

# Ray J, Smokin Trees

(feat. Snoop Dogg)

[Snoop:] smokin smokin smokin

[Chorus:]

Smokin Smokin Weed  
Havin a party (Bring the weed)  
I'ma invite her  
I got my lighter (Got a blunt)  
I'm gettin higher  
Smokin smokin weed

[Snoop:]

Jumped out my bed and I head downstairs  
Wiped the boogers out my eyes  
Put some braids in my hair  
Grabbed my favorite toothbrush  
And then some crest  
Rinse my mouth out  
Now I'm ready for the rest  
Break it down, roll it up  
Pass if you had enough  
You with the big boss dogg  
So gon and puff puff  
Real talk  
Can u still walk  
Have a seat  
Have a drink  
Now rest your feet  
See that's the problem  
You think that you can go with me  
Smokin cest your whole life  
Now you wanna blow wit me  
Go to the store with me  
And get some swishy sweet  
And grab a bite to eat  
Before you fall out  
I'ma ball out  
And everyday  
We gon smoke until we all out  
And that's a promise cuz  
We got the bombest bud  
And you can ask Ray J  
He know what time it was

(Smokin smokin weed)

In the cadillac  
With my head back  
Feelin real good  
Cuz it's like that  
Another 20 sac  
We got plenty that  
We keep doin that

Smokin smokin weed  
(la la la la la la la...)  
Smokin on these trees  
keeps me at ease  
With these  
Crazy things I see  
Smokin on these trees  
keeps me iit seems  
And I dont just where I'd be  
Smokin Weed!

[Chorus:]

Smokin Smokin Weed  
Havin a party (Bring the weed)  
I'ma invite her  
I got my lighter (Got a blunt)  
I'm gettin higher  
Wish you would pass it (guess i'll wait)  
I'm right beside her  
I got an ashtray (at my place)  
Where did my pipe go?

[Shortymack:]

So what you got nigga? (knockout)  
I got the cush and the yerp  
Packaged in Ps to keep the feds of my chirp  
Uhh cuz my nerves on alert  
Paranoid like your boy cookin up the work  
(Smokin smokin weed)  
Look pimpin I aint touchin that dirt  
I aint smokin that shit  
It make your whole head hurt  
I got the card for the cataract  
Doctor say it's legal  
To twist up green  
Call it Philadel eagle (shortymack)  
Knockout pays me my check  
Silver haze blowin out the lambourghini air vents  
I got the blunts and a pound of leaves  
I been the purp man plus I got that OG

[Ray J:]

(I wanna)  
Roll it, roll it  
Twist that, twist that  
(I wanna)  
Fire it up  
Then get that, get that  
(I wanna)  
Pass it around  
Get bent back bent back  
Give it back to me!

[Chorus]

[Slim Thug:]

(Slim Thugga Muh Fugga)  
Blaze in the bush of that cush  
You gotta pull hard then push  
I blow dro but to each his own  
And I keep shit fit like Cheech and Chong  
We can be outta town  
We can be at home  
I keep a good connect for that Cali grown  
Weed so strong you can smell it through the sac  
Its in the backpack in the trunk of the 'lac  
It's a buck that's a fact  
Won't accept nothin less  
So you can smoke alone  
On your sack of stress (yes)  
Pass the cush  
Lemme hit that next  
Slim thugga muh fugga  
I smoke the best

[Chorus]

ha ha it's your boy Ray J  
you know what? I'ma roll up one right now  
And celebrate a lil bit  
You know Raydiation in stores right now  
Yall go get it  
Shortymack comin real soon  
It's about to get ugly

[fade out]