

What up Bob?

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By : **Km2**

WARNING: Explicit lyrics. Foul language and strong drug content. If not interested in these subjects, please just skim by them. My friends and I used to freestyle rap battle back in HS(In the yearr twooo-thouuu-saaaand), but not like you would think. Not planned, or on any stage, but just randomly out of nowhere and anywhere. While chilling in the halls in school, or hiking through the woods, or just walking down the street. These two must of been my best, for they're the only ones that I still remembered after all these years.



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What up Bob? Spark it up.

Smokin some weed, gettin fucked up.

Puff, puff, give. Fix the run.

Pass it around and give some guns.

The geeba, the ganja, the mary jane.

Everybody hittin that shit, till they going insane.

Some funky, some danky, some sticky-ass trees.

Pimpin on bitches, with nappy-ass weaves.

The reefer, the chronic, the wickety-wack.

Every motherfucker, needs a big ass sack;

of weed, is what I need.

Roll a blunt, tryin to get fried,

I just smoked three,

and I'm not even high.

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