Weed

The High & Mighty

Weed, weed, what a relief
Where will my eighth a day habit cease?
This an agricultural service announcement
You can treat it and you can douse itLet us begin now with the plant
The way that it gets to your blunt in hand
See the herb doesn't grow fast enough for man
So for his lye, he makes a master planHe has bowls to make the weed grow quicker
Through the hydroponic, the weed gets sicker
Twenty-one different soils are dumped
Into the pot in one big lumpSo just before it dies, it dries
In my back closet, with no moss and flies
Off with the bud, we cut it, weigh it, and bag it
And there it is for your local street addictGreen and buddy, an ounce condensely packed
Smoke it up and catch a heart attack
Now come on now man let's be for real
You are what you smoke is the way I feel butThe weed and blunt administration'll
Have you thinkin' lye is the perfect combination
See heads be livin' under fear and stress
Wonderin' where they get the bestNow beer and bless can become a part of you
In your cells and dome, this is true
So when the plant is grown, believe it
Sell some to your man or smoke for free kidRoll it up, and begin seasonin'
Then you sit down, and begin seein' shit
In your body, Blackwoods, a Phillie, a Dutcher
All the need and fiend for anotherSee any smoke's addictive by any man
Even the brownish rag it's all the same
The Alchemist'll have my ass, strung out
On the Indo and Northern Lights no doubtThink you got your weed habit on lock?
Tell yourself you gonna try and stop
Smokin' weed and you'll see you need the tree
It's the number one drug on the streetNot coke, 'cause that's a category of dope
But the green leaf, that I smoke with wreath
Now herb brings life and real bad breath
Smoke all your shit and what you got left?Absolutely high, the sedative
Watchin' the movie Friday, with a spliff
By Chris Tucker, that high motherfucker
For anybody, Northern or SouthernerSee how many blunts we gotta pump up fatter?
How many seeds gotta fall in the batter?
How many chickens wanna smoke what you smoke

And how many heads ask for just one toke?Now they'll consume, the local dread could care less
He'll sell you donkey shit and say it's fresh
For ninety-nine, you suckers
High and Mighty, Mr. Eon, Mighty MiGet your own shit, get your own shit man
This my shit, I smoke my shit
You smoke your shit
Then we'll be fine

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