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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