

## **G. Love & Special Sauce "Who's Got The Weed"**

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Who's got the weed? I got the weed  
Who's got the weed? I got the weed, I got the weed

My momma always used to say  
Hey G, baby don't smoke the reefer it will make you  
lazy  
I really should have listened 'cause she might have  
saved me  
But I was too young and I was too, too crazy

But I got so much love for my mother  
But still I praise the J, then I pass it to a brother  
'Cause a friend for me, is a friend indeed  
And I got plenty of friends that smoked a lotta weed

No seeds, I roll the herb in a cone like a tornado  
Pass around a circle real fast like a hot potato  
And then I feel my fingers grip, reality start to slip  
The joint is now a roach 'cause I just had a huge hit

Of the carba vapors, vapors, vapors, vapors, vapors,  
vapors  
Vapors, vapors, vapors and I'm singing

Who's got the weed? I got the weed  
Who's got the weed? I got the weed, I got the weed

Hit that far crew see, yeah you know they smoke a lot  
Sip Henny, dipping with skinnies, I know they poke a lot  
I know they got popped in Japan by some robocops  
And lip looks like some hobo but his flows is tight like  
Flo Jo

I know he smoke that hydroponic chronic on the low go  
And skimpy claimin' sober but I know he wanna go go  
Graduated from being fair to being wasted  
Tastin' life that you never tasted

Where's the big party, just a little bit more than  
average  
Caps, stems, lettuce and cabbage  
I know they got the papers so that we can cast the

vapors  
Freestyle, awake the neighbors, I know he won't  
forsake us

Pick up some dirt, put 'em work like undertakers  
If they don't then just break 'em off, they gotta bake  
Ain't too humble for the pot, I know he's accustomed to  
the cake  
Lets listen to some breaks, pack the crumbs and the  
shake

Who's got the weed? I got the weed  
Who's got the weed? I got the weed

I got a grip of crip, I keep it next to my hip  
I'm going to the airport, I'm going on a trip  
I hope I don't get slipped by the feds  
'Cause I got this ounce of buddah right down my leg

Yo, it's not cool, it's stinking up the whole damn row  
The stewardess is lookin' at me and I think that she  
knows  
I try spraying my body down with all this cologne  
But the stench is creeping into the front row

It's just the homegrown from the backyard  
Keep it in my pocket if I go to the bar  
So if you wanna hit just buy me a drink  
And don't worry I got more of that funky green shh

And I'm singing  
Who's got the weed? I got the weed  
Who's got the weed? I got the weed

And I'm singing  
Who's got the weed? I got the weed  
Who's got the weed? I got the weed

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