

Chris Rock F/ Lil' Kim

"P.O.D"

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[Chorus: Krayzie]

My nigga, let's get P.O.D.'ded [P.O.D.'ded, P.O.D.'ded]

[So high, so high am I.]

reefer and blunts is all that's needed [needed,
needed]

[So high, so high am I.]

[Krayzie]

Slow down, make it too smoky for you, baby

Fucked up--look at you faded

I am what I am as a thug in the Land

And that's all that I am

Damn, you better come join this thugsta party

Blunt smoke up in your body

And come get high, get high

Chorus

[Layzie]

Let's all get lifted

Split the swisher, quickly twist us up a fatty

Now, I've been smokin' out all day long,

P.O.'d in the back of Krayzie's Caddy

How in the world did I manage to smoke this many?

About a hundred, man. Feel it all in my stomach

To the brain severely blunted,

And it ain't no shame off in my game

Hydroponics and Indonesia,

Even the stress sometimes be creeper,

So pass me some reefer, want to receive, ah

Little Lay, givin' you what you need

Nothin' but the best green leaves

With a pocket full of cheese, gettin' P.O.D.

Chorus

[Wish]

I be so high, feel high. Forgive me Lord,

But I feel like the weed be blessin' my soul

Got to smoke that sticky, smelly stuff,

But I just can't get enough

Smoke it, hit it, pass it to the next man
Let him choke, smoke but don't hold on
Don't hold on, on. No, no
And if you smoke it with me, yeah
Then, I'm a smoke it with you
Y'all, we can smoke it all up
We can smoke and get ba-
We can smoke it all up
We can smoke and get ba-, ba-, ba-, ba-, buzzed

Chorus

[Bizzy]

P.O.D.'ded that'll get me in my seat
Hennessy and I ain't too young to be that poetically,
Here to believe that I get brave, and all on my way,
In a daze, me puff puff on my reef
Got a blunt for the thugs and hustlas
Ain't no bustas in the Mo Thug game
And it gets me out of all miseries
Follow the benefits, stay in place
As long as we reach, put up the fist and flip and pray
I'll be done, when I reach my own
Stay free; let the time go pass me by
Stay high, I'm P.O.D.'d. P.O.D.'d.

[Krayzie]

I smoke on nothin' but the best of buddah
Ooh, yeah. Get the blunts and weed
Fuck the Hennessy; let's focus on these leaves
Reefer really relax my mind,
And ask me one more time
Get a split up, keep it lit up. Can you feel us?
Get with us, smoke with your nigga
Somebody told me, you better
respect the sticky leaves, sticky leaves, sticky leaves

Chorus

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