaf**kin nut
You got a gram bag hit the zags and roll her up
'cause a nigga like me can't fake it when I'm high
Get the Visine for the tight red eyes
Jump in the Cutlass with the niggas from the set
The blunt went out but we ain't done yet
Get another one blaze like a barbeque beef
It ain't nothin like a blunt for the funk in ya teeth
Yeah, I'm a skinny 6'5 motherf**ker
If you didn't know me you would think I was a clucker
But I'm not a clucker I'm a dodger and a ducker
Come a little closer I'm a show you I'm a punch ya
And if I can't beat you I get my gun and I'm a buck you
Turn you over like a little bitch pull out my dick and I'm a f**k ya
And like a fiend for the weed I'll tweak
Four 15's in your trunk that's beef
Proper ass amps ??? Alpine
Put the coke on the dash roll a dollar do a line
Pump RBL maybe 1,2,3
Or the funky shit by the I.M.P.
Now I'm high like a motherf**kin jet
F**k a 9 to 5 I'm a juke on the set
Slang these thangs and f**k these hoes
One line at a time goes up a nigga's nose
The shit clears my sinuses just like a shower
Indo or the tide blend it in with the powder
Now I'm chewy high with a hard ass dick
Oh there go my pager could it be a trick bitch?
Oh it's Janine, she lick my dick clean
Come right away and bring a dime bag of weed
Like a nigga that's sick caught up in the groove
Kill the pussy bust a nut and like a vet stick and move
Out of that house a quickie I know she got mad
Because I killed it and I didn't bring the weed
I did bring the weed but I left in the my Cutty
Did you really think I would smoke some dank with you dummy? (yeah)
No, Dre Dog won't die
See my nigga Cougnut nigga let's get high

He said I got the drank and you got the dank
He said my nigga Dre Dog Frisco is the place
For me to get high and you to get drunk
We smoke dope we rap and these hoes we f**k

Ooh I'm high as hell from snorting that girl
Rush Mr. Cee so I could tie me up a curl
Out that shop hoes do jock
See my Cutty in a rag I will drop top
See the freak on the block I think her name was Kim
Just stole her in the Cutty like Iceberg Slim
I said how you doin, my name is Dre Dog
You give me your number I'll give you a call
She said my hair looked proper as it blew in the wind
But I can't have her number 'cause I f**ked her best friend
It's a pity I'm a nigga that just don't care
Except for my dope my money and hair
'cause everywhere I go it's the same damn song
Nigga smoke more dope than Cheech and Chong
I love to tell the truth but I'm such a good liar
The Dre Dog nigga smoke more than Richard Pryor
I'm true to the dope that I smoke no joke
Check me right now there's a gram in my coat
Cocaine blunts (what?) and hip hop tapes (what?)

Rubber car keys and ID that's fake
And rhymes do pay so my pockets do grow
I snort so much snow that they should call me Dre Blow
'cause I don't drink beer I don't drink gin
Bust the freak hit the pussy then I try to f**k her friends
Dre Dog don't laugh ain't a damn thing funny
When niggas talk to freaks who ain't got no money
I done smoke enough blunts fool to fill my brain
Chewy boy do me raw cut cocaine
And niggas get pumped when they smell dank-a-roma
When they smell dank-a-roma then they know I'm on the corner
They offer me drank but I don't get drunk
I smoke dope I rap and these hoes I f**k