

My Cloud

Chris Webby

Catch me where the red ferns grow,
smokin' bud that burns slow.
So turn the damn dial
if your speakers turned low.
'Cuz everything I'm doin is loud,
I'm just chillin on a motha fuckin cumulus cloud,
I stay high.

Up in the galaxy like pluto nash,
stupid ass thinkin any one in your crew's gon' last.
but you knew those facts
I'm the dog that whipped pugos ass.
Fat bud call it sumo grass.

So you better give me kutos fast,
won't stop till I got that Borat n Bruno cash.
I'm a box office success,
puffin' the best
got that Godzilla, green,
same color as Shrek.

So lets throw it in a dutchy or philly or E Z Wider,
bong, bowl, bubbler, hookah, or vaporizer.
Maybe throw yourself a batch of brownies in,
as long as we be gettin' high count me in, ay!

I'm just livin' on a cloud,
chillen in the sunshine.
I got a dub n a dutch,
I think its blunt time.
Eyes bloodshot, contacts dry,
wear my sunglasses even when I'm inside.

I'm high
like the THC in my system
my weed is Medicin
i need it for livin.
I twist up my words
while I speed up the rhythm
because I be high as fuck
'n I don't need your permission.

I'm twistin,
burnin' on a cloud
smokin on a joint that would make Bob Marley proud.
Jam with the buffalo soldiers
chillen let me stir it up.
Trench town rockin on a beat then I burn it up.

You better learn your stuff be ware,
I'm just a kid who didn't pay attention and dare.
I've been high all day since eighth grade
stay blazed off that grade A haze and AK,
ay!

Rollin up an eighth of grass
any time I blaze a track

'cuz I stay burnin like a fuckin pyromaniac.
Keep atleast an ounce where I'm stayin at;
dutch in the whip,
puffin some piff,
who fuckin with chris?
(Nobody)

Anywhere I go
you know I got some pot,
green with orange hair like Roger Klots.
Got that carrot top drop,
no stems no seeds,
takin bong rips to see if u can OD.

But you can't,
all you get is cough 'n real hungry,
tearin' the fuck outta the fridge with the munchies.
Pass out in boxers,
infront of the tv then,
wake up at like three PM.

Then its wake n bake time,
so roll yourself a joint,
'cuz if ur not high,
then whats the fuckin' point?
My heads in the clouds,
I'll never be sober,
I'll be a pot head till its over,
closure.

[Chorus]