

South Park, 2 Joints

(intro: dum-dum and happy p)
(lighting a joint)
(coughs)
(dum-dum)
Go head maan
Boy that's 5
(happy p)
That's got to be

(verse 1: dum-dum and happy p)
(dum-dum)
I hit it from worst ways
After the first day
I'm needin it everyday
And twice on a thursday
Blood thick than water
In pounds better than quarters
I smoking two joints
While I'm knockin down yo daughter
Dope house records is on fire
So grab the estinguisher
I smoked out in the beamer
Bout to get emphezema
Gun slingers rap singers
With more stripe than the bengals
No need for the gang sign
I'm using my trigga finga

(happy p)
Now won't you roll one
Po the four one
Sometimes I'm real selfish and I'll smoke my weed with no one
You know me
I'm young happy p
Kick back aand blow a sweet
While my niggas move keys
Bitch please
I got g's
Sippin corona with lima squeeze
And platinum p's
Only smoke on the fine leaves
I started out
Sellin five dollar tweets
And now I'm elevating
Sellin 5000 dollar beats

(chorus: grimm)

I smoke two joints when I wake up
In the car I smoke two joints
I smoke two joints when in play video games
And every 10,000 points
I smoke two joints in time of peace
And two in time of war ar
I smoke two joints before I smoke two joints
And then I smoke two more

(verse 2: spm and low-g)
(spm)
Maan this killer herb got me runnin over curbs
And writing these raps full of misspelled words
I curse on my verse snatch yo bitch like a purse
Cause she like the twinkies that I slapped on my herse
I take two charges it's really quite harmless

The only side effect is that it makes you retarded ha ha
I started in 82
In fifth grade
You can say I was in high school
True smoka

(low-g)
I got mary at an early age
Con mi hermosa
Maria es mi esposa
Mi sanchas nina rosa
Mafiosa
Pero es es otra cosa
My wife es elosa
No yores mariposa

Tan chiclosa
Te triago from coasta coasta
I got your corizon droppin mi bolsa
Borracho de tu besos
Hoja pa mis wesos
Me trais pesos
Con hidea pa me seso

(chorus)

(verse 3: diamond and grimm)
(diamond)
Dimaond pop the balla scene
Smoke two joints where I can beam
Flip the scene bizatines
Sippin lean sticky green
Come out fresh when it spring
Steady flossin diamond rings
Bustin gats with bing
Catchin squares at ten
Baby beeshi got the throne
Happy p we fitin to roll
And shut em down we livin throwed
Got the keys
We got the vo's
Hit and run cause the scheme
Rush ya head and feel my spin
Since diamond came around
Now she down with a team

(grimm)
Now I'm down with bobby brown
But I love al green
Keep a sweet in my mouth and anotha in my jeans
Bout to blow em back to back takin two to the dome
Home grown hydroponic always wanna get blown
Stay stoned at home
Drop a flow rock a show
Got to go out the do
Boppin hoe after close
No hits snow switch
Place a pink in my eye
And I'm always down wit tryin new ways to reach for the sky

(chorus)

(verse 3: baby beesh and lil bing)
(baby beesh)

Now I be blowin when it's mo than one but less than three
That's the recipe
Yes indeed blowin oooley gooey a neccesity
Don't question me
Blowin' heavily till I'm 70
That's the remedy
Feelin famous like the kennedy's
From here to tennessee sippin hennesse
Smokin with intensity
Feel my ghetto energy
Fools be sweatin me for that rush in the lebanese
I be getting higher than the hills of beverly beverly

(lil bing)

Two joints be smellay in my cad
From the valley to cali
In the alley servin patties
Hastled by federales
Drippin candy
Sippin brandy
Twenty inches look fancy
On my way to the grammys
Hoes droppin they panties
Got a freak named sandy
Makin hits like sammie
I'm posted up with biscuits and chicken fried steak at grandy's
Smashin off maan fo sho
Got my tv's on glow
Smokin two smokin four
Then mo with two mo
(two mo repeats till fade)