Master P, I Got The Dank

Silkk (talking) :

Let's go to commerical break for are you chronic smokers Now hit it for 10 and hold it for 20 (*coughs* I can't do that fool)

Verse 1:

I'm out of dank, my 40's halfway gone I called my boy King up on the mobile phone Get a bag, get a bag, of that ziggety zag careful don't twerk, cause them niggas smoke that giggety grass And 5 0 run up on a nigga G they ain't catching niggas like the fucking piggety P See I be ballin' ballin' ballin' through the Richtown she got the gat some motherfuckers better lay down Laying candy on the stripes with the giggety fold I'm riding Dayton's sideways 'till they giggety old to get a ounce of that motherfucking giggety stank cause if it don't stank, then it ain't real dank I got the juice, you got the juice, well pass the gin nigga get the gauge for the jackers, show'em chrome triggers Motherfuckers in the game straight clocking cheese like RBL say niggas don't smoke no damn more weed

Chorus:

You got the gin and juice, I got the dank nigga You got the gin and juice, I got the dank nigga You got the gin and juice, I got the dank nigga You got the gin and juice, I got the dank nigga You got the gin and juice, I got the dank nigga You got the gin and juice, I got the dank nigga

Verse 2:

Pass me the bud, I'm on the green leaves I wanna feel like I'm swimming the fucking seven seas Chronic sack and I'm fucked with the indo you ain't down with the mob, you out the window It's a drought so we ain't sharing our fucking chronic sack put it in my brown pipe, smoke it up like crack A head rush, better duck, once again it's on Master P danked out, Mr. Al Capone with the indonesia going up the strips with the bitches and the skeezars Gettin' you perked up off the diggety dope ain't giving a fuck about the jackers and the 50 and most niggas get yiggety yanked I get 3 for 2, when I buy my diggety dank grab the gat, I need a 40, bought to get toast sideways (sideways) to the liquor store

Chorus:

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