

Who's Got the Weed

G. Love & Special Sauce

Who's got the weed? I got the weed
Who's got the weed? I got the weed, I got the weed My momma always used to say
Hey G, baby don't smoke the reefer it will make you lazy
I really should have listened 'cause she might have saved me
But I was too young and I was too, too crazy But I got so much love for my mother
But still I praise the J, then I pass it to a brother
'Cause a friend for me, is a friend indeed
And I got plenty of friends that smoked a lotta weed No seeds, I roll the herb in a cone like a tornado
Pass around a circle real fast like a hot potato
And then I feel my fingers grip, reality start to slip
The joint is now a roach 'cause I just had a huge hit Of the carba vapors, vapors, vapors, vapors, vapors, vapors
Vapors, vapors, vapors and I'm singing Who's got the weed? I got the weed
Who's got the weed? I got the weed, I got the weed Hit that far crew see, yeah you know they smoke a lot
Sip Henny, dipping with skinnies, I know they poke a lot
I know they got popped in Japan by some robocops
And lip looks like some hobo but his flows is tight like Flo Jo I know he smoke that hydroponic chronic on the
low go
And skimpy claimin' sober but I know he wanna go go
Graduated from being fair to being wasted
Tastin' life that you never tasted Where's the big party, just a little bit more than average
Caps, stems, lettuce and cabbage
I know they got the papers so that we can cast the vapors
Freestyle, awake the neighbors, I know he won't forsake us Pick up some dirt, put 'em work like undertakers
If they don't then just break 'em off, they gotta bake
Ain't too humble for the pot, I know he's accustomed to the cake
Lets listen to some breaks, pack the crumbs and the shake Who's got the weed? I got the weed
Who's got the weed? I got the weed I got a grip of crip, I keep it next to my hip
I'm going to the airport, I'm going on a trip
I hope I don't get slipped by the feds
'Cause I got this ounce of buddah right down my leg Yo, it's not cool, it's stinking up the whole damn row
The stewardess is lookin' at me and I think that she knows
I try spraying my body down with all this cologne
But the stench is creeping into the front row It's just the homegrown from the backyard
Keep it in my pocket if I go to the bar
So if you wanna hit just buy me a drink
And don't worry I got more of that funky green shh And I'm singing
Who's got the weed? I got the weed
Who's got the weed? I got the weed And I'm singing
Who's got the weed? I got the weed

Who's got the weed? I got the weed

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