

# Oh Na Na

Cypress Hill

Oh na na, marijuana  
Oh na na, smoke the ganja

From them hills we go, lookin' for another high, bless my soul  
If I get too high, let me go  
Then I wanna fly like an eagle, yo  
I'm wanna run through those trees, choppin' 'em all down, burn  
it, the breeze  
And I'm at so much ease, feel like I'm floatin' on the ocean  
Please don't fuck up my high  
Chillin' in the zone, in the dreams with my eyes shut  
Wrap this joint so tight, with my own type of lighter, what?  
Don't ask for a hit  
Be careful what you ask for, you might get it  
Wanna try my shit? Only connoisseurs can hang when I split it

Oh na na, marijuana  
Oh na na, smoke the ganja  
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Oh na na  
I smoke the [?], it make me go loco  
I like the marijuana and I blaze up the ganja  
Oh na na

stay in this lane, bitches better keep up or they gonna miss a  
train  
You might try in vain, you ain't gonna make it to the station  
For all y'all missin', I'm wishin' you could for the weed we di  
shin' out  
I make shit simple, we smoked all the most potent weed for the  
temple  
There ain't no example, here we cultivate for the mind and the  
mental  
Just breathe that in  
Listen, I don't even know where to begin  
You feel that urge?  
Like a shock through the body and you gonna feel the surge  
This shit is  
Oh na na, marijuana  
Oh na na, smoke the ganja  
Oh na na, marijuana  
Oh na na, smoke the ganja