

Charlie Brown

Anybody Killa

Charlie Brown please don't come around because you're weed is d
odo brown and it smells like the ground. Your still my homie, b
ut with that weed you don't know me. When i inhale this, the s
talness creeps up on me. Charlie.

I love weed, specially when it gets me gasping, coughing up a lo
unge from that pasion. Grasping on the life with every hit that
i take. When i'm high is the only time i feel awake. Roll it u
p. Bags on resurve is what i desurve. No joke i gots to smoke
it calms my nurves, and if charlie was around i garente a trad
gedy, from his dirt, brown weed makes heads start to hurt. Call
me a high on red eyed zombi, smelling like old kanta twist a pi
netree, and fuck smokey my names big inhale, and i'm known to t
ake it down to the tail, you know what i mean. Rezy res build u
p on my fingernail. Clam bake inside the soundproof lotus pod c
ell. lettin out when i'm blessed again, so pass it back and let
me get another hit big smoker.

Charlie charlie you're weed is so sorry, you must have thrown i
t in a dusty sufery. I just can't smoke that no more, eventhou
gh i'm broke and i'm poor. I smell that shit in your bag i cho
ke and run for the door. don't hurt chi charlie and homie you s
till my boy, just keep that blunt at your spot, and homie you s
till my boy. The stress i can't never handle i need to be high
so stay the fuck off my block, and don't come back on my side.

Charlie Charlie you just ain't fresh anymore, be cause i like t
o be lifted. Your shit ground me to the floor. Don't make me
deck you, charlie don't come round here with that, don't nobody
wan't to hit that you bustas need to quit that. Charlie Charli
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