

# Charlie Brown

## Banda BrasileÃ±a

[First Chorus]Charlie Brown, please, don't come around  
Because your weed is doodoo brown  
and it smells like the ground  
You're still my homie (but no more bammer)  
But with that weed you don't know me  
When I inhale this, the staleness creeps up on me  
I love weed, especially when it gets me gaspin'  
Coughin' up a lung from that passion  
Graspin' onto life with every hit that I take  
When I'm high, is the only time I feel awake  
Roll it up, bags on reserve is what I deserve  
No joke I gots to smoke cause it calms my nerves  
And if Charlie was around I guarantee a tragedy  
From his dirt, brown weed means head starts to hurt  
Call me a high on, red eyed zombie  
smelling like oak with a twist of pine tree  
And fuck Smokey, my names Big Inhale  
And I'm known to take it down to the tail,  
You know what I mean?  
Resi-res build up on my fingernail  
Clam baked inside the soundproof Lotus Pod cell  
Lettin' out, when I'm blessed to give  
So, pass it back and let me get another hit  
Big Smoker

[Second Chorus]Charlie, Charlie  
Your weed is so sorry (mmm mmm mmmm)  
You must have grown it in a dusty safari  
I just can't smoke that no mo'  
Even though I'm broke and I'm po'  
I smell that shit in your bag,  
I choke and run for the do'  
Don't hate you, Charlie  
And homie, you still my boy  
Just keep that junk on your spot  
(Don't bring it 'round here)  
And homie, you still my boy  
Cause that I can't never handle  
I need to be high

So stay the fuck off my block  
and don't come back on my side  
Charlie, Charlie (Charlie Brown)  
You just ain't fresh anymore  
Because I like to be lifted  
Your shit grounds me to the floor  
Don't make me deck you, Charlie (Bitch)  
Don't come 'round with that  
Don't nobody want to hit that  
Ya'll bustas need to quit that  
Charlie, Charlie

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