

# Trick Daddy, Tryin' To Stop Smokin'

(feat. Mystikal)

[Trick Daddy inhaling]

Mystikal the joint on you nigga, hit this shit here

[Mystikal:]

I heard about you Trick brah, I know what ya'll smoke down yo' way  
That bitch there smell dirty dirty, that bitch filthy

[Trick:]

It ain't gone kill you nigga

[Mystikal:]

Say dog I smoke that, I smoke chronic, you need to stop

[Chorus:]

I tryin' to stop smokin', smokin', smokin'  
I tryin' to stop smokin', but naw I don't think so  
I tryin' to stop smokin' (I'm tryin'),  
smokin' (I'm tryin'), smokin' (I'm tryin')  
I tryin' to stop smokin', but naw I don't think so

[Verse 1: (Trick Daddy)]

This time I had to get physical,  
so I went and got that nigga (MYSTIKAL)  
He was like (hombre), I say I got pounds in this bitch to blow  
Smoke like it's yo's, nigga we'll go get some mo'  
I know this dread named Fred next do' and I'm hitting' his ho  
Got damn it, I'm BLOWED  
Behind the wheel and I can't even see the road  
Done smoked fo' Joe's and got three mo' already rolled  
I shouldn't drive my shit when I'm high, I might tear it up  
Shit got my eyes all red up, nigga can't even hold they head up  
Got my brain waves, elevating in a daze  
But I ain't afraid cause I now see life from so many ways  
Done smoked up so many j's  
Been high for so many days  
So many ??? broke down and we roll with brown weed for days, hay, hay

[Chorus (repeat 4x)]

I'm tryin' to stop smokin' (I'm tryin'),  
smokin' (I'm tryin'), smokin' (I'm tryin')  
I'm tryin' to stop smokin', but naw I don't think so

[Train effects]

[Verse 2: Mystikal]

I be puffing like a choo-choo train  
Nigga with the bonafied smokers on my team  
I got the urge for light green,  
the same way a fiend crave for ice cream  
Smoke that, what track that, shit we ain't rollin' to be looking at  
So much smoke becoming out the window  
bitches in the next car saying daddy what that  
We be smoking on the green,  
give me fifty dollar ??? I be coming in the hood  
But you ain't got to worry 'bout catching no motherfucking headache  
under stress I be smoking on the good shit  
No matter where I'm at, in a ride or at home in the studio writing  
Hold ya breathe if you can't take it,

Cause if ya with me and I got motherfucker I'm lightin'  
Not trying to say I'm no hype,  
but after killing 'gars then I know I be tight  
And I been smoking all motherfucking day  
And I'm bout to smoking for the rest of the night  
That's why my chest be hurting and I sleep so much  
and I can't remember shit  
I went to the emergency room already, I think I better quit

[Chorus (repeat 4x)]

[Mystikal & Trick Daddy: (talking)]

[Chorus comes back in till fade]