Ya see I could make a mill, and don't have to sell drugs I could smoke a roach, and do have to light bugs I could pack a bowl, but I'm not Cheech and Chong Not Cypress Hill, but I like hittin' bongs I can be fat, and don't have to gain weight I can be a legend, and don't have to be great I don't have to take a plane to fly high I don't wanna live my life just to die I can be a DJ, and don't have to scratch I could spark my cigarette with a lighter or match I can have a gun, and I don't have to shoot I can get a job, and try to earn a little loot I could be a bum and live in a box I could move to your neighborhood, stayin' on your block I can like tricks, but I'm not a silly rabbit I can't stop smokin' because I can't kick the habit What is a jam if you don't come smooth? What is a beat if you don't have a groove? I could be the President, and legalize weed I could grow a field of bud with a hand full of seeds Damn