

Jesus Was a Stoner

Cypress Hill

Jesus was a stoner, uh-huh
Born in Southern California, uh-huh
on the corner, uh-huh
try the stoner, uh-huh

I'm called the weed messiah
Rock your lighter
You transfixed with the spliff and your lips higher
Like smoke rises
Your sex is heightened
Inhale, embrace Mary, but don't be frightened
I bring the God flower
Oblite the people
Holy sacrament communion, take and let me feed you
No superstitions and crucifixions or false prophets
Crosses burning in my hand, call it burned object
Smoke gathers like holy Take a hit, pass it to the left, it's in the
passage
You know my disciples
This is a new revival
Judas rosen to the soil two in which to cycle
Smoking Mother Earth
Blessing is the herb
Mother Mary save us
Thankful for what you gave us
Roll it in my papers
Share it with my neighbours
High as scyscrapers
A cult of cultivators
We got the multitude
Our sisters and our brothers
How I break my bread
Like it's the last supper
I'm the blood stoners
I'm the higher after
Believe me, elevate
Hear the signs of laughter
I'll be the greenest rapture
Stoned Jesus with the cleanest shatter
Some of demons has a dream Get the screen capture
If you perceive this as a needless chatter
You need to hit a Stoned Jesus chapter
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