

Front Porch (feat. Danny Boy)

Twista & The Speedknot Mobstaz featuring Danny Boy

(Danny Boy)

On the porch, on the porch

Smokin reefa

Hmmm yeah(Liffy Stokes)

I woke up early Saturday morning sick off Rhemy and brews

Wit a hang over from blues

Hurl on my clothes and shoes stomach on wooz

From this killer weed that's so fired it made your nose bleed

I had me so high, my brain was fried movin at slow speed

This thick bitch chose me and was stickin like liquor

She look to tight that bodies right my heart and mind was like "Dick her"

But wit my body aching from hurl sensation that's got me shaken

I swiftly took the number and passed on ass that was for the taken

I remember wakin up at the flat fucked up in the back

Checkin on my weed and scratch I damn near fell out the lat

I hit the sack to sleep it off woke up woozy and still smoking

Twistin swishers thinking about last night and the bitch that was scopin

Fuck it lets get 'em on I grabbed the phone "Girl call your friends"

Then I hit Twista and Maze and them bout the bitch in the Benz

Nigga push only cause I see them already been in the block

You know the lit niggas you'll find us in my favorite spot

And that's on

(Chorus)2x

The front porch smoking reefa

The weed got 'em feelin umm hmm

On the front porch getting deeper

Ghetto love got 'em feelin, umm hmm yeah yeah(Maze)

In the summer I hit the front porch wit a morning B

Sippin on the duce duce OZ

And I be killin me how many thick fees I see

Getting bubbly waitin for Stokes and T, I spit a little game at three

Tryin to talk up on the shoppin spree

Or a B of that stinky green free

Straight getting, to puff puff pass

and drive up my gas hittin all the hot blocks

Bumpin "Legit Ballers" to "Rock Y'all Spot"

Everybody know the shit 'bout to drop

See from Northbound to Ten Row in it go tryin to get they props

Pollutin the air wit squares, blunts, and tops

Settin up shops for lots comin back nots

Each and everyday of the week

the Mobsta Elites be on somebody porch dumpin heat

Bustin flows in the cipher getting deep
While we cheat something sweet to Legendary beats
'Till we reached our peak
Scummy aloud attractin crowds to the street
Then it's time to retreat grab something to eat
And head to the late front to get up wit some freaks
Wit a treat under the seat
For the cats who get the sudden urge and wanna try to jack
Cause when your pockets is fat
It seems like all the haters and hood-rats want to attack
And when the park close we hit the liquor store
for a box of Sitches and a fifth of Yak
South on the corner and get a few sacks
Or betta yet the whole pack so we can get back
On the
(Chorus)(Twista)
One morning I
Woke up next to a chocolate fee and a red bone
My dick was hard I started stroking and poking
After toppin I tell them to role the blunt
Cause on the front I hear them niggas steady smoking and jokin
I heard it's gonna be hot outside gotta get up and lay my clothes out
It's gonna be too many hoes out
Before my ladies rolled out I got 'em to clean up the whole house
Then I threw my fit on look in the mirror get on gone
"Nigga you looking dope because you got a knot"
Ain't no cruising up out the hop
I'm hangin by the spot cause I had to put the Lexus off up in the shop
But it's all to good it's a hood thang
Never too bogus notice the love on the block that nigga coolin
Aiming the radio out the window steady grooving
Tip by the corner store wit the indo steady movin
Niggas who flippin new 98's is steady cruising
Bumpin up the block flossin for the chicks cause they rich
But I ain't leavin off the front with the blunt
Set a switch just to pull in all the thickest btiches
At the crib I can't get caught wit heat
If it's some static I shall chalk and sweep
I go and get the B's up off but chief
"Come get me if the phone for me I'm at the party across the street"
I'm enjoying the breeze high degreez and no ease
Pockets be full of G's smoking B's hiding the fees
Making no enemies the po P's yellin out "Freeze"
Serving niggas wit ease staking cheese so nigga please
Tell me 'bout some ghetto love
Homies around smoking Newports 'till the brew drunk short
You can travel the world can't find a place like home
With a crib on the front with a skunk torch

Ain't nothing lie

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>