

I struggle to form a sentence
As the words "I'm good!" dripped out of my mouth
Barely making it past my teeth
Had I known this was my last statement
I would have attempted to put it more eloquently
The world as I knew it was slowly faded to black
As I fell into an infinite slumber!

If you see me in your city say "what's up my hippy"
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I smoke. That "killy"
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Now I'm never goin to sleep again
Let's turn this to a never ending evening
"Pants below his ass how did he get in?"
Good karma, I'm on the receiving end
Never growing up like Mr. Pan
Bumpin old school like the shows on TV Land
I'm warmin up but I don't need a fan
You ain't down with Rasta? My gosh, hasta la vista man
Cuz I ain't puttin this "grade A" out for nobody
You can do what you do just don't do nothin to my party
I'm already a regular in favor, also a savior
I got my own flavor, I don't do it nothin like your neighbor
But I'm sure you knew that
It's impossible to keep a secret if you rap
Better not do that, give me every detail and make it juicy
Gotta tell the world about the movie, how you livin thoughtfully
How you keep it so groovy, let em let em know

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I smoke. That "killy"
All we do is roll around pull up to a different town
Winter, summer, stormin, we still got the windows down

All we do is roll around, pull up to a different town
People yelling "Hallelujah!", yeah they lovin the different sound
The radio's Great Depression will soon be ending
Once I leave my impression on adolescence
I'm just your type like the text that you sending
I said I meant it, I don't need no edit
I get it, I get it. Reinvent it, I don't need any credit
Remember forget it
What was I saying?
Somethin bout my crew?
Cool
(don't act like you don't see us now.)
(we're back!)
(it's lookin like Woodstock again my hippy.)

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I smoke. that "killy"