

Im buzzin, I need some True
Not like the shit that you smoke that you grew
Straight from Jamaica where the green grass grow
Cop me some Tops and Im ready to go
Roll me a big fat bat of the true up
Hide my bag while I call the crew up
Blaze my J and take a strong toke
Then (coughs) choke off the true smoke
But aint no thang, Im game to take another puff
And as I smoke I say damn thats some good stuff
I can roll a J in 3 seconds flat
At a baseball game I be blazin a bat
In school, I'm cool, smoke a J in the can
No homegrown please just straight up Ghan
Keep a bic in my pocket 'cause im ready to flick
Keep the true in my drawls by my balls and my dick
If you try to smoke me you can be straight up lit
I smoke the type of shit you cant fuck with

If you take a strong toke it'll turn your lungs blue
And that fresh smellin True green grass is on you
No tellin how much True I consume
The shit's so potent you'll catch a contact in the next room
When I blaze it's just like smog
Niggaz wake up in the morning and thinks it's early morning fog
I gotta have it, gotta smoke it, gotta have it
I can afford to be blowed 'cause my lifestyle's lavish
True's in the house when I walk in the place
Blaze up a J and blow smoke in ya face
My lifestyle's wild I can never go wrong
And I smoke more True than Cheech & Chong

I gotta get some more True 'cause my bag's gettin low
Jump in the ride headed for the True store
Give me a pound of your best Sensimillia
'cause I come everyday you oughta hook me up a deal
Just then the cops had to raid the place
So I puffed on my J and blew smoke in they face
They put us in cop car, me and my man Jack and Pete
Blazin up True in the backseat
The cop jumped in and he wasn't jokin
He said go to jail or give me that shit you been smokin
I said cool and didn't even think about it
As for the True, never leave home without it