

# Must Be the Ganja

Eminem

Yeah, oh, oh, yeah, yeah  
Oh, I feel like dancing  
I feel like dancing

I smell something in the air that's makin' me high  
I said, I smell something in the air that's makin' me high

Okay, here we go, do re mi fa so, fa so la ti da so  
Lyrical Rosco, kick back the Tabasco  
You motherfuckers must just not know the tic-tock so  
Time to show you the most kick ass flow in the cosmos

Picasso with a pick ax, a sick asshole  
Tic-tac-toe frozen six pack, with exacto  
Knives, stranglin' wives with thick lasso  
Big bags of the grass, zig zags, I'm with the Doc, so

You know how that go, skull and the crossbones  
This is poison, the boys and girls who do not know  
You do not wanna try this at home, my novato  
This is neither the time nor the place to get macho

So crack a six pack, sit back with some nachos  
Maybe some popcorn and watch the show and just rock slow  
It's not what you expected nor what you thought so  
About time that you wake the fuck up, smell the pot smoke

It must be the ganja, it's the marijuana  
That's creepin' up on me while I'm so high  
Maybe it's the Hindi that has gotten in me  
Whatever's gotten into me, I don't mind

I said it's the ganja, it's the marijuana  
That's creepin' up on me while I'm so high  
Maybe it's the Hindi that has gotten in me  
Whatever's got into me, I don't mind

Your dreams are getting' fulfilled, ooh, I'm literally getting' the chills  
Spittin' at will, me and Dre have just finished splitting a pill  
You're submitting to skill, sitting still  
I'm admitting, I'm beginning to feel like I don't think anyone's real

Faced with a dilemma, I can be Dalai Llama  
And be calm or bring drama a step beyond a Jeffrey Dahmer  
Please, don't upset me, mama, you lookin' sexy, mama  
Don't know if it's the lala or the rum and Pepsi, mama

Don't want to end up inside my refrigerator freezer  
Be used as extra toppin' the next time I make a pizza  
How many people you know can name every serial killer  
Who ever existed in a row?

Put 'em in chronological order, beginning with Jack the Ripper  
Name the time and place from the body, the bag, the zipper  
Location of the woods where the body was dragged and then dumped  
The trunk that they were stuffed in, the model, the make, the plate

And which model, which lake they found her in and how they attacked the victim

Say which murder weapon was used to do what and which one  
Which knife and which gun, what kid, what wife and which nun?  
Don't stop, I like this, it's fun, the fuckin' night's just begun

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When I'm behind a mic, dynamite is what it's kinda like  
You're stuck with the same stick that you're tryin' to light  
Behind the boards is Dre, legends are made this way  
Isn't it safe to say this is the way it should be?

Maybe you need some lyric syrup serum for your symptoms  
Here's a dosage of the antidote, now you give him some  
He can give her some, she can give them some  
Get behind a Lynn drum, make up a beat and kill the sucka syndrome

The spinning drama when it comes to lyrics and pennin' some  
Starting from scratch and then endin' up at the end enough  
Capable of bringin' a Pulitzer, strong believe a bullet's a  
Titanium, cranium that's full of surprises

When the smoke rises right before your very own eyes  
You stare into your stereos high  
Good evenin', this isn't even a weed thing  
I ain't even smoke anything, I ain't even drinking

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