

## **Eminem**

# **"It Must Be The Ganja"**

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Yea, (oh, oh), yea yea, oh

I feel like dancing  
I feel like dancing

I smell something in the air thats making me (high)  
I said I smell something in the air thats making me high

ok here we go, do-re-mi-fa-so, I'm so la-di-da so  
lyrical rise flow, give back the tobasco  
you mother fuckers mustsanot know the tic tac songs  
time to show you the mo kick ass flow in the cosmos  
Picasso with a pick axe a sick asshole  
she tac toe frozen six pack with exacto  
knives, strangling wives with pig lasso  
few bags of the the grass, zig zags, im with the doc so  
you know how that go, skull and the crossbones  
this is poison, the boys and girls who do not know  
you do not want to try this at home my novato (novice)  
this is niether the time or the place to get macho  
so crack a six pack, sit back with some nachos  
maybe some popcorn, and watch the show and just  
rock slow  
it's not what you expected, tho what you thought  
though  
bout time to you wake the fuck up smell the pot smoke

it must be the ganja  
it's the marijuana  
that's creepin upon me why I'm so high  
maybe it's the hinde that has gotten in me  
whatever's got into me I don't mind

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your dreams of getting the pill, you are literally getting  
the drill  
spitting at will, me and Dre have just finished splitting a

pill  
you're submitting to skill, sitting still, I'm admitting, I'm  
beginning to feel  
like I don't think anyone's real,  
faced with a dilemma, I can be Dali Llama and become  
a bin gramma a step beyond a Jeffrey Dahmer  
please don't upset me mama, you lookin sexy mama,  
don't know if this the lala or the rum and pepsi mama  
don't want to end up inside my refrigerator freezer,  
be used as extra topping the next time I make a pizza  
how many people you know can name every serial killer  
who ever existed in a row,  
put em in chronological order beginning with Jack the  
Ripper,  
name the time and place from the body the bag the  
zipper,  
location of the woods where the body was dragged  
and then dumped,

the trunk that they were stuffed in, the model the make  
the plate  
and which motel which lake they found her in,  
and how they attacked the victim,  
say which murder weapon was used to do what and  
which one,  
which night it was done, what kid would write there was  
none,  
so sloppy like this it's fun, the fuckin ecstasy goes

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when I'm behind a mic dynamite is what its kinda like  
get stuck with that same stick that you're trying to light  
behind the boards is Dre, legends are made this way  
isn't it safe to say, this is the way it should be?  
maybe you need some lyric syrup sign for your  
symptoms  
heres a dosage of the antidote now you give him  
some,  
he can give her some, she can give him some  
get behind a lynn drum, make up a beat and kill the

sucka syndrome  
you're spitting drama when it comes to lyrics and  
penance I'm  
starting from scratch and then ending up at the end  
ending up  
capable of bringing a bullets a stillunbelievable bullets  
a  
titanium brain thats full of, surprises  
when the smoke rises right before your very own eyes  
you stare into your stereos eyes  
good evening, this isnt't even a weed thing,  
I didn't even smoke anything , I didn't even drink  
anything

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