

# Weed Song

## Menacide

[Bizzy Bone] You know we gotta have a weed song!

ooh

well they always got a weed song, luv it when my families high/

i know a few of you got issues 'cause evils been out to get you/

keep the family tight/

light up the reefah for a stay over, family ties/

when i die we gon make some dolla dollas/

well enough to holla holla/

been smokin marijuana wit my bitchez/

smokin marijuana wita my mama mama/

livin off cleveland ??? for life/

livin off weed and vibes/

Straight ??? niggas/

wit seasoned and stress givin em chop ya ???/

Hey, Dont put it on me dont put it on me, look at me, im high/

i got some money i can let the shit dry/

if its sticky then its sticky ooh i/

sore eyes, she gets me let me see it up under the bar/

[Chorus] Get Money!, Pass the reefer smoke it too.

its Lovely!, Wake up the 1st thing that i do.

Get Money!, and spread it all amongst my crew.

ooooooooooh

Get Money!, Pass the reefer smoke it too.

its Lovely!, Wake up the 1st thing that i do.

Get Money!, Get Money!, Get Money!

Get Money!, Get Money!

[Prince Rasu] Scavangers watch me all times, when i wont feel like a million bucks/

they say ??? fuck wit me, i tie ya children up/

Regardless of courtcases and they charges/

im bumpin off hennessey nautious, ridin shotty in hot impalas/

rock a jersey, dippin like a derby, gets up ya style/

freak ill black em out laced wit the flame james brown/

sippin on cuppacino, like carlito and gambino/

schemin on a freedo big chips to whip benzino/

challenge i say no, obstacles gon have to get hurtled/

baby im out to collar for dollaz, niggaz i hurt you/

wont reimburse you, except wit shots that'll hurt you/

Glocks that'll murk you, shoulda never crept after curfew/

im untouchable, similar to scarface/  
street verse of pacino be in yo kilos like star space/  
enterprise on a mission to go, where no man has gone b'fo'/  
wit clean getaways to mexico/  
plush rides, cuban carrots i gota find/  
life is a gamble, roll the dice, they never lie/  
my niggaz high, splittin vegas smokin incredible/  
sweakin like earl manigo baby its understandable/  
im droppin techs, fresh out the joint and still on a short chain/  
nigga when im off ima purchase a pound n blow my brain/  
[Capo Confuscious]Addicted Pothead, consumin pounds of sticky, pass it around/  
have the entire crowd lifted like cheech and chong/  
up in smoke, blown away, gazin trippin off shroomies/  
hallucinatin amongst ??? settle for goofy ass/  
ever since then drug substance straight blaze the weed/  
contemplate money schemes, currency value increase/  
gorillas get sorted when they see a brother flossin his brand new lexo land cruiser/  
and they still leasin a 2 door honda accord (oh lord)/  
resident neighbours scared, terrorise the suburbs/  
freaky parties in til 5 o clock in the mornin, early crack of dawn/  
kick every bitch out my house, say pussy come pussy go/  
spend quality time, faithful to mary jane/  
lifted always stay high/  
soon as my chronic supply run low/  
back to the weed spot purchase sum mo, lets go/  
[Chorus]Get Money!, Pass the reefer smoke it too.  
its Lovely!, Wake up the 1st thing that i do.  
Get Money!, and spread it all amongst my crew.  
ooooooooooh  
Get Money!, Pass the reefer smoke it too.  
its Lovely!, Wake up the 1st thing that i do.  
Get Money!, Get Money!, Get Money!  
Get Money!, Get Money!

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