

# Violent J, Homies 2 Smoke With

(Violent J)

Just stick to this road huh?

Fuck It, I thought, I'm sold, I strolled on down the road,

In C-walk mode, to the wizard I'm told

But hold up, this roadS fucked wit twists and turns

I'm haven't no luck as my vanilla blunt burns

I'm seeing' trees wit faces, bushes that walk

And as far as I can see nobody drawn in chalk

And the sky is bright green; sometimes it's kind of pink

I'm a twist another blunt here sit down and think

How the fuck, what the fuck, who the fuck and when

What the fuck I'm doing here I would have figured the pen

Then again I gotta get the fuck home before long,

Because the first of the month is coming' on, I'm gone

Let me spark my shit, right quick, I'm Outta here,

(Monoxide Child)

Yo, homie let me get a hit of that blunt

(Violent J)

Fuck yea, wait a minute, who said that? look around everywhere

And I heard somebody singing over there, so clear

He went...

(Chorus)

I don't need a brain, don't need anything

I just want somebody to smoke with

(Who said that, Who said that?)

Stuck up on this thing, wit no fucking ganj

I just want somebody to smoke wit

(Who said that?)

(Monoxide Child)

Well I said that!

(Violent J)

Look at this shit, I'm talking to a scarecrow, stuck on a stick

Asking me for a hit, right quick, shit all I got is bobby brown,

I can't front, but the wizard gots all you want,

You can smoke off his tundra, they say it's the thunder

Me can have King Kong smoked under the wonder

I'm going there now and getting me some

It was the wizard gonna get my ass home, he's on...

(Monoxide Child)

It would be the shit big homie, If I could walk wit you

And talk wit you, and get up on a fat bag or 2,

Cause I've been hanging from this pole for so long

And smoking on home grown, my headache is full blown

Now I ain't the smartest scarecrow in the hat

But if you lift that little latch and I gone crash into a pumpkin patch

Don't leave me hangin' big homie, just pull the lever

So we can just get walking the yellow alley together cause...

(Monoxide Child)

I don't need a brain, don't need anything

I just want somebody to smoke with

(And I'm with that, and I'm with that!)

(Violent J)

Man it ain't no thang, we can smoke some ganj,

But you got to put something on it

(And I'm with that, you know I'm with that!)

(Violent J)

I helped set his ass free, he slipped off  
Then his fucking leg ripped off and he was like...

(Monoxide Child)  
Don't mind that shit dawg, it ain't nothing at all  
Just a little bit of stuffing that straw

(Violent J)  
Hey Paul, I mean scarecrow yo

(Monoxide Child)  
Don't ask if I ever tried smoking myself, no.

(Violent J)  
I only thought with the hay "ok"  
Anyways let's get you some real shit down the yellow brick alleyway...

(Monoxide Child & Violent J x4)  
We don't need a brain, don't need anything  
We just need some homies 2 smoke with  
(And I'm with that, and I'm with that!)