

Trick Daddy F/ Society

"Tumbleweed"

Visit "[Tumbleweed](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Damn how long it's gonna take you to roll the joint cuz
(I just got the bag)
You over there actin like you playin the piano or
something cuz
(I just got the bag homie. Know what I'm sayin.
Chill the fuck out homie.)
Here, let me hit this homeboy
(Here)
La da da da da
Shoop Shoop Shoobie doo wa
Yeah, it looks lovely
Hey where the light loc
(Right here cuz)
Give it here man stop bullshittin

I love you baby
I love you honey
Yes I dooo
Do it to me girl uh
Yeah Yeah, (chicken clucking)
Yeah Yeah, (chicken clucking)
Fo Sho'
Yeah

It's been a long long time I've been smokin
Smokin marijuana
(La da da da da)
It takes out of my mental ghetto and places me in the
bahamas
It's been a long long time I've been smoking
Smokin marijuana
(La da da da da)
It takes out of my mental ghetto and places me in the
Bahamas
It puts my mind at ease
Indulgin myself in the calm breeze
And my problems will flow away beyond the palm trees

Chorus

*But I gotta keep smokin and a smokin and a smokin
on

I keep chokin and a chokin and a chokin on
I keep sellin and a sellin and inhalin
My tumbleweed

I like to go to palmdale
(Yeah)
Sit by the fountain
(sit by the fountain)
I light up a fat one gazin at the snow-capped mountains
(come again now uh)
I like to go to palmdale
Sit by the fountain
(sit by the fountain)
I light up a fat one gazin at the snow-capped mountains
Baby please don't nag
Go and get me the zig-zag
And my problems will float away
Like a plastic baiiiag

Chorus

I need to get a job
And that's not funny
(La da da da da)
Cuz me be smoking too much ganja
(yeah)
And be runnin out of money
I gotta lie to the man
(let me get an application)
Tell him that I've never been arrested
(sir you have never been to jail)
I gotta go to the clinic baby
I gotta get drug tested
(oh no)
I got no food for my stomach
Got no gas for my coup de ville
I gotta walk to the supermarket for some goldenseal
Cuz everyday

Chorus

Ohhh, Ohhh Yeahhhh
Uh
I said the black man smokin
(black man smokin)
If he's a soul bro
(Hey man what's happening)
I said the mexican smokin
(mexican smokin)
If he's a cholo
(where you from esse)

I said the creole smokin
(creole smokin)
Down in Mississippi
(Fuck creoles)
I said the white man smokin
(white man smokin)
If he's a hippie
(where's the bud man)
It puts my mind at ease
Indulgin myself in the calm breeze
And my problems will flow away beyond the palm trees

Chorus

Right about now
(ohhh)
I'm fixin to dedicate this to everybody
(oohhhh yeahh)
That went to palmdale high school with me
Check this shit out cuz

(BeatBoxing and singing)

I said Joey Jo has an afro
Sing something with soul chillin ice cold
Jerry with the high top fade
Left palmdale but he still gettin paid
Hey man take me back to the bridge we up outta here
man

It puts my mind at ease
Indulgin myself in the calm breeze
And my problems will flow away beyond the palm trees
Whatcha gotta do

Chorus

Visit [Trick Daddy F/ Society](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.