

Frost "Canapus"

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I smoke on a regular basis, sometimes with ole friends, sometimes with new faces. Times have changed, It seems like everyone me, gettin high now days, and the weed is much much better then it was, Back in tha days, when we used to get buzz, as I sit and reminess, some days go by. thinkin of all the places that I got high. Girls rollin with me, Rubbin on me. You used designer dress manufactured over seas. Timmity well remain LSD. But whos resoncible for this poe TAC. (Fuck what you heard, don't be the same, if the canapus. Don't get you high, then give you back a brake, Spread your wings and fly away. Just one toke of that indo smoke, let tha clouds take you away.)
"whisper" (big boys don't cry, big boys get high)
"whisper" (big boys don't cry, big boys get high) All them stories, about dead brain cells bore me, as I speak somebodys trying to skuffle me. I love the kid, I hate the morning, as I wink my eyes. Spread your wings like a butterfly we take flight. We smoke dro stinky out drow, smoke hash. And all my next doors stash. Stack cash, big baller put your money down, we only smoke al green, don't touch Bobby brown, bounce off padded walls, shoot out in tha halls, came in walking, when you leave, man your going to crawling. Mudijuna stonena, a pot head all pumped up, we smoked up, a half an ounce, Now I'm all fucked up! (Fuck what you heard, don't be the same, if the canapus don't get you high, give your back a break, spread your wings and fly away, just one toke of that indo smoke let the clouds take you away) "whisper" (big boys don't cry, big boys get high) "whisper" big boys don't cry.

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