

Lil Boosie, Smoking On Purple

(feat. Webbie)

[Lil Boosie talking]

Ease ya mind a lil bit (ease ya mind)
Light up that blunt (light up that mother fuckin blunt)
Lift back that sunroof (lift back yo shit nigga)

[Lil Boosie]

This that shit that we ride to
This that shit that we vibe to
This that shit that we get high to
That gangsta musik nigga
And you can try but you ain't Lil Boosie nigga noo (noo)
Bad bitches got you feelin great
Looked at my CEO like CEO lets get this cake, baby
I hit the stage and hoes go crazy, I'm playa made
All my hoes got Jordan skills, they fade away
I hit the mall and bought (shit) throwback after throwback
Everybody wanna take pictures they like, Damn, you Mr. Kodak.
Smoke comin out my sun roof a nigga shining
A nigga love gettin pussy love rocking diamonds
If you got kids in this world, nigga, handle ya business
And you dont need no nigga, be independent
Its murda murda niggas beefin niggas slingin nines
And I keep that purple purple to ease my mind

[Chorus]

Smokin on purple ease my mind
This that shit that we get high to yeah
Its murda murda murda gotta keep ya nine
This that shit that we ride to yeah
[repeat]

[Lil Boosie]

I know the game I know the street
I got the raps you got the beats
And we gon' lay it down real sweet
So yall can ride, head bobbin side to side
I dont want shit from my fans but this: feel a real niggas vibe
When you down and out, dont nobody trust you
But when you got bread it seem like everybody love you
Its still fucked up mayne in certain cases (believe this nigga, look)
they still racist, I can see it on them bitches faces
thats why Im smokin and laughin I got my grind on
And they dont feel my struggle they think my mind gone
Thats why its murda, murda kill, kill on the corner
These lil niggas got big pistols ready to put it on ya
So, when you die you might as well be high
Is it heaven or hell or is it all a lie?
Thats why I smoke purple on Monday, purple on Tuesday
Two glocks cocked so they dont bruise me

[Chorus 2X]

[Lil Webbie]

Smoking on that doja I done got a bag for cheap, nigga
Eyes barely open and Im glued to the backseat
Boosie took another hit and then he passed it back to me
This shit must got something in it, niggas switched some crack with weed
Ain't no crack up in the windows I can barely even breathe
Got me fumblin and trippin almost passed the blunt to Cee
Got it cloudy in the Bentley niggas squinting tryin to see
And they dont know what time it is but I know its time to eat
Ridin dirty bumping, ridin dirty know how that shit be

One day your hear and the next day you going on repeat
With that nine up in my reach right now dyin aint for me
Mayne this pine got me sleepy but Im too high to go to sleep
Bust a hooty when you rollin potent as you sposed to be
You be rollin and smokin em back to back consistently
Keep movin blunts to phillies, zees, and shisha sweets
Yeah savage really dont care just put that shit in the air

[Chorus 2x]