

Rasta say smoke smoke
I mon say smoke smoke
Sisters say smoke smoke
Idrens say smoke smoke
Light up your ganja marijuana
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The herb was rooted off Solomon's grave
Him was the wisest king who ever did live
You know say knotty dreads them grown on the top of his
head. Head, his head
You know the ignorant them say we impure
Commercials lie about the weed that's for sure
Media propaganda we nah want it no more, no more

In the higher of places
All them want is war
In the higher of places
All them crave is power
Let it ease your mind
Let the herb ease your mind

In the early of the morning
In the midday sun
In the stillness of night
When the herb is ripe
Smoke smoke, smoke smoke
Smoke smoke