

Bin Laden

Three 6 Mafia

Mane check this shit out we was up in Chicago right
With my nigga big hamp, you know what I' saying?
The nigga pass me a blunt
Like smoke this shit nigga this some bin laden weed
Y'all don't know nothing bout this shit down south
What the fuck is bin laden weed its three different
Kinds of weed all grown together that shit some straight killer
Them Chicago niggaz named that shit bin laden mane some straight fie

Who got that hydro
Who got that light green
Who got that Bobby brown
Who got that laden weed

I swear sometimes I got to get high to hang around my hoe
Sometimes I feel like I got to get high to hang round niggaz I know
I sped it up on weed I slowed it down on snow
Cause I seen somany niggaz fall off that blow
One day they got it all and aint got shit to show
So I came to my natures I had to cut that hoe
So know I'm feeling happy I'm on that binny bin laden
And niggaz is acting like they don't know what the fuck just happened
My vision getting blurry I'm about to fall asleep
Or am I dying I need to eat cause this some poutin weed
My life start flashing like holograms like right in front
Of my own face I never felt this way on one blunt
I see my son gaining life and my dad losing his
And old girlfriends and niggaz I shouldn't hung with
The picture starting to fade its getting hard to breath
I'm blacking out with no post up under my shirt and sleeve

Well since I'm on bin laden let me tell you a story
Bout these three pussy rappers who couldn't do nothing for me
Gave a whole lot of cheese said I fucked him his shit
Smoked a whole lot of weed so he seem to forget
Who bought trunks and you cars gave you bitches and hoes
Who told you ass to take a bath when you thought you was raw
Mane I tell you he a killer when we talk on the phone
When you see him face to face he'll leave you alone
That's why I'm smoking on this fucking bin laden
All my niggaz in the hood they got it
Take one little puff you a addict
Take a gun to the head means tragic
Boy I tell you like this we can smoke it anywhere
In front of police station with a six pack of beer
Seven a.m. in the morning just watching people stare
Let 'em point them damn fingers say they wild over there

Ey ey its glowing like its indigo I smell it through the bag
I'm floating like a magic carpet straight from bagdad
From my brains from my blood from my lungs from the dutches
Cant just let this reefer just escape from my a conscious
Cause its the substance I'm loving I'm buzzing
Smoking like a narven huffing and puffing
Came from the Indonesia, Colombian or kaliman
Or its by the welfare straight from the taliban

Do you remember me from smoking good weed
Break it down roll it up give it the indo need
Do you remember me from no sticks no seeds
Or you remember me from putting you on this laden weed
Get yo funds together and come go and see
I'm gone take you on the strip where bin laden be
This one blunt action you'll have to smoke and see
Have you choking, falling out with your family