

Kush Ups (feat. Wiz Khalifa)

Snoop Dogg

My weed man got the hook up
Rollin' up another pound every time you look up
Big-ass joints, them ones that leave you shook up
So much weight that now I'm doin' kush ups
Kush ups, 'bout to roll a whole book up
Lookin' for me, I was at the crib doin' kush ups
Kush ups, 'bout to roll a whole book up
Lookin' for me, I was at the crib doin'
(Don't stop!)

Tae Bo, five, four, three, two, one
Workin' out, chiefin' up, creepin' up, keepin' up
With the Joneses, smoke a zone with my pen pals
In my neighborhood, flavor's good, roll up, put some papers to it
Straight into it, gon' make him do it, that thing can do it fo sho
Get my lift on, while get my spliff on, fo sho
Break bad, stay cool, way cool, roll a doob
Old school, paid my dues, spray these fools, ladies drool
Cause they know what I got
I got a bag of the Saturday pot
And it'll keep you up from Thursday to Saturday night
What do you like?

When you smoke with the Dogg, you had the time of your life
Now light... the fatty, jump in my Cadi
Pull your seat back, yup, I know you need that
Let it flow, set it go, incredible
That ain't gold, layin' low like 10 to 4, on the floor
My weed man got the hook up
Rollin' up another pound e'rry time you look up
Big-ass joints, them ones that leave you shook up
So much weight that now I'm doin' kush ups
Kush ups, 'bout to roll a whole book up
Lookin' for me, I was at the crib doin' kush ups
Kush ups, 'bout to roll a whole book up
Lookin' for me, I was at the crib doin'
(Don't stop!)Don't even trip

Ain't really gotta use a scale, I could eyeball a zip
So much weight you thinkin', "Why this ain't for sale?"
Weed in my lungs, weed in my nails
She conin' joints, I'm rollin' weed up myself
Don't ever get my weed from off the shelf or my clothes
I heard Polio 'bout to drop some shit, order those
Pounds, I got more of those, why my eyes sorta low

Not too many when I roll, more arms than [?] though
Boys hatin', I'm just countin' up the money I just made
And what I'm makin' make a nigga make a million dollars later
Smokin' [?], gettin' high pays
I like my eyes glazed
Ain't empty out my ashtray in days
At my house playin' pool in some HUF socks and Joyrich sweats
I roll a joint, you roll another one next
Can't even name a nigga colder than
Ain't pay for game that mean you stole it then
Know it's the bomb when you hold it in My weed man got the hook up
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