

Charlie Brown

Banda Brasileira

[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 gotta 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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