

# Pack The Pipe

## The Pharcyde

I dedicate this to Buddha, this is our song dedicated to  
Smokin' weed 'cause we smoke lots of mad weed all the

Time

Mad mad mad

So Tre Tre since we smoke a lot of

Mad weed

You got what you want Copenhagen

Give the people buddah

Indoe gentlemen

A lovely yell oh

That old boy

You must love the buddah

Listen man your

Mother's (weed beat) is hip hop

You gotta scroshobard man

Trapped in the cockpit

At forty thousand feet

The sky is the limit

But we supersede

The greed for the speed is like

Way beyond limits

I grab my parachute with like

Forks and spoons in it

And I'm falling

I'm falling

My heart rapid rushes

Death before my eyes

Oh why did I trust this

My reactions are repeated

Over and over and over

Oh it seems like I will never be sober

Get up, pack it in, high, I love gettin' high, Im'a get high  
'till I die, can I have a light my brother, where is my bud

[Chorus: x4]

The pipe, the pipe

Let's pack the pipe

I look in every hip-hop magazine

It seems

That the blunts are being passed around the scenes in teams

And the (gomma) man with contraband in lesser amounts

I guess 'cause understands he has his chance passes like Fouts

But his pass is incomplete 'cause I can tell in the smell

To let the touch he pass me by

Let the (left) catch hell

If I wanted to smoke tobacco I'd get a skinny white bitch

I know that Fatlip carries a pack to cure the nicotine itch

Because the only itch I have is for the indoe or cess

So don't pass me that mess

Or try to even protest

That it's adding to the flavor 'cause the old one was fine

Won't you pack the pipe

And keep it movin' down the line

[Chorus: x4]

I got a big ol' blunt

I'm lampin' on my front porch

About to put a torch to it

Then Coco said don't do it

Please don't hit that shit in front of my little four year old son

She sent him inside the house meanwhile my Sheri steadily rolled one

[what are you doing (daddy)?]

After the other

Then another

'cause I'm rollin' in the dough

So we rolled in the indoe

As if the kid didn't know

He's lookin' through the windoew yo while we tryin' to hide it

To make a boy grow to be ignorant and misguided

About the bud

Now I have to play the part of the adviser

Because the bud is just the tasty tantalizer

The bud not the beer 'cause the bud makes me wiser

[figaro]

So I said come here little man

What ya want old man

And with his little hand

He grabbed the pipe

A lesson in buddah blessin'  
Not too young  
Just right  
So he started blazin'  
It was amazin'  
My lungs are black and shriveled up like a raisin  
But who am I to deny the kid a try  
At nature's little way of sayin' hi?  
Thank you old man  
So pack

[Chorus: x4]

Twisting turning burning  
Rings of fire when I come into ya layer  
Say ya pay yer fare for the fee  
I see  
The pipe  
The pipe is what I like  
I'm Imani and I'm hype give me the pipe tonight  
I really want to smoke it  
I really want to smoke it

I choke it  
The indoe no jokin'  
I'm doin' it like this

I hope I do not get this by anybody  
By anybody  
By anybody  
By anybody  
What? uh huh uh huh

Well where's Quinton, Quinton, Quinton where are you?  
Yo Quint, Quint come here who got a lighter? Imani got a  
Lighter, ah kick somethin' on the mike

Why does your mother smoke pipe  
With crack on the inside  
She likes to take a bus ride with a (shern) stick in her mouth  
Preachin' about  
What the world's goin' on  
I don' know what's up  
The bitch smokes  
A lot of heron  
Every day a hard

Base head  
I don' know what to say  
Where's bus (stop) we'll call you up  
Let's pack the pipe

[Chorus: x3]

Who packs the booty on the side (wipe)  
I crack  
I've lost track  
It's a cheap fuckin' pipe

I saw ya  
Say when  
The pipe dammit!

Now it's dark inside nostril an inside nose he completed the run

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written by Hardson, Trevant Jermaine / Robinson, Romye / Wilcox, Emandu Imani Rashan / Stewart, Derrick  
Lemel / Martinez, John / Howze, Quinton

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