

Bone Thugs N Harmony "Weedman"

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

Keep smoking, I'm the weedman
I'm the weedman, I'm the weedman
Keep on choking, I'm the weedman
I'm the weedman, yeah Boi, wear corduroy

I've gotta keep on smoking, I'm the weedman
I'm the weedman, I'm the weedman
Keep on choking, I'm the weedman
I'm the weedman, yeah Boi, wear corduroy

Hey, gimme some herbs, the word
Better hit it, we know, we know what you heard
Thai-da-da-da done hit my burb
Here to get it, hit it and niggaz is served and a fifth of
burb

It'll switch your nerves and I'll get to swerving
Burning in my Benz and I'm here, nigga
Don't you ride with me, you have to learn it
Close the curtain, nigga, we searching

Search for the blunts and stone, I'm certain
Running up, so I'll be running and rapping's my hobby
When I'm smoking I'm working and I'm hurting, hurting
Reefer, reefer, reefer, yes, me P.O.D.d-ah D.d-ah

Past overdose comatose, see a
See a bunch of sticky creeper, creeper
Roll it up, selling my kin folk
And the end of the world, I'll have the indo, indo

And you can hook it up, need no friends though
See, little B.B gives no weed fees
When your ends low
We can get smoked

Keep smoking, I'm the weedman
I'm the weedman, I'm the weedman
Keep on choking, I'm the weedman
I'm the weedman, yeah Boi, wear corduroy

I've gotta keep on smoking, I'm the weedman

I'm the weedman, I'm the weedman
Keep on choking, I'm the weedman
I'm the weedman, yeah Boi, wear corduroy

About to curb serve over a phat tracks
Bluelight has got the scoop on where the party's at
Somebody said, "Damn, where's the drinks?"
It's chilling in the middle of the kitchen sink

We got Alize and Isle iced tea
A little Bambazini and some Hennessey
The stuff that keeps you toe-up
Now tell me are you high enough?

Keep smoking, I'm the weedman
I'm the weedman, I'm the weedman
Keep on choking, I'm the weedman
I'm the weedman, yeah Boi, wear corduroy

I've gotta keep on smoking, I'm the weedman
I'm the weedman, I'm the weedman
Keep on choking, I'm the weedman
I'm the weedman, yeah Boi, wear corduroy

Remember forever addicted, get it twisted
It's that mystic Rip and Guinness, hit it
Singing my business, lately, got me ready to kick it
But dig it, my hydro high-got me thinking, "Die, die, die"

Twenty twin, twin, then again, no crime in a dime
Well, did llelo to payroll, straight to the bank, oh, ever
so thankful
My mayo, aiyyo, stay away or come and get split a wig,
insane, oh
Gotta make that money, man, any and all cost, y'all
Any and all, all, nah, gonna get caught up, caught

The house was so hot, I can't stand the heat
I'm dancing with my peoples I've been trying to see
There bumping my jam, guess who I see
Coming to hype the party with some indo, tweed?

We got Bizzy Bone, Krayzie
Layzie, Wish and Flesh, thugs-n-harmony
Righteous when I spike the punch
My people's gonna drink it up

Keep smoking, I'm the weedman
I'm the weedman, I'm the weedman
Keep on choking, I'm the weedman

I'm the weedman, yeah Boi, wear corduroy

I've gotta keep on smoking, I'm the weedman
I'm the weedman, I'm the weedman
Keep on choking, I'm the weedman
I'm the weedman, yeah Boi, wear corduroy

You gotta puff, puff, give and pass it to the left
You gotta puff, puff, give and pass it to the left
You gotta puff, puff, give and pass it to the left

Visit [Bone Thugs N Harmony](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.