

Bad Weed Blues

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony

Man I hear y'all got some good ass weed around here
Yeah nigga, what's happening'? I got you, how much you want? How
much you got?
I got about two hundred dog, what's happening'?
I got you weed though
Man this ain't no damn chronic! What the fuck?!?!

Let me tell me y'all
I...I...I..., I got the bad weed blues
Ooh, got the bad weed blues

Last night, night, night, was a real bad night for me
(Let me explain to y'all what I'm talking about, man this
Shit was real fucked up for nigga though, I'm stressing)
I bought a sack of weed, when I got home I seen, (they cheated)
That this tree was just a big bag of seed
These niggas have gotten me for my money
I done spent a couple of hundred, Muthafuckers, naw
I guess I gotta chunk it as loss
But I'm mad cause I'm puffin and I'm puffin
And I, I still ain't cough
(Man this shit is not getting me high man, I am not high)
This shit too soft, I need some weed that gotta kick or punch
The shit that fucks you up
That won't hit it and quit it cause you'll be too lifted
After you've taken a hit from the blunt
Your was working me like a downer
I need to be easy, easy, easy

Let me tell me y'all
I...I...I..., I got the bad weed blues
Ooh, got the bad weed blues

All I wanna do is smoking, and choking
But ain't nobody got no goods, so I gotta move on
I gotta find it really good, good for my lungs
Yeah, yeah, yeah, cause I'm in need for that sticky sticky green
And have my blunt checked, so that nigga had an attitude
Excuse if I'm rude
But that's just the way that the weed, does you do, ooh
Throw your hands up if your weeded, uh huh
Throw your hands up if you need it, come on
I'm searching and I'm searching and I still ain't come up
Why didn't I think of this before lil Dre, let me hit'em on up
I hit'em up, he said he'll come right through
He got the L.A., L.A., I said I'll be right through
I finally got my blunt, I'm feeling so good
But it's so hard to find a real goody good in my hood

Let me tell me y'all
I...I...I..., I got the bad weed blues
Ooh, got the bad weed blues

I just got off the plane from Cali, I was smoking so good
Need to get me sac right now let me roll through the hood
Now I can't find Tweet, and Ken out of town
Now I'm thinking what I'ma do when I gotta get high

And then fuck around when it comes to the herb, I slurge
Anything ain't gonna cut it, I just got paid with a pocket full of money
And today I ain't on no budget searching high, low
Out of my mind I'm ready to blow
I'm feeling the stress, I'm getting depressed
Weedman don't love me no more,
nd I'm driving through the city, feeling empty inside
Cause I can't get high and this shit ain't how I ride
Stopping and hollaring at my niggas
Petty hustling and thug felon twice convicted thug felon
Just to see what he was selling
It was the brown weed but still
He swore it was the bomb, I was ready to flip but I stay calm
Capping twenty in, and stay charmed
My momma never said, momma never said, they'll be days like this
I'm breaking rules but nigga, ooh, I got to blaze this shit

Let me tell me y'all
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You ain't going tell me ain't no sticky in this whole fucking city
Where's the weedman?, when you need them
I want hollas from my niggas all around the way (Wuz up Big Blood!)
My homie Big Blood, he just gave me a sack today, a sack today
And ooh, even though we selling llelli , he pulled lil Bizzy to the side
He insists lil Bizzy you know my lil sister she does braids
My hair must be fucked up, but it's cool though, ooh
Then lil Bizzy pulled up to the side and said
"Hey Big Blood, you got some dro?"

Let me tell me y'all
I...I just wanna tell y'all why, I
I got the bad weed blues
Cause ain't nobody got no gushy, so I'm smoking plenty gobble
Going crazy

Let me tell me y'all
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