

Witchdoctor, Smooth Shit

(feat. Khujo, T-Mo)

Uh, the Witchdoctor on some smooth shit
Yeah, Witchdoctor, straight up on some smooth shit
Ha, yeah, straight up on some smooth shit, check it out

[Witchdoctor]

You got my life on the edge
I wanna see my whole crew alive, not dead
Paper money in hundred and Gs
A lifestyle of luxury
Fuck a pimp, it's about a player
When you handling your business on this SWATs Himalayas
Bankhead, daylife, weekdays, dice shooters
And these young female barracudas
Flipping money is a job itself
When you gotta get funds in something by somebody else
Now you gotta make deals back first
When you copped you some worth off this planet earth
That's why I'm huffing, busting, cause ain't no loving
In these streets, don't give a nigga too much of nothing
I serve to survive, Team got it on his arm
I watch these dealers move on
Ain't that the bomb that goes boom
The shit that these Js get high with in a room
I consume the whole planet with one swallow
I swear, I'm trying to stretch twenty dollars out here
I got snapping, a whole bunch of niggas trapping
Let God be the judge, react quick
Here comes a slug from a nigga out Atlanta
You shot an innocent bystander
How frail we are in the face of nature
Hurricane Erin coming, feeling safer?
Straight up on some smooth shit

[Chorus]

Ahhh. Let the sun shine in

[T-Mo]

Not often, but when I do
You might see another side come through
For those that try to fit legit ways of living
Into a lifestyle that's quick but steady
Up off the streets and ready to compete with house niggas
The bigger they work against the turf, man
Gotta do my dirt even though it hurts
It's being done, grants are being flipped
Homeboys are getting dropped
Serving to survive this thing, I'm in to win
Pulling up folks that's been down since day one
Son, you better back up off of these, nigga, please
While see, I'm killing mentalities of crackers
Thinking all niggas stupid
Just don't conform to their ways of getting paid
Minimum wage, bitch made hoe type
Thinking it's all about they hype, I still rock the mic
Straight up on some smooth shit
Straight up on some motherfucking smooth shit

[Chorus]

[Khujo]

Biscuit head beanie, eenie meenie miney mo
It's fifteen of you off in here

Pledged myself, I'm coming back you ain't
Strap up because in most incidents
The passengers don't survive
Like really, drive safely cause ain't no love
Only lust laying around these capillaries
Looking perhaps in a vein collapsed
Pop caught one in the lungs, lifelines
Is barely hanging from the previous banging
Snooze I lose like Bubba
Them proper South rules, cutting off heads
And making them look for they socks and shoes
JJ wet em up, I'm still dripping chrome
Can't see the forest for the trees
The master's plan taking it's toll
The valley is flooding, demons are looking for shelter
Pressure will bust a pipe, mummify me
Don't hand me no devils' death, promise
What more can I do that ain't already been done?
Khujo snapping on some smooth shit

[Chorus]