

Must Be The Ganja

Eminem

Yeah, oh, oh, yeah, yeah
Oh, I feel like dancing
I feel like dancing
I smell something in the air that's makin' me high
I said, I smell something in the air that's makin' me high
Okay, here we go, do re mi fa so, fa so la ti da so
Lyrical Rosco, kick back the Tabasco
You motherfuckers must just not know the tic-tock so
Time to show you the most kick ass flow in the cosmos
Picasso with a pick ax, a sick asshole
Tic-tac-toe frozen six pack, with exacto
Knives, stranglin' wives with thick lasso
Big bags of the grass, zig zags, I'm with the Doc, so
You know how that go, skull and the crossbones
This is poison, the boys and girls who do not know
You do not wanna try this at home, my novato
This is neither the time nor the place to get macho
So crack a six pack, sit back with some nachos
Maybe some popcorn and watch the show and just rock slow
It's not what you expected nor what you thought so
About time that you wake the fuck up, smell the pot smoke
It must be the ganja, it's the marijuana
That's creepin' up on me while I'm so high
Maybe it's the Hindi that has gotten in me
Whatever's gotten into me, I don't mind
I said it's the ganja, it's the marijuana
That's creepin' up on me while I'm so high
Maybe it's the Hindi that has gotten in me
Whatever's got into me, I don't mind
Your dreams are getting' fulfilled, ooh, I'm literally getting' the chills
Spittin' at will, me and Dre have just finished splitting a pill
You're submitting to skill, sitting still
I'm admitting, I'm beginning to feel like I don't think anyone's real
Faced with a dilemma, I can be Dalai Llama
And be calm or bring drama a step beyond a Jeffrey Dahmer
Please, don't upset me, mama, you lookin' sexy, mama
Don't know if it's the lala or the rum and Pepsi, mama
Don't want to end up inside my refrigerator freezer
Be used as extra toppin' the next time I make a pizza

How many people you know can name every serial killer
Who ever existed in a row?
Put 'em in chronological order, beginning with Jack the Ripper
Name the time and place from the body, the bag, the zipper
Location of the woods where the body was dragged and then dumped
The trunk that they were stuffed in, the model, the make, the plate
And which model, which lake they found her in and how they attacked the victim
Say which murder weapon was used to do what and which one
Which knife and which gun, what kid, what wife and which nun?
Don't stop, I like this, it's fun, the fuckin' night's just begun
It must be the ganja, it's the marijuana
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Maybe it's the Hindi that has gotten in me
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Whatever's got into me I don't mind
When I'm behind a mic, dynamite is what it's kinda like
You're stuck with the same stick that you're tryin' to light
Behind the boards is Dre, legends are made this way
Isn't it safe to say this is the way it should be?
Maybe you need some lyric syrup serum for your symptoms
Here's a dosage of the antidote, now you give him some
He can give her some, she can give them some
Get behind a Lynn drum, make up a beat and kill the sucka syndrome
The spinning drama when it comes to lyrics and pennin' some
Starting from scratch and then endin' up at the end enough
Capable of bringin' a Pulitzer, strong believe a bullet's a
Titanium, cranium that's full of surprises
When the smoke rises right before your very own eyes
You stare into your stereos high
Good evenin', this isn't even a weed thing
I ain't even smoke anything, I ain't even drinking
It must be the ganja, it's the marijuana
That's creepin' up on me while I'm so high
Maybe it's the Hindi that has gotten in me
Whatever's gotten into me I don't mind
I said it's the ganja, it's the marijuana
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