

1 of 1

Smoke DZA & Pete Rock

[Intro: Smoke DZA & (Pete Rock)]

(Uh)

Yeah

(What?)

Dead all my cases I got to make this hot

I got to make it hot

(Let's do it, let's do it)

Right

(DZA)

PR

(Uh)

Kush God

Uh

(Let's go)

[Verse: Smoke DZA & Pete Rock]

I'm tapped in, whole 'nother energy

Bo Jack minus the injuries

Len Bias without the drug habits

Ron Artest before he changed his identity

LES in front of Epsteins

Waldorf, I'm on the West Wing

Two bad ones, they best friends

One annoying, the bitch could fuck up a wet dream

Took a hiatus, I'm back boy

Papa love the man, they ask for it

Blues Brothers shit, I'm Aykroyd

Fucking up Peter Louis with Fat Boy

The whole flight conspiracy theorists talking about asteroids

I'm high as fuck watching Bertyle trying to catch Floyd

King Pin for em, I'm a pack boy

Took a long blink, fast forward

Now I'm curving the avenue

I'm rapping through Malibu

Clear your mind dog, I ain't mad at you

Black label, keeping it casual

Winter time, it get cold, I might throw on an animal

PR where's the tree?

It's right here dog, pass me the fanta leaf

Let's take a quantum leap

Spaced out, the only space I wanna be
Kush God 1 of 1, they wannabes

[Break: Sample: Malcom X]

This is our motto

The purpose of our organization is to start right here in Harlem
Which has the largest concentration
Of people of African descent
That exists anywhere on this Earth
And bring about the freedom of these people
By any means necessary

[Outro: Peter Rosenberg]

Make some mother fucking noise for Smoke DZA right now New York
(Riight)
Harlem stand the fuck up
(Oh it ain't over)
Where my weed heads at
Make some sounds
Yeah we out

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>