

# High Times

Cypress Hill

Now this some baaad weeed...

The very first time I hit the weed I was young  
Coughin up a lung, high strung, back in '81  
Goin to school, hittin the buddah behind the bleachers  
Comin to class high, sellin the lye to the teachers  
Nickel bag, nickel bag, dime to a nickel  
Sellin joints to the honeys suck it like an icicle  
Others wanted the 40 but I wanted the weed  
While everybody was runnin out, I was plantin my seeds  
Homegrown, backyard boogie, I'm still stoned  
Got my weed plants taller than your telephone's corner  
I can remember when I could only get sess in those days  
Now I'm rockin that chocolate thai, skunk and the haze  
Roll a fat one, pass it to the left don't front  
But I hate it when they don't take the seeds out the blunt  
A bunch of blunt-rollers are like rookies on the field  
Spillin the weed plant fuckin dookies with no skill  
I should write a book, how to roll it then pass it  
Light it, grow it, sell it and then divide it  
Mr. Greenthumb, Dr. Weed, I proceed to give the herb man what they need  
True indeed, blow your fuckin smoke up in the sky  
And get high with your bong or your philly or dutchess give me a light

Grab the weed up, pack it in, put it in the pipe  
Light it up, smoke a bowl, we puffin the lye right  
Put your finger on the hole and hold it in brother  
Take a puff, that's enough, and pass it to another

Get the weed sack, smoke it up, til it's all gone  
No roaches up in the ashtray, smoke up all the bomb  
I usta spend money but now I'm growin the crops  
But I hate it when the pigs throw a raid on the spot  
It was once said I smoke so much weed, by a brother  
That I look like the nigga on the zig-zag cover  
Maybe I usta look like that way back when  
When my nigga Sen Dog was around sippin on the Hen  
Let the fly rhymes smother you with the scent of the skunk  
We got the High Times cover shows you how to roll a blunt  
Quarter pound, quarter pound, pound to a quarter  
Makin trips to Mexico runnin down to the border  
Long hairs, bald heads, dreads and punk rocks  
Kids of all colors be puffin it down the block  
I got the weed on lock with all the hydro methods  
Call me Puffy cause I makin and takin a hit record  
Blow your fuckin smoke up in the sky and get high  
With the bong, philly or dutchess, give me the light

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