

# Tash, Smokefest 1999

(feat. B-Real, Outkast, Phil the Agony)

[Tash]

Smoke this blunt

Yo, everybody grab a seat, welcome to Smoke Fest '99

I'm glad you all could make it

As you can see admission was free this Smoke Fest this year

All the weed you see is free, but the blunts cost sixty bucks baby

(Sixty bucks??!!)

CaTashTraphe, I shoot it through, dipped in twenty-four karats

If y'all niggas don't feel me, then I blame it on your parents

Cuz Tash fuck it up, don't twist it up wit luck

My style is cold like I bought it off the icecream truck

Listen here, Tash be crashin niggas wit my beer

Tash be partied down as fuck swingin off the chandelier

Tash be here, Tash be there

Tash be everywhere it's poppin

I'm here to let you know fuckin wit me's not an option

Cuz Tash is my name, Tash'll start it wit a bang

Tash'll end it wit a \*gun shots\* that's not the same thing

Tash'll split your frame, Tash swings like gold chains

I be rollin wit King T, and we all in the same game

But enough about CaTash, let's talk about some skrill

You know it's bout to pop if Likwit Crew is on the bill

You can ask my nigga Phil how real this is, the weed

Smoke Fest '99 burn something to the beat

[Tash in background]

Damn man, y'all came all the way from where, man?

"All the way from Mobile, Alabama."

Oh yeah, you came to smoke some blunt?

"Yessir, we came to smoke some blunts wit you baby."

Smoke, Smoke Fest time

[Big Boi]

Yeah yeah yeah

I was lookin to get my skull blowed up like Kid Dynamtie

The time is right

Be ridin the track so fiercely that it seems I'm already high tonight

But I'm not though just on them Black & Mild's

And people thinkin I'm the wild one cuz I be flippin

And rippin the track and verbally attackin on yo' style for fun

Higher soul but to please myself I gotta be composin that fly shit

And you notifying Alkaholiks daily

So punk mufucker you better dub bitch

What do you need boy, rap and some my boys are still in the trap

I mean the dope spot, but the slangin got my snappin like the rope hot

I can be the player you wanna bust wit

Or nigga you don't even wanna go fuck wit

Or nup wit, you suck dick, so why you all up on my nuts quick

I hold the microphone and that's wit a vice grip

Really tightly, and I'm keepin the words crystal clear

So you gon' correct when you try to bite thee

Very nicely, Aquemini my nigga, not a Pisces

But I likely, gon' fetch a sack of that green stuff

While I write G, yeah yeah right

[Dre]

Yeah, check this out yeah

Hard life, now picture this

A nigga in jail, rappin while his folk in the next cell

Tappin wit some spoons, we do rank the boom boom

Fresh off a planet wit sand dunes and maroon moons  
Soakin wet wounds, titty tanglin tunes  
Musty under arms, soul shlong charm  
Bump off in the drums, rhythm on the one  
Stankonious under smellin where I'm comin from son  
The day you bone is when you start to die  
The time in between us will mean the most, I toast my high  
Shit gets so bad, I know it make you wanna cry  
But suck it up, button up, go ahead and do your thing  
For I'm already high

Smoke, Smoke Fest time

[Phil The Agony]

Yo yo yo

Whenever I'm writing, you can call me Philly Titan  
Receiting to you an interview like Phil Donahue  
Me and my crew, translate Los Angeles  
Scandalous, like Watergate  
Phil on the break, Phil on the break  
Phil/fill in the blank, it feels bad like gettin shanked  
File up your taxes, I'm writin exact on my axis  
From my head down to my Air Max's  
Phil waxes and relaxs  
Phil also fills up mental food up in your ?deadly gases?  
My name is Jason when I fill out my application  
To the nation, niggas is gonna get in filled what they facin  
Phil/feel the ration, Phil/feel the adrenaline  
I penetrate like penicillin, niggas be like "Phil is illin!"  
Phil is willin and ready  
Phil is Raw like Eddie  
Phil be cuttin up like machetes and confetti  
Deadly, Phil/feel the pain when I walk through the rain  
Niggas be like "He sayin Phil again, Phil again, Phil again"

Smoke, Smoke Fest time

[Tash]

Hey hey hey

Peace rap world, I'd like to make a special announcement right about now  
We have a special guest that just stepped in the house  
You know this man, he the smokiest cat in rap music  
He goes by the name of the Doctor Greenthumb, smoke em out

[B-Real]

Now I be, rollin and smokin  
And holdin the golden sack  
When my lungs be gettin swollen, hittin the bong foldin  
For chronic ironic, growin the hydroponic  
We got it, robotic hits you on melodic tricks of sonic  
Smoke Fest, expandin your chest  
Buddah bless best, for you to step back cuz your lyrics are like cess weed  
Yes indeed, the session you need to retrieve it  
It's ten niggas in a circle smokin a spliff, believe it  
Retrieve it, over the counter, can you conceive it  
I give you Doctor Greenthumb digits, don't repeat it  
The Brew Crew and the Buddah Masters together  
Gettin you higher and fuckin you up that much faster  
Six sacks, blunt leafs, pipes and bong-bowls  
All be gettin smoked at the Buddah head shows  
Excuse me if it seems too complicated  
The herb I hold is platinum while yours is nickel plated  
Let me mash out, I'm breakin the stash out, the hash out  
I roll into the studio and smoke my nigga Tash out  
Wit that Doctor Greenthumb shit, know what I mean?

Smoke, Smoke Fest time