

The Devil Went Down To Jamaica

David Allan Coe

The Devil went to Jamaica
He was looking to sell some weed
He was doin' fine, they were standing in line
It was excellent weed indeed
He came across a young man who was likewise peddling pot
And the devil slid down the beach and said "boy let me tell you
what,
I guess you kinda figured I'm a reefer head of course
And after all this time, I guess that I'm a conessuire of sorts
Now your stuff smells ok, but this can tranquilize a hourse
I bet a million in cash against your satsh that mines better th
en yours."
The boy said my names Johnny and you ain't smoked nothing yet
One hit of this grass'll kick your ass, you got yourself a bet.
"

Johnny role a ball of hash and make sure its the bomb
Cause the devils got the kinda stuff they smoke in vietnam
You'll get a million smackaroos in cash if you can cope
But if you cant the devil gets your dope

The devil packed a bong with a little ockopoco gold
And rosin flew from his fingertips as he fired up his bowl
He filled that chamber all the way and he took a mighty hit
And as they passed it back and forth it gave them both a coughi
ng fit

When the bowl was finished Johnny said hey man that stuff was g
reat
But fill your lungs with some of this and prepare to vegetate

Cannibas and bevis sweet mary jane
The devils in the back yard frying his brain
Zig zag filled with a diggidy dank
Hold on tight it'll hit you like a tank

The devil nodded off because he knew that he was stoned
And he asked if he could buy an ounce of the stuff that Johnny
owned
Johnny said devil just come on back if you ever want to catch a
buzz
I done told you once you son of a bitch mines the best there ev
er was

Fired up duvais one by one
Aint gonna stop till the bags done
Green as a bull frog sticky as glue
Granny do you get high yes I do.