

# I Love Weed

Dizzy Wright

[Intro:]

Uh, I'm doing this because I know I can  
Uh

[Hook x2]

I love weed, weed, weed, weed  
Weed I do adore  
I got my Wiz Khalifa paper with some bomb from my  
neighbors  
I'm high I hope you high off yours (Hold up)

[Verse 1:]

(Inhale this) and relax your mind  
Grind all of your weed and recline it's about that time  
Black hippy like a Top Dawg  
Hot boxing the hot wheels just me and 1 no it's not hot  
sauce  
I'm feeling good how 'bout you my nigga?  
If you ain't trying to go up then you need to move, my  
nigga  
And I ain't trying to be rude but shit we trying to get  
high  
And you fucking up my groove  
See, see I be on my own shit, most of the time  
Smoking by my lonely, really trying to ease my mind  
Reclining in my caddy, probably bumping Soul Searchin'  
You say I smoke too much well motherfucker whats your  
purpose  
Uh, Don't get me out of my character  
I'm about to hit this Badu like Erykah  
Black america, I be the one to smoke Obama out  
Get the munchies and we at yo' mama house

[Hook x2]

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[Verse 2:]

Uh, You can try to say it slow you down  
But basically I'mma tell you, you can suck a dick  
Cus I been smoking this weed it be like mission  
complete  
Keep it G my team is still running shit  
Las Vegas with some growers  
Trying to stay strong still searching for some closure  
It ain't over til' it's over  
I'm ja hova soldier I just happen to be a smoker  
Fuck face, I'm rolling something thats plus size  
I hit the doobie not woozy nigga I'm dumb high  
So come by my high will keep you far away  
In other words my range is Tim Hardaway  
Your little blunts do not scare us  
The way I smoke I'm snoop Dogg with a hair cut  
But don't compare us I am the D-I-Z

So when you speaking to me  
Let the motherfuckers know...

[Hook x2]

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[Verse 3:]

Cool tank on E but I got three I'mma bring the swishers  
and ill provide the weed  
Slide in lookin like the greatest  
Shout out to my nigga Dizz cause its lookin like he  
made it  
Young niggas grinding trying to stay above the haters  
Told em keep going hard cause I feel like its  
contagious  
And we smoke proper we keep the weed partner  
Rolled up in broke the blunt  
Had to see the weed doctor  
I ain't wiz khalifa  
But I be high though  
Blowing windy city smoking on Chicago  
We be motivated to get it  
Cargos polo laid back with a fitted  
Low key cause too many can't understand  
How someone born with nothing can  
Crawl out the sand  
Give it all he can  
Be his own man  
I sit and remines with this blunt in my hand  
So fuck your opinion just keep the tree spinnin  
And go and get atrophy cause nigga we winning  
Tell breeze get some bad bitches  
Let him come up in the booth and do some ad libbing  
Hey I kill tracks I'm ill I'm a chill cat  
The rhythm you feel that we some bad niggas  
Uhh I swear trees keep my mind right  
Cause tryin to go against the world is a long fight  
Long nights in the studio grinding  
Working double shifts forget about the timing  
Shit trying to be great and stay above hate  
I'm happy all I gotta do is puff to escape  
And my cool shit you know what I need  
Roll up cause I love weed