

Eminem

"Must Be The Ganja"

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[Intro]

Yeah... Oh! Yeah Yeah... Oh... I feel like dancing, I feel like dancing

I smell something in the air that's making me High!

I smell something in the air that's making me HIGH!

[Verse 1]

Ok here we go, Do-re-mi-fa-so-fa-so-la-ti-da-tso

Lyrical rascal, kick back the tobasco

You motherfucker's must just not know the tic-tac-so

Time to show you the most kickass flow in the cosmos

Picasso with a pickaxe, a sick asshole

Tic-tac-toe comes with sixpack, with exact doe

Knives, strangling wives with dick-lasso

3 bags of the grass, Zig Zags, I'm with the Doc so

You know how that go, skull and the crossbones

This is poison to boys and girls who do not know

You do not wanna try this at home my lovato

This is neither the time nor the place to get macho

So crack a six pack, sit back with some nachos

Maybe some popcorn, watch the show and just rock slow

It's not what you expected, not what you thought so

Bout time you wake the fuck up, smell the pot smoke

[Chorus]

It must be the Ganja, it's the marijuana

That's creepin' upon me, why I'm so high

Maybe it's the Henny, that has gotten in me

Whatever's got into me I don't mind

I said it's the Ganja, it's the marijuana

That's creepin' upon me, why I'm so high

Maybe it's the Henny, that has gotten in me

Whatever's got into me I don't mind

[Verse 2]

Your dreams are getting fulfilled, Ooh I'm literally getting a chill

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 Dalai Lama
And become a king drama a step beyond a Jeffrey
Dahma
Please don't upset me mama, you're looking sexy
mama
Don't know if it's the lala, or the rum and pepsi mama
Don't wanna end up inside my refrigerator freezer
Be used as extra topping, then next time I make a pizza
How many people you know that can name every serial
killer
Who ever existed in a row, put them 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 was stuffed in, the model, the
make, the plate
And which model, which state they found her and how
they attacked the victim
Say what murder weapon was used to do what on which
one
Which knife and which gun, what kid, what wife and
which nun
Don't stop, I like this it's fun, the fuckin' night's just
begun

[Chorus]

It must be the Ganja, it's the marijuana
That's creepin' upon me, why I'm so high
Maybe it's the Henny, that has gotten in me
Whatever's got into me I don't mind

I said it's the Ganja, it's the marijuana
That's creepin' upon me, why I'm so high
Maybe it's the Henny, that has gotten in me
Whatever's got into me I don't mind

[Verse 3]

When I'm behind the mic, dynamite's what it's kinda
like
You're stuck with the same stick that you're tryna light
Behind the boards, it's 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 serum for your
symptoms
Here's a dosage of the antidote, now you give him
some

He can give her some, she can give them some
Get behind a lint drum, make up a beat and kill the
sucker syndrome
The spinning drum when it comes to lyrics and pennin'
some
Starting from scratch and then ending up at the ending
of
Capable of winning her, Bullets are, so unbelievable it's
a
Titanium cranium that's full of surprises
When the smoke rises, right before your very own eyes
You stare into your stereos (hi)
Good evening, this isn't even a weed thing
I ain't even smoke anything, I ain't even drinking

[Chorus]

It must be the Ganja, it's the marijuana
That's creepin' upon me, why I'm so high
Maybe it's the Henny, that has gotten in me
Whatever's got into me I don't mind

I said it's the Ganja, it's the marijuana
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