

Reefer Madness

G-Eazy

You couldn't catch me in the streets without a ton of reefer
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That's like Malcolm X, catching the jungle fever

Uh, you couldn't catch me in the streets without a ton of reefer

Or in the whip without some tents and some bumping speakers
You couldn't catch me on the beat without a ton of ether
That's why I draw a fat crowd like a double feature
So what we twisting up? I got me a variety
Homegrown medicinal strands, come take a ride with me
Can recite Illmatic in its entirety
'Cos growing up that album definitely inspired me
Imagining me chilling in New York City in
'94, coppin' nickel bags in the park
Rooting for the Knicks, watching Ewing pass it to Starks
Visualizing when hip-hop was back on the charts, yo

Spending every day chilling in July getting high
There's no jobs at all, we just trying to get by
And then the tree kicks and I'm like "Why even try?"
But they retroing some 3s that I'm dying to buy
I'm trying to increase my revenue off of music
'Cos that shit really feel like free money when I use it
Maybe that's why it seems I get it then I lose it
Trying to vacation on an island or a cruise ship
G makes songs that you can roll up and cruise to
If rap was a sport I'd be the guy you always lose to
You drop tapes that everybody hits the snooze to
And wonder why loser is how everybody views you