

# Gospel Weed Song

## Bizarre

[Intro:]

Brothers and sisters!  
We gonna have Church tonight!  
And tonight this speaker is, Reverend Ruffus Jackson..

[Chorus:]

I wake up praising, God every day,  
I wanna....smoke some weed and roll me the J,  
Thankya Jesus! (Thankyou Jesus!)  
Thankya Lord! (Thankyou Lord!)  
For lettin' me live another day! Hey! hey!

[Verse 1:]

Nigger I'm high, nigger you high. (uh huh)  
lets get high in the motherfucking sky!  
Watch the butterflies, hit the wall,  
and if you're feeling down, give yer boy a call!  
Weed, it takes the stress away,  
thats why Bizarre smokes ten blunts a day.  
It's nuffing but the sticky, icky, green stuff!  
Line it, pass it and take a puff!  
Having a bad day, stop by my house,  
coz most likely, I've got a blunt in my mouth.  
So sit down relax and chill,  
and if ya don't smoke weed, then shit, I got sum pills!  
Watch ya need girl,  
a fucking refill?  
a fat bag a weed  
and sum happy meals?  
Nah, baby, I don't smoke no porks,  
only fat bags of weed in this escort.

[Chorus:]

I wake up praising, God every day,  
I wanna....smoke some weed and roll me the J,  
Thankya Jesus! [Thankyou Jesus!]  
Thankya Lord! [Thankyou Lord!]  
For lettin' me live another day! Hey! hey!

[Verse 2:]

Sunday morning, Bizarre have day,  
Blunt in my mouth, watching DJ Dre.  
Dangerous my, just like Cudio  
Only church I know, a snoop dogg's studio.  
Wide out the raps, blowing in my lap,  
Rap hennesy, keep the acid tap.  
I'm glad, that I didn't go down south,  
Take care of my kids, be the man of the house,  
orange mushrooms, and yellow stars,  
Fat bags of weed[??]  
Get in and lap, come on jump in,  
Raid a bottle of gin, and two of your freaky friends  
O fuck it! Let's go to see the point,  
Bring your son alone, shit, he can hit the joint,  
Cause rapping, it's a full time job!  
All I wanna smoke weed and praise God!

[Chorus:]

I wake up praising, God every day,  
I wanna....smoke some weed and roll me the J,  
Thankya Jesus! (Thankyou Jesus!)  
Thankya Lord! (Thankyou Lord!)  
For lettin' me live another day! Hey! hey!

[Outro:]

Break it down....yea  
We gonna slow it down rite here...  
We havin' Church up in here tonight, it's the Reverend Rufuss Johnson...  
and we sittin' over here,  
at sixteen five-o, cone it[?]  
and ladies and gentlemen,  
come in, praise God with us..

[over chorus:]

Baptist,  
Catholic,  
Jahova Witness,  
yea, come praise God,  
yea! services, send it,  
at 4-20,  
brothers and sisters send it at 4-20!  
come on, praise God.  
Just coz you smoke weed don't mean you a sinner! What!?

[Bizarre: speaking]

Just coz you smoke weed don't mean you don't believe in God!

Jesus will keep care of ya! Jesus!

You need Jesus!

[coughing]

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Lyrics submitted by ariel.

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