

Mac Dre, I Need An Eighth

Man who got this
Oh don't worry bout it nigga just pass the weed
You're here suckin' up all the weed,
mouth looks like it's a box of powdered donuts
We're real dumb in here with the Louie's
In this time of bammer weed
As a Louie I know just what I need (What ya' need cuddie)
I need an eighth of sticky gooey
and when I get this eighth I'm blowin with the Louie
Help me out
(Repeat 2x)
7 a.m. in the mornin and the monkey's at my bed
Got me cravin' and enslavin' I need some dope for my head
And I be kickin Backwood's fore' I hit the hood no doubt
Monkey on my back turnked out
Cause It's 3.5 on my rictor scale
And if the sack aint obese you wont make the sale
I need an eighth big body's sayin
When you bring my shit make sure my shit aint hay
Cause if it's hay when you bring it
I'ma get to wingin ghetto bling blingin leave a nigga head ringin
Fo show 3.5 of indo
Cause heads turn and bitches scream
when my man he pulled out that sticky green
It was sticky gooey residuey
one more time for my niggas in the looie
I can't spend over satchie that could buy me too much weed
As a louie I need gooey cause the gooey's what I need
And they be rollin fat vegas we stayed smokin' major
and niggas wanna hate us because we straight playas
But ask them other niggas bout my crew and what we doin and
We blowin crypt and that's the motherfuckin truth man
Ya know man we aint no Kurt Dogg's flowin big things turf hoggs
Hit the block blowin Backwoods and sew it up like a mac should you know
And Sugarwolfeezy off the heezy eat em' up best belive me with the louie's
And it was Dubee comin' through on the sticky gooey biotch
Grab the bud get the scissors and cut it
Grab the razor the blunt must be gutted
Up the middle like a fullback
You know we recycle the contact
I the dogg bitch I'm a smokin major
need a fast sack better hit me on my pager
Dub all's and ten sacks
ouie hold that big bomb pillows take ya way back
My back is getting smaller and my man aint callin back
If he don't call by tomorrow
I'm gonna have to start on black call me damn
(*Cell Phone Rings*)
Hello
Hey what's up my louie
Hey man when the fuck is you comin' man
Man three minutes
I need an eighth know what I mean (I got some killer brown)
Don't want no Bobby Brown I want Al Green
Gonna hit this Bobby come around I need that shit from Humboldt County
420 Airaqui shit that make you cough up snot
Three and a half no more no less in a Backwood it a bust ya chest
To have a grown man cryin tears sayin damn I aint been this high in years
That Indo only in Cali grown and we've got fat sacks in a Valley Joe
Blowin' big bomb at my house and leavin niggas stuck with cotton mouth
I need an eighth
That shit taste hella good