

# Sunny Afternoon

Chris Webby

In the summertime  
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You see I roll it up and light it when my Zippo gets ignited  
It's an addiction at this point so what's the point in tryna fight it  
Pass a bong with Miley Cyrus, and Michael Phelps in a cipher,  
Even Schwarzenegger hit it, when I passed homie the lighter  
Puffin that pharmaceutical so Cali's where I'm movin' to  
Blazing on a sunny afternoon this shit it beautiful  
The sun is in the sky, but you still can see the moon,  
While I'm (lazing on a sunny afternoon)  
Cause I'm feelin' spectacular, puff puff passenger,  
On a NASA spacecraft up above passing ya  
Abra-cadabra, I'll make the weed vanish bitch  
Brain damage, tree bandit, rollin' up the cannabis  
Kickin' back baby and I'm lovin' it  
While I be puffin on dozens of my herbal supplements  
That's just how I does it, so somebody grab a dub of piff  
And I'll go grab a dutch to split, we'll be getting dumb as shit

Help me, help me, help me sail away,  
Well give me to good reasons why I oughta stay.  
Cause I love to live so pleasantly,  
Live this life of luxury,  
Lazing on a sunny afternoon.

Uh, yeah, and you know I'm not the sober type  
So fuckin' high that I can barely even hold the mic  
Always smoking, but yea I got probation  
But fuck, rules are made to be broken right?  
I'm a crazy dude, burnin' watchin' paper-view,  
Munchin' on some Asian food, roll a J, a haze or two  
Stay higher than Harry Potter flyin' on his broom  
While I'm (lazing on a sunny afternoon)  
Chelsea have you seen me lately, I think I'm goin' crazy  
Tokin' on a vaporizer till my brain is broken baby  
Rarely sober, I cant help it I'm a stoner  
Always got that fresh out the baggy weed aroma  
When some say it's a bad habit, I just fuckin' laugh at it  
Grab the bong and pack it and hit it until I'm asthmatic  
Brain always movin' slow like it's some bad traffic  
You can't OD on pot? Shit, I'll take a stab at it

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I'm always twistin' up the ganja  
Since 8th grade graduated with high honors  
No one's getting higher when I roll the EZ-wider  
I'll be chillin' with Harold and Kumar munchin' on some sliders  
Where's my fuckin lighter, yo somebody grab the illest dose  
I'll step my game up from water bottle bongs I built myself  
Getting super silly, smoke fills up the room

While I'm (lazing on a sunny afternoon)  
When it comes to marijuana I'm a heavy user  
Even puffin in my dreams, pass a J with Freddy Kruger  
It's like my medication at this point in life  
I start itchin' when I'm stuck without a joint to life  
Cotton mouth like I've been chewing on my t-shirt  
Girls are third, money second, but I need my weed first.  
So you wanna burn? Hope you got an ounce to bring  
Shit I gotta go, yo I'm late for drug counseling.

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