

# Marijuana Plants On Saturn

Mac Lethal

Yo I'm fallin through the ice  
Yeah haha hypnotic molecules  
as molly fuels these college fools  
and in my brain the lava cools  
and if it rains then ill be cool  
like i just pulled a golden champagne bottle on some ice  
Salvador Dali tools  
blind lovers hard truths  
blood bubble clouds in a sky  
colored chartreuse  
Raegen era babies slangin handmade crack  
Flippin cakes writin songs  
Call it pancake rap

They hate me as the pancake rapper  
I made a half a million dollars bein the pancake rapper  
You little pancake rappers tryin to diss me  
when you've never even met me and I still give you a handshake after

I'm just movin' tryin' to squeeze a cup of juice  
from out the Revolution never losin ever  
Never loosen pressure, keep squeezin.  
Keep dreamin' the sweet sea breeze is only comin  
for those drummin for those hummin without cheap reasons.  
The president is black, a second term, you gotta problem with it?  
Fuck you, let it burn  
Man someone that never grows is just someone that never learns.  
You shoulda dumped your blunt ashes instead you kept an urn.

It's hard to earn. I'm goin' back in.

Yo my wife is pregnant I got a son that's comin' soon  
And I'm excited to explain the rain, the thunder and the moon  
But I'm just frightened of the pain the blame the suffering the spoon  
Of heroin that made dr. dre's son tumble to the tombs  
So I'm guessin' the way to teach him health is life's essence  
Is never make my presence be a present.  
And I can't be there every single second  
But I'll bless him with the weaponry  
to think, to guess, to search, to dream, to question everything.

Question everything, question the world until you feel convinced  
Question all your neighbors, if they bother you then build a fence.  
Question every woman, every hooker, every village wench.  
And if you get no answers it don't matter boy, you still the prince.

And if they question you just throw an honest answer at 'em.  
My words are oozing with the visuals of ansel adams.  
I'm like a cancer atom, I'm like a marijuana plant on Saturn  
As I vandalize your brain with frantic patterns.  
I got another factoid to spit:  
Every time I see these little swag boys and shit  
I find a stack of tabloids to rip  
Then I kneel in my backyard PRAYIN FOR AN ASTEROID TO HIT  
Just hit. Like you're Pacquiao punchin Cotto, just hit  
Like you're trainin with Cus D'amato, just hit  
When I adjust the motto, follow the buck that bought a bottle

Coulda fucked a model (what?)

No no no no that's wrong. You got it backwards.

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Like that.

I'm gettin' money  
Hey hey  
We get that forty hours every week money (4x)

Y'all want a third verse?

I'm like a hominid takin psilocybin mushrooms  
Creatin' language, I'm rappin' from a place of anguish  
High roller, bitch! I bank roll Vegas  
It's industrial poison like all the rainbow agents  
This ain't homophobic man but fuck your homo prada coat  
I would rather put you in a fuckin go go plata choke  
I would rather be your bitch or give you the drawls  
I'd rather do a song with Nicki Minaj (agggh) BARF

It's the crazy eyed killa  
larry david aged scotch 85 swiller  
So give these new leather shoes a spit shine for dad  
Mac Lethal's back and this time he's mad.

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LIKE THAT.