Tommy Chong

Blue Scholars

Ey, whether you're ballin or broke
Want to find the most hot?
Just follow the smoke

Everybody want to fly but
Nobody want to know
How the whole thing started
Whenever you were born, yeah,
Go back farther
Deep in jungles of the Ganges River
Two thousand B.C.
See Hindus and Sikhs
Shitloads of weed
Very first plant cultivated for the fabric
And any time they burned it
The people started dancing.
Medicine man put the people in a trance.
Then they transported West
Brought by brown farmers
Shared with the (rosters)
And said it's called Ganja
Greeks and the Turks traded gold for dope
And soon Shakespeare smoked the shit
And wrote dramas
Soldiers Napoleon led wrought civilians
And stashes of hash
Took it back to France with them
Christopher Columbus, first drug smuggler
Slaves made to grow his shit
But smoked some of it to laugh at the master
Plotting his disaster
And everywhere the immigrant went he had to drag that

Listen,
I'm just stating the facts
If I'm mistaken, my bad
I'm just a messenger
Spitting wikipedia raps
I gotta,

(Shawn Kip) in my pocket
Cutting in half
It's two Gary Paytons
Don't ask do the math
I know cats who got killed for the sack
Who'd probably be alive
If the market for the (bama) wasn't bad
You put in the hands of the many who
Mark territories and blood
Kind of scary huh?
Ain't even talking about the ones with the badge
The ones still waging that war inside their heads
The same ones who could probably use a couple hits
And I wouldn't be surprised if a lot of fuckers did

Make you want to roll up a J
And say shit I aint gonna be the one
That get caught for doing this
Cool, you gotta know the rules
How to live
You want to find the loopholes
Do what I say
As long as you aint got forty grams in your hand
Can't get you with a felony
Delivery intent
But anything less than that is a misdemeanor
And legally a reason for police to take seizure
Even with initiatives passed
Decriminalizing the green grass
They don't want to see that
Might as well get you a forever green pass
Hit that dispensary fast
Believe that this law is so flawed
The foundations done
The more things outlawed
The more outlaws run
George Washington himself probably puffed a chronic
Now his face getting exchanged for this shit
Ironic, hah!

I went through that Bob Marley stage
That ganja ganja
That one love brah
It's medicine that makes you stronger
(Acquainted to meet ya)

And isolated in my apartment
Blazing (that day to day) and playing Grand Theft Auto
Like damn, I'm way more creative
Twenty minutes later staring at the paper
Yeah, at four twenty
It was all about the love
Now, it's four thirty one
And I'm paranoid as fuck
Like, who are the these hippies?
Where are my real friends?
Why you playing (happy sack on a field) Ben?
You need Visine
Your eyes are real red?
Whiz Kalifa is gonna fuck your girlfriend

I'm not against legalization
I'm not at all
I'm against glorification
You are not Snoop Dog
Moderation that's the key
If the door is unlocked
It's up to you how you use it
Make the call
C'mon

So when you puff that
Thinking that's how it is
Blowing more trees than the
Northwest wind
Knowing that your six times as likely
As them to do time
If your skin tone is darker than his
The last thing that you want on your mind
But the man in supply is in command of your high brah
Ey, you listening?
I'm trying to drive gems

Ey yo, shut the fuck up and pass that shit
Okay

Lyrics submitted by tom.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/