

# HAY

## Butthole Surfers

Sittin on a quarter 'P of hay, thangs is feelin' good today  
I'm tore up from the floor up, sippin' on some crown royal  
Trippin' in a circle of wood where everybody smoke they own bud  
    Good ol' hay, how you feel today?  
Fine, blowed and dandy, silly like I'm hype off candy  
    Gotta big, thick chic named Sandy  
    In the farm, in the middle of the barn  
    Where everybody's feelin' crazy  
I went to visit granny's house, now I see why don't nobody leave  
    We constantly, constantly, constantly smokin' B's  
Too blitzed to even shake it off but I still got my head up  
    Cold hard finna go in the back of the barn  
And get my big black peter sucked, pass the hay  
    You silly slut, blaze it up so I can hit that bud  
Git me zoned and I'll be on 'cuz I love to smoke upon hay  
    Smokin' on hay in the middle of the barn  
    Smokin' on hay in the middle of the barn  
    The hay got me goin' through a stage  
And i just can't get enough, smokin' everyday  
I got some hay and you know I'm finna roll it up  
Make a cloud, I'm gonna take my mind away from all the bull crap  
    Bump my sounds, lay back and roll  
    Mack to the freaks that's on the road  
Sometimes I wonder when I was blowed on the streets  
Anybody wanna step to me, I'ma see how rough they be  
    In this session, manifesting on my P's and Q's  
    Never snooze 'cause I refuse, inhale, exhale the smell  
    Smokin' hay all by myself, wildstle, laughin' loud  
Wit my homies by my side, if somethin' jump off let it ride  
    On my square when time is live, everybody throw it up  
Go to the barn and get some hay when I get my choke on  
    Fool you know I'm smokin' on  
Hay, now hay, we smokin' up hay in the middle of the barn  
    And I'm lit up, can't get up, my eyes are red  
    And my head is spinnin', took another pull  
Ridin' red bull, got the goofies, can't stop grinnin'  
    Got a posse full of hoes playin' in my braids  
    And we 'bout to get in 'em  
Over yonder is the barn where the pals be at

And everything funny  
Gotta pause some nigga tryin' to blow my high  
Smokin' all that hay with no money  
Now truly this bitch wanna do me  
So I hit the 151 Bacardi  
She high like the sun, thick like cornbread  
And I'm ready to party, that hay got me so goddamn horny  
But I don't like that tramp, the only reason I'm poppin' that coochie  
'Cause the hoe had a book of food stamps and I got the munchies  
I need soul food  
Collard greens or pinto beans  
If you smoke hay like the conflict do  
Then you know what the hell i mean  
Smokin' on hay in the middle of the barn  
Smokin' on hay in the middle of the barn  
Rollin' down the block, car full of flies  
And the flies tried to rise up out dat door crack  
Got my niggas in the barn smokin' on that hay stack  
Back up on the scene from smokin herb  
I creeped up on the wall and all I heard  
Was a bud of mine who dropped a needle in the hay  
With a funky dime word, couldn't be myself  
Couldn't smoke wit nobody else if I didn't pass it to the left  
Nigga would have lost my breath  
Open up the window 'fore I fall and faint  
But I can't 'cause I roll around in dat barn ride  
Rollin' up the hootie hoo, roughest skin roller on dat west side  
Nigga come on in, I got some hay  
Won't you close dat barn door  
Nigga what you let them flies out for?  
Ain't nobody to rich, we poor  
Lettin' all the contact smoke up in the barn  
The flies keep us chokin' thank You, Jesus Christ  
For all the hay you're givin us  
'Cause we'll keep on smokin'  
Smokin' on hay in the middle of the barn  
Smokin' on hay in the middle of the barn

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>