

Crippy Weed

The Supervillains

Osama wants me dead because I smoke sensi
It's not a war anyway it's become an atrocity
To a million different people, the truth finally comes:
We're all pounding the same beat on different drums
To a government that lies to her children help us, we're rebellious
But there's another side of the problem here
Of dear, your kids live in fear
We scream and pray you hear
Now everybody's running and everybody's coming
Everybody's got something to say
Get caught with weed and you'll be back on the street
Is that the price we must pay?
I want to fly away
I'll land when I'm safe to stay
I wanna get high today
But lately I'm too afraid

I got 2 pounds of crippy weed
Riding through St. Cloud, woah
Driving down 192
Got the reggae music cranked loud, woah
Everybody's looking for the ganja
But they don't gotta go up to orange
If life is a big fat spliff
Then take a big fat whiff of this chronic shit
No time to rise up against 'em
Rude boys been charged by the system
All I can do is resist 'em
But I'm tired of being the victim
More dead from police violence, you cannibals
Adds more guilt to the conscience
The voice that you cannot silence
I'm not down with the crack rock
I just smoke pot and I don't want to be fucked with
People if you're down with the purple
It's time to get verbal
Or this is what you're gonna be stuck with