

Bomb Tree

Defari

Roll it, light it, smoke it, choke it, toke it
See if you can hold it, this bomb tree
Trick it, stack it, pack it, bong rips
See if you can handle all of it, this bomb tree
Roll it , light it, smoke it, choke it, toke it
See if you can hold it, this bomb tree
Trick it, stack it, pack it, bong rips,
See if you can handle all of it, this bomb

(Defari)

My minds trippin', I'm flying like the Jetsons
I got greener trees than the vegetable section
Though I'm blown on high, I'm concentrating on this realness
Society's playin' with these devils and illness, God
Hear me when I beg for forgiveness
All the black and tans I've had, all the forty's and Guinness
All the sacks and the bags I've rolled full of indo
Hot box in the low with the rolled up windows
Ninety-eight degrees outside, ash the roach, put the AC on sixt
y-five and drive
These Los Angeles streets I ride
Peep a cold ass nigga with the bloodshot eyes, Defari, yeah
That name ring a bell
and that kush those dudes smoked got that bomb ass smell
Palm trees ain't the only greenery in California
In fact, the most common tree is what we call doja

- repeat 2X

Now I've been all around the world for the bomb ass tree
Canada, Amsterdam, Christine to Italy, the Bay and Honolulu
I even got thai weed in London that look like doodoo

Imagine blunts longer than a Hennessy fifth
Northern lights, purple kush with a mushroom mix
Add my rockin' hash to your little blunt of tricks
Now what do we have? A motherfuckin blunt that hits
That's the shit, stop playin', add a sack to this
But put it back in your pocket if you got seeds and sticks
You dig? I'm only firing up fi