

High Times

Cypress Hill

Now this some bad weedThe very first time I hit the weed I was young
Coughing up a lung, high strung, back in '81
Going to school, hitting the buddha behind the bleachers
Coming to class high, selling the lie to the teachersNickel bag, nickel bag, dime to a nickel
Selling joints to the honeys, suck it like an icicle
Others wanted the 40 but I wanted the weed
While everybody was running out, I was planting my seedsHomegrown, backyard boogie, I'm still stoned
Got my weed plants taller than your telephone's pole
I can remember when I could only get sess in those days
Now, I'm rocking that Chocolate Thai, skunk and the hazeRoll a fat one, pass it to the left don't front
But I hate it when they don't take the seeds out the blunt
Amateur of blunt-rollers are like rookies on the field
Spilling the weed plant fucking dookies with no skillI should write a book, how to roll it then pass it
Light it, grow it, sell it and then divide it
Mr. Greenthumb, Dr. Weed, I proceed to give
The herb man what they needTrue indeed, blow your fucking smoke up in the sky
And get high with your bong
Or your Philly, or duchess give me a lightGrab the weed up, pack it in, put it in the pipe
Light it up, smoke a bowl, we puffing the lye right
Put your finger on the hole and hold it in brother
Take a puff, that's enough and pass it to anotherGet the weed sack, smoke it up, 'til it's all gone
No roaches up in the ashtray, smoke up all the bomb
I use ta spend money but now I'm growing the crops
But I hate it when the pigs throw a raid on the spotIt was once said I smoke so much weed, by a brother
That I look like the nigga on the zig-zag cover
Maybe I use ta look like that way back when
When my nigga Sen Dog was around sipping on the HenLet the fly rhymes smother you with the scent of the
skunk
We got the High Times cover, shows you how to roll a blunt
Quarter pound, quarter pound, pound to a quarter
Making trips to Mexico running down to the borderLong hairs, bald heads, dreads and punk rocks
Kids of all colors be puffin it down the block
I got the weed on lock with all the hydro methodsCall me Puffy 'cause I making and taking a hit record
Blow your fucking smoke up in the sky and get high
With the bong, Philly or duchess, give me the lightGrab the weed up, pack it in, put it in the pipe
Light it up, smoke a bowl, we puffing the lye right
Put your finger on the hole and hold it in brother
Take a puff, that's enough and pass it to another

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