# 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 didnt'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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