Bagz

Twiztid

Mad bagz of weed (mixed up)
(madrox)
If it ain't green it ain't us, your parents hate us
Because we smell like cannabis and remind 'em of the incubus
Another freek of the night
With accessible roach clips, bongs and weed pipes
(monoxide)
We comin wit the straight 28, a full oz
Only fuckin wit the weed you can keep your nose bleed
Mash all you haters actin like you know me
Twiztid motherfucker, what you got on my tree?
(madrox)
I smoke it down to the ash and burnin lips and finger tips
On for helly shit, take a bullet and I'm passin it
Right into the ashtray where it belongs
From the bag, to the j, to the tray, to the bong
(monoxide)
Smoke a lot of weed, cloud 9, space flyin
People try to front on my dope but I can see inside 'em
Put the flame on the end of the weed and start the session
And i'ma smoke it all up quick without question
I hope you brought the papers, you know I brought the trees
So roll another joint, and hand that bitch to me
We do this everyday, so work it out with me
No matter what they tell us, this is reality
(monoxide)
Eyes blew out red I'm lookin faded
Clothes stank like bud, and my finger tips is always resinated
We burnin ganja wit the windows up
I gotta qp, a good green rolled, ready to puff
(madrox)

I smoke entirely to much weed for average folks
But I never said that I was average, I like to smoke
Mad bags of weed, no stems, no seeds
All I really want, and all I really need
(monoxide)
I gotta tell you bitches, it ain't no smokin for free
If you ain't fuckin wit me

Don't put your lips up on my motherfucking tree
Wrap your surroundings like a zig-zag
Light your block with the flame and take a big drag
(madrox)
We blaze trees on the highways and the driveways
In the casket I keep an axe in the backsack
With a zig-zag, for the two blunt trademark
Trees every studio session we gettin sparked
Chorus
(madrox)
We smoke weed everyday, regardless what you say
And every single night with the get-right
You need to get up, and shut up, with all your pride
And all you non-smokin niggas, get the fuck outside
(monoxide)
Only weed smokers up in this bitch tonite
Thick clouds of weed smoke, green like kryptonite
I don't drink, shoot-up, or take x
Only three loves in life is bud, death and sex
(madrox)
Gimme gimme green leaves, laced up with hashish
When we rotton dirty, watch for police
Listen and learn, cause I would never steer you wrong
Knowledge gets accumulated like resins in bongs
Chorus: repeat twice

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