

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