

Herby

Tribal Seeds

Rasta say smoke, smoke.
I man say smoke, smoke.
Sisters say smoke, smoke.
Idrens say smoke, smoke.
Light up your ganja.. marijuana!
Light up your ganja.. marijuana!

The herb was rooted off Solomon's grave,
Him was the wisest king who ever did live.
You know say knotty dreads,
Them grown on the top of his head, head, his head!
You know the ignorant them say we impure,
Commercials lie about the weed that's for sure.
Media propaganda we nah want it no more, no more!

Rasta chant smoke, smoke.
I man chant smoke, smoke.
Sisters chant smoke, smoke.
Idrens chant smoke, smoke.
Light up your ganja.. marijuana!
Light up your ganja.. marijuana!

(..)

In the higher of places,
All them want is war.
In the higher of places,
All them crave is power.
Let it ease your mind.
Let the herb ease your mind.

So I man say smoke, smoke.
Rasta say smoke, smoke.
Sisters say smoke, smoke.
Idrens say smoke, smoke.

In the early of the morning.
In the midday sun.
In the stillness of night.
When the herb is ripe.

Smoke, smoke.

Smoke, smoke.

Smoke, smoke.

Lyrics submitted by jah vill.

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