

Binocular

"Be Kind 2 Your Budz"

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No stems, no seeds that you don't need, Acapulca
Gold is (Inhale) Some bad ass weed

Yo mudda fuckaz, you ready to get hiiiiigh?

I smoke two joints in the morning, two at night
I smoke all day to drift away, til' I feel alright
I just float away, til' I come on down
It's propound the sound, when I get a green pound
I get stoned in the morn, to get the skin tone
I'm Smokin' a few bones then I get in the zone
My budz rock the top, to get ya ass in flight
Pack it tight, real tight, in the glass pipe
I getz blazed, real dazed, it's the shit in
You getz back handed if you get caught double-hittin'
It's written, to pass it to the left
Take a hit, hold it in, until it hurts your chest
If you don't choke you ain't hittin' it right
That's what Mr. J says we gettin' ripped every night
Grab the three-footer let the hits last long
'cause it's all about the B-B-B-Bong

Smoke it up, sing this song
Get the phat sac for the water bong
Light it up, take a rip
Clear the chamber or ya ass get skipped (Repeated)

Saint Sinna pass the pipe
I got rip some mutha fuckin' green bud
Mutha fucka make sure it's packed tight
I got the green luv, green luv, green luv
Oh shit son, kick back and lemme preach on the gonja
The phat sac stash I snatched from ya momma
Ima bud fiend, fiendin' for the green leaf treat
Bowl, bong, pipe, blunt, joint, nice dreams
A wiggity ziggity zaggity, Zig-Zags
I got the bags you got the papers, I got the papers you
got the bags
Smoke it all up don't be a sucka
(Inhale) Like this mutha fucka?
Amateurs, never smokin' like the master an'

Puff passin', longer lastin', hydro blastin'
Mutha fucka, you's a one hit wonda
And you assed out, passed out, from the (Boom) of my
thunda

Smoke it up, sing this song
Get the phat sac for the water bong
Light it up, take a rip
Clear the chamber or ya ass get skipped (Repeated)

I got five on it but you can't smoke for free
You gotta come up with some cash to smoke out with
me
But you my homie, so there ain't no fee
Let's break it out, no stems no seeds
(Fire it up holmes) Gettin' lifted is our mission
Tokin' up every hour like a prescription
Red hairs, red eyes, red is all that is seen
I'm like a weed fiend so fuck tha visine

Smoke (Inhale) Smoke (Inhale) Smoke (Inhale) Smoke
(Inhale)
Come on mutha fucka (What?) Don't choke
Man up clean tha bowl, clear it up
I know it's hard 'cause we smoke the good stuff
Good shit, good rips, good hits, don't be a bitch
(Whut!) Smoke it (Riiight) Toke it
Down to the resin, one last drag
(Cough) You're buying next bag

Smoke it up, sing this song
Get the phat sac for the water bong
Light it up, take a rip
Clear the chamber or ya ass get skipped (Repeated)

Hey man we're outta papers
Aight then get me a toilet paper roll, a corkscrew, and
some tinfoil
Well, we don't have a cork screw
Aight, then get me an avacado, and ice-pick, and my
snorkle
Trust me bro, I've made bongs with less, hurry up

This weed was the shiznittle bam snip snap sack

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