

## Hevia "Weed"

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Weed, weed, what a relief  
Where will my eighth a day habit cease?  
This an agricultural service announcement  
You can treat it and you can douse it

Let us begin now with the plant  
The way that it gets to your blunt in hand  
See the herb doesn't grow fast enough for man  
So for his lye, he makes a master plan

He has bowls to make the weed grow quicker  
Through the hydroponic, the weed gets sicker  
Twenty-one different soils are dumped  
Into the pot in one big lump

So just before it dies, it dries  
In my back closet, with no moss and flies  
Off with the bud, we cut it, weigh it, and bag it  
And there it is for your local street addict

Green and buddy, an ounce condensely packed  
Smoke it up and catch a heart attack  
Now come on now man let's be for real  
You are what you smoke is the way I feel but

The weed and blunt administration'll  
Have you thinkin' lye is the perfect combination  
See heads be livin' under fear and stress  
Wonderin' where they get the best

Now beer and bless can become a part of you  
In your cells and dome, this is true  
So when the plant is grown, believe it  
Sell some to your man or smoke for free kid

Roll it up, and begin seasonin'  
Then you sit down, and begin seein' shit  
In your body, Blackwoods, a Phillie, a Dutcher  
All the need and fiend for another

See any smoke's addictive by any man

Even the brownish rag it's all the same  
The Alchemist'll have my ass, strung out  
On the Indo and Northern Lights no doubt

Think you got your weed habit on lock?  
Tell yourself you gonna try and stop  
Smokin' weed and you'll see you need the tree  
It's the number one drug on the street

Not coke, 'cause that's a category of dope  
But the green leaf, that I smoke with wreath  
Now herb brings life and real bad breath  
Smoke all your shit and what you got left?

Absolutely high, the sedative  
Watchin' the movie Friday, with a spliff  
By Chris Tucker, that high motherfucker  
For anybody, Northern or Southerner

See how many blunts we gotta pump up fatter?  
How many seeds gotta fall in the batter?  
How many chickens wanna smoke what you smoke  
And how many heads ask for just one toke?

Now they'll consume, the local dread could care less  
He'll sell you donkey shit and say it's fresh  
For ninety-nine, you suckers  
High and Mighty, Mr. Eon, Mighty Mi

Get your own shit, get your own shit man  
This my shit, I smoke my shit  
You smoke your shit  
Then we'll be fine

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