

# High Times

## Cypress Hill

Now this some bad weed The very first time I hit the weed I was young  
Coughing up a lung, high strung, back in '81  
Going to school, hitting the buddha behind the bleachers  
Coming to class high, selling the lie to the teachers Nickel bag, nickel bag, dime to a nickel  
Selling joints to the honeys, suck it like an icicle  
Others wanted the 40 but I wanted the weed  
While everybody was running out, I was planting my seeds Homegrown, backyard boogie, I'm still stoned  
Got my weed plants taller than your telephone's pole  
I can remember when I could only get sess in those days  
Now, I'm rocking that Chocolate Thai, skunk and the haze Roll a fat one, pass it to the left don't front  
But I hate it when they don't take the seeds out the blunt  
Amateur of blunt-rollers are like rookies on the field  
Spilling the weed plant fucking dookies with no skill I should write a book, how to roll it then pass it  
Light it, grow it, sell it and then divide it  
Mr. Greenthumb, Dr. Weed, I proceed to give  
The herb man what they need True indeed, blow your fucking smoke up in the sky  
And get high with your bong  
Or your Philly, or duchess give me a light Grab the weed up, pack it in, put it in the pipe  
Light it up, smoke a bowl, we puffing the lye right  
Put your finger on the hole and hold it in brother  
Take a puff, that's enough and pass it to another Get the weed sack, smoke it up, 'til it's all gone  
No roaches up in the ashtray, smoke up all the bomb  
I use ta spend money but now I'm growing the crops  
But I hate it when the pigs throw a raid on the spot It was once said I smoke so much weed, by a brother  
That I look like the nigga on the zig-zag cover  
Maybe I use ta look like that way back when  
When my nigga Sen Dog was around sipping on the Hen Let the fly rhymes smother you with the scent of the  
skunk  
We got the High Times cover, shows you how to roll a blunt  
Quarter pound, quarter pound, pound to a quarter  
Making trips to Mexico running down to the border Long hairs, bald heads, dreads and punk rocks  
Kids of all colors be puffin it down the block  
I got the weed on lock with all the hydro methods Call me Puffy 'cause I making and taking a hit record  
Blow your fucking smoke up in the sky and get high  
With the bong, Philly or duchess, give me the light Grab the weed up, pack it in, put it in the pipe  
Light it up, smoke a bowl, we puffing the lye right  
Put your finger on the hole and hold it in brother  
Take a puff, that's enough and pass it to another

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