

Supervillains, The "Crippy Weed"

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the government wants me dead because i smoke
sensei
its not a war anymore but its becoming an atrocity
a million different people, the truth finally comes
we're all pounding the same beat on different drums
to the government who lies to her children
"help us" rebellious but theres another side to the
problem here
oh dear, now your kids are living in fear
we scream and pray you hear

everybody's running and everybody's coming
and everybody's got something to say
get caught with weed again you'll be back on the street
is that the price we must pay?

i want to fly away
land where I'm set to stay
i wanna get high today
but lately I'm too afraid

i got two pounds of crippy weed
I'm rollin' through st. cloud
driving down 192
got the reggae music cranked loud
everybody's lookin for the ganja
but they don't gotta go up to oranje
life is a big fat spliff
take a big fat whiff of this chronic shit

no time to rise up against them
rude boy's been judged by the system
all i can do is resist them
I'm tired of being the victim

more dead from the police violence
you animals
adds more guilt to your conscience
this voice that you cannot silence

I'm not down with the crackrock

i just smoke pot
and i don't want to be fucked with

people if you're down with the herbal
its time to get verbal
or this is what your gonna be stuck with

everybody's running and everybody's coming
and everybody's got something to say
get caught with weed again you'll be back on the street
again

i want to fly away
land when i'm set to stay
i wanna get high today
but lately i'm too afraid

i got two pounds of crippy weed
i'm rollin' through st. cloud
driving down 192
got the reggae music cranked loud
everybody's puffin on my crop
whether a doctor or a lawyer or a cop
if life is a big fat spliff
take a big fat whiff of this chronic shit

no time to rise up against them
rude boy's been judged by the system
all i can do is resist them
i'm tired of being the victim

more dead from the police violence
you animals
adds more guilt to your conscience
the voice that you cannot silence

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