

Kottonmouth Kings

"Wed War"

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Just a minute ladies and gentlemen, I think something
is happening

The planet earth is the third outermost planet of nine
planets orbiting a single sun

A long time ago in a far away galaxy
Alien dope fiends ran out of the weed
They built a ship with a cannabis radar
Before they left they built 2 for Darth Vader
Who told them of a planet where the dank shit grows
And hydroponics is a science that everyone knows
So they set out on a mission to a planet called earth
On a never ending quest to get their herbs

Their on a never ending quest to get high,
Their on a never ending quest to get high,
It's a weed war and somebodies gonna die

Abductees on T.V told me in secrecy
about a government conspiracy
to snatch all of our crops
to keep the cops paid
Pot for technology the deal has been made
And uncle sam is behind the scam
He's slinging sacks behind our backs
Raisin the tax to the max
I hear he's geting stoned with the sleestax

Renegade potsmokers get united
UFO's and dirtfeelers have been sighted
So people don't trip and cause mass hysteria
There's a skunky funky smell in the roswell area

51 ships have landed
They've been commanded
to grab the herbs that we have planted
You know they didn't count on a counterattack
and I never leave home without a
Fat sack
So I grabbed my nine gram bag of kind
A lighter and some papers

It was all I could find
Ran to head quarters, grabbed a big old glass
With the intention of smokin some alien grass

Were on a neverending quest to get high,
A neverending quest to get high,
Were on a neverending quest to get high,
Circles in my crop that shit gotta stop
Were on a neverending quest to get high,
Were on a neverending quest to get high,
Were on a neverending quest to get high,
Circles in my crop that shit gotta stop

So we pulled up to the gates of the alien camp
We've come all alone with some homegrown hemp
Fighting for the right of mans' kind
(Alien) We can outsmoke you earthlings anytime
So you wanna battle?
Lets get it on
Me and you
One on One
Bong for Bong
Hey grey, I hope your vegetarian
Cause floatacious dank
Is what I'm carrying
He replied
(Alien) This shit's alright
And he broke out with some space flavoured kryptonite
So I broke off a chunk of that cosmic funk
And I shattered the glass like Shag fu dunk

It's my turn so I reached in my sack
To pack a fat bowl to make this (inaudible)
Pulled the switch with some ditch dirt weed
Sticks oregano and some birdseed
He started chokin, smoke was shooting out his gills
And when he drank the bong water
Ooh, He gave me chills
I mean he fell on the ground and started throwin up
As I went crosseyed his head was blowin up
His brain exploded, the shed was fried
That was the last of the neverending quest to get high

Were on a neverending quest to get high,
It's a weed war and the aliens just died

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