

Smoking on the trees at a hundred degrees
Never touch the breeze this is sticky green leaves

(Put it in the dutch it gets stuck on yo touch)

Pack it in the bong, last long, have you on fresh

Light it up

Role it

Pass it around

The scientists have found, check the rail compound

(Well if you look over here (I like that glass bong)
I can't see it, you have the money for it?
Right there to the left!)

(My man with the rasta got the best green pasta
Tree trunk buds (but that good shit'll cost ya!)

Anyway, gimme an ounce of that shit

I'll have that shit with madlib

We could bounce to that shit

Make a basket full of cookies

Make ya feel like a rookie

Make you eat a lot and maybe go get some nookie

(Highpowered shit so we can do our astro travelling)

Around the world, on a smoke tour, dabbeling
The most best of weed, amsterdam humble seeds
Weeds weeds weeds, is what we all needs needs

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