

Joell Ortiz "Marijuana Man"

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Y'all know who I is
Marijuana Man!
Yaowa

[Verse 1 - Joell Ortiz]

Ok, I got the best pot in town
But before you get with me, boy
I want you to shop around
So when you come back this way
You know you dealing with that piff
I'm a king of the spliffs
No ands, buts or ifs
It's them magazine haze from down MIA
I got 5 G's a P, don't worry what I pay
Put your 20?s in a bag
Slide your 50?s in a jar
Made niggas could move hundreds
If they hustled up to par
I drive a nice car off the strength of that plant
Just breaking up a bud'll have your fingers all damp
I'm Ray? treated like dope
And have my shit stamped
Call it ? everything I love all you need is one bud
To f-ck up your camp
On the grind all the time
Y'all be knowing my steez
Environmentalists be hating how I'm moving them trees
But I can't stop, that pot keep knots in my pocket
Unless I get shot or knocked, y'all not gon knock it
Who I'm is?

[Hook x2]

Marijuana man, high as a Marley man
20 in my right, nice Philly in my other hand
I'm a hustle man, I'm just tryna double, man
Stack a couple hundred grand
Keep everybody puffing man

[Verse 2 - Joell Ortiz]

I got it all colors
What kind of smoke are you trying to do?
Looking for something sweet and smooth?

Right this way: I'll show you them blues
The best part about this, go ahead and toss it on that
scale
That this only a .7, this bud is puffy as hell
Want something a little stronger?
I got something that'll hurt you
Follow me over here - see that right there?
Yeah, that's that purple
The bud's a little tighter
And I'm sure you're smelling fumes
It tastes just like it smells and that high?
It packs a peww, now this fella right here
He's both fluffy and he's right
His nickname is "Albino", he's a rhino and he's white
I'd leave him in a jar so they could see him and get
hyped
Cause he's drenched in THC
Looks like a tree with Christmas lights
And last but not least: he's plain green
But he can push! Grand-daddy of them all
Look at his swoosh, they call his "Kush"
Now it costs a little more - but my oh my will this one go
And so there you have it bro
Last thing left it get this dough
Who I is?

[Hook]

[Verse 3 - Joell Ortiz]

You can dabble with the other stuff
And made a lot of paper
But a couple guys I knew got hit with numbers like the
Raiders
Real stand-up dudes, they ain't even mention a player
So I switched hustles - cash ain't as fast
But it's much safer
I'm in and out of state
Without even half of the risk
A weed case is like a bracelet
Little slap on the wrist
But enough about getting locked
Cause ain't nobody getting caught
Everybody getting guaped
The whole world smoking pot, baby!

[Hook]

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