

Beijing

Delinquent Habits

Now here's a little city that's about 3 miles
Outside of everybody's outskirts and principal
This here's a place where all our minds get spent
Self-destruction meet a quota take a trip get bent
Take a head trip outta hookah puff for days fuck a hurra
Take a chair drink a shoota brain boilin' off the Buddha
Bring on the dancin' girls with long curls
Interlaced with lotus blossoms of pink purple and pearl
Enjoy your feast of drink and slaughtered beast
On marble with linen creased and pieced with gold leaf
Your mood enhanced with wine song and dance
And story of ancient bands with horns out they hands and
Ain't no doubt about it they let you puff on
Herbal stimulation have you gone like heron
And when you come inside their eyes open
To the motion hopin to toke what I'm smokin'

Sick man of Asia let the herb heal
Take a rickshaw of Asian all party be waitin'
The land where flames burn high to keep your spliff lit
Everybody spread love nobody talk shit

Now how you get don't fret cause that's the best yet
Adjust your set perfect to get the head wreck
This here the next though not very complex
On text there'll be a test so check the context
Uno take the herb load up the slid
Numero dos take a deep breath and close your eyes
Tres spark fuego toke pull and hold
Until the weed stop expanding and your eyes explode
Then blow your hit out stretch out get the shit out
Float into Beijing holmes and flex your stidyle
Then smoke the bomba to steel drums and conga riffs
Blue seas from cool breeze and head trips
Full luscious lips and hips that's down dips
All spark but no one trips takin' outta turn hits
And when one burns out roll one we all say
Baby let the bells ring spark one for Beijing

Wow I bet you tore back now seeming pristine
Geisha dancin' on a violet cloud
Jewel trees show where cool breeze blow
You can watch a waterfall flow where the mushroom grow
Everybody irie out on a level higher sit by the fire
With pit bull and Bengal tiger
Ancient shogun exhibit what they know son
Metal be hurtin' no one in the land of no gun
Higher than high if you want to you can fly
See one time hold you shit high and drive by
Pump your sound hot box don't roll it down
All sing Beijing it's my type a town

[Chorus]