

If it ain't green it ain't us  
Your parents hate us because we smell like cannibas  
And remind them of the incubus  
Another freak of the night  
With excessable roachclips, bong and weed pipe

We comin' with the straight 28  
A full o.z, only fuckin' with the weed  
You can keep the nosebleed  
Bash on you haters actin' like you know me  
Twiztid muthafucka what you got on my tree?

I smoke it down to the ash  
Burning lips and finger tips  
On for helly shit and take no bullet and passin' it  
Right to the ashtray where it belongs  
From the bag to the j to the drape to the bong

Smoke alotta weed, cloud nine  
Space flying  
People try to front like I don't  
But I can see it inside them  
Put the flame on the end of the weed and start the session  
And I'mma smoke it all up quick without a question

I hope you brought the papers  
You know I brought the trees  
So roll another joint  
And hand that bitch to me  
We do this everyday  
So come get high with me  
No matter what they tell us this is reality

Eyes blue out red I'm lookin' faded  
Clothes stank like bud  
And my finger tips is always resonated  
We burnin' ganja with the windows up  
I got a q.p a good green rub ready to puff

We smokin' entirely to much trees for average folks  
But I never said that I was average  
I like to smoke mad bags of weed  
No stems, no seeds  
All I really want and all I really need

I gotta tell you bitches  
It ain't no smokin' for free  
If you ain't fuckin' with me  
Don't put your lips up on my muthafuckin' tree  
Wrap your surrounding's, like a zig zag  
Light your whole block with a flame and take a big drag

We blaze trees on the highways in the driveways  
In a casket I keep an axe and a fat sack with the zig zags  
With a 2 blunt trademark trees every studio session we gettin' sparked

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We smoke weed everyday  
Regardless what you say  
And every single night with the get right  
You need to get up and shut up with all that pride  
And all you non smokin' niggas get the fuck outside

Only weed smokers up this bitch tonight  
Thick clouds of weed smoker green like kryptonite  
I don't drink, shoot up or take x  
Only three loves in life is bud death and sex  
Gimme gimme green leafs laced up with hashish  
When your ridin' dirty, watch for police  
Listen and learn cuz I would never steer you wrong  
Knowledge is accumulated like resins in bongs

[Water Bong]

[x2]

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