

La La La

Chris Webby

It's another one of them smoking songs, ya know what I'm saying?

Where my pot heads at?

Right here aha, yeah, yeah, CT, check it We rollin trees and smokin la la la la la

Another weed song from me

Burning more trees than Cheech Chong

Red and Meth or roll together in the same L

We smoke blunts all day you can't tell? Hell

I'm stompin in with my boots on

Rollin to the diner with my half off coupon

Fuck, I been burnin since I was newborn

So high flying through space with Jimmy Neutron

That's how I do mon, rock the rhythm

You would think I had a mother fucking pot prescription

Like the doctor's flippin

My grass stay fresh cut, sticky icky wet stuff, put it in the next dutch

But last time I had a checkup, the doc said my brain was not fully developed

Fuck, but it just don't matter, I'ma half to roll the next blunt fatter hah [Chorus]

La la la la la

Just break it up and smoke that la la la la la

Now twist it up and smoke that la la la la la

Now light it up and smoke that la la la la la

And then you keep on burnin

The way this weed hit your chest should invest in Kevlar

Chillin on Saturn, cruisin in the XR

Everyday I got the best bars

And the best weed same color as Reptar

Yes, we stay lightin up the purple

In my own entourage smoking like Turtle

Fuck all the commercials, they all straight lies

Actin like I'm gonna kill a mother fucker cause I'm high

The most I'm likely to do is open the fridge, chill on the couch, and never end up leaving my crib, shit

But that's just how I do

Stay high, seeing from my birds eye view

I walk into a room and everybody starts sniffin

"Like, oh my God, I can guarantee that's Christian,"

"It's nine in the morning yo what the fuck's with him?"

And I'm like, "Chill! I've got a weed addiction like." [Chorus] We lightin ganja ganja, every day we burn

dutchies

And then we stay around more trees than Fern Gully

I earn money, spend on weed, and burn money
Got the dice in my hand, can't take my turn from me
I rip like a beast when I hit the beats
But it's just weed when they say I'm equipped with heat, please
Shit's leaving you in disbelief
I'm that monster at your door, bitch, trick-or-treat
The way I freestyle, shit, it really baffles me
Cause I'm a pot head, call me Johnny Appleseed
I got a dub and a dutch, let's roll and spark
Til we start to see shit like Joan of Arc
I know I'm smart, I know I'm nice
That's why you can't see me like a poltergeist
Smokin la la la, give that bowl a light
Grab the bong even tighter than I hold the mic, like

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