

# Bin Laden

## Three 6 Mafia

[Juicy J talking]

Mane check this shit out we was up in Chicago right  
With my nigga big hamp the nigga pass me a blunt  
Like smoke this shit nigga this some bin laden weed  
y'all don't know nothing bout this down south  
What the fuck is bin laden weed its three different  
Kinds of weed all grown together that shit some straight killer  
Them Chicago niggaz call it bin laden mane some straight fie[chorus 4x's]

Who got that hydro

Who got that light green

Who got that Bobby brown

Who got that laden weed[DJ Paul]

I swear sometimes I got to get high to hang around my hoe  
Sometimes I feel like I got to get high to hang round niggaz I know  
I sped it up on weed I slowed it down on snow  
Cause I seen somany niggaz fall off that blow  
One day they got it all and ain't got shit to show  
So I came to my natures I had to cut that hoe  
So know I'm feeling happy I'm on that binny bin laden  
And niggaz is acting like they don't know what the fuck just happened  
My vision getting blurry I'm about to fall asleep  
Or am I dying I need to eat cause this some poutin weed  
My life start flashing like holograms like right in front  
Of my own face I never felt this way on one blunt  
I see my son gaining life and my dad losing his  
And old girlfriends and niggaz I shouldn't hung with  
The picture starting to fade its getting hard to breath  
I'm blacking out with no post up under my shirt and sleeve[Chorus 4x's][Juicy J]  
Well since I'm on bin laden let me tell you a story  
Bout these three pussy rappers who couldn't do nothing for me  
Gave a whole lot of cheese said I fucked him his shit  
Smoked a whole lot of weed so he seem to forget  
Who bought trunks and you cars gave you bitches and hoes  
Who told you ass to take a bath when you thought you was raw  
Mane I tell you he a killer when we talk on the phone  
When you see him face to face he'll leave you alone  
That's why I'm smoking on this fucking bin laden  
All my niggaz in the hood they got it  
Take one little puff you a addict

Take a gun to the head means tragic  
Boy I tell you like this we can smoke it anywhere  
In front of police station with a six pack of beer  
Seven a.m. in the morning just watching people stare  
Let 'em point them damn fingers say they wild over there[Chorus 4x's][Lord Infamous]  
Ey ey its glowing like its indigo I smell it through the bag  
I'm floating like a magic carpet straight from bagdad  
From my brains from my blood from my lungs from the dutches  
can't just let this reefer just escape from my a conscious  
Cause its the substance I'm loving I'm buzzing  
Smoking like a narven huffing and puffing  
Came from the Indonesia, Colombian or kaliman  
Or its by the welfare straight from the taliban[Crunchy black]  
Do you remember me from smoking good weed  
Break it down roll it up give it the indo need  
Do you remember me from no sticks no seeds  
Or you remember me from putting you on this laden weed  
Get yo funds together and come go and see  
I'm gone take you on the strip where bin laden be  
This one blunt action you'll have to smoke and see  
Have you choking, falling out with your family[Chorus 4x's]

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