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Brooks Meredith "Grow Room"

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I got an idea...

I had a plan to grow indo' Therefore the outdo' was to be recreated, duplicated in a grow room Wanted to produce the kinda plant that you could display up in a showroom So beautiful, but yet stinky Stick to your thumb, index, middle, ring, pinky And the brain First thing was to provide setting for proper cultivation **Discrete** location Ten by ten foot spot Lit up by a thousand watt Lamp, plus two air-vents for the air to circulate And ehm - I calculate 30 gallons of water a week, I'm really into this Now all I need is some good fertilizer and some photosynthesis To proceed, after I choose the right seeds to fall in motion With a little love and devotion I can make the front cover of High Times I hope I never get busted and have to pay some fines For havin a 'secret garden' like Barry White I must not tell anyone and keep my lips sealed tight I got the grow room If you ain't never had the homegrown that made you choke Put your hands in the air and say: nope, nope And if you're high already and can't take another toke Put your hands in the air and say: nope, nope During the first stage of growth the seeds germinate slow Start a root system, sprout up some leaves, and grow Towards the light Make sure the temperature's right I was told by this one guy Watch your plants closely, beware of bugs and fungi

They'll hurt your garden, they'll only interfere With the vegetative growth that lasts about two months to a year When full grown flowers bloom big buds and leaves Watch out for thieves People like to stash shit up their sleeves It's not been three months I'm tempted to break off a piece and roll some blunts I wonder what it is, is this some Skunk? I see some purple stems and orange hairs Could it be the Humble mixed with Maui? It's a hybrid Wow! Look what I did I got the green thumb Observe the superb herb Bushy branches, loud smell Like green pastel I got it on deck for all seasons And if anyone asks, it's for medical reasons I got the grow room

If you ain't never had the homegrown that made you choke

Put your hands in the air and say: nope, nope And if you're high already and can't take another toke Put your hands in the air and say: nope, nope

It's been over four months, time to get high Uproot the plants and let them hang dry In a cool room with dry air, for 2 to 3 weeks And I'ma be waitin right here with my loose leaf sheets The lovely harvest, it came in different amounts Four trees, each one just a few grams short of an ounce

I can't wait to smoke it, I know it's the bomb Been waiting so long, make me wanna write a song I guess I'll sell 2 ounces and puff on the rest Find a recipe to sprinkle herb on my filet of chicken breast

Or some tea shot full of THC Hit the bomb, cut open the swisher sweet Then come off on weed Plant stuck to my fingertips as I try to break it down And when lit, the fruity herby taste is profound It have me buzzin for a light year, and you best believe I'll have some seeds And be at it again, yes indeed I got the grow room

If you ain't never had the homegrown that made you choke

Put your hands in the air and say: nope, nope

And if you're high already and can't take another toke Put your hands in the air and say: nope, nope

(Took a long pull - hype) (--> Sadat X)

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