

Chris Webby

"La La La"

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It's another one of them smoking songs, ya know what I'm saying?

Where my pot heads at?

Right here aha, yeah, yeah, CT, check it

We rollin trees and smokin la la la la la
Another weed song from me
Burning more trees than Cheech Chong
Red and Meth or roll together in the same L
We smoke blunts all day you can't tell? Hell
I'm stompin in with my boots on
Rollin to the diner with my half off coupon
Fuck, I been burnin since I was newborn
So high flying through space with Jimmy Neutron
That's how I do mon, rock the rhythm
You would think I had a mother fucking pot prescription
Like the doctor's flippin
My grass stay fresh cut, sticky icky wet stuff, put it in
the next dutch
But last time I had a checkup, the doc said my brain
was not fully developed
Fuck, but it just don't matter, I'ma half to roll the next
blunt fatter hah

[Chorus]

La la la la la

Just break it up and smoke that la la la la la

Now twist it up and smoke that la la la la la

Now light it up and smoke that la la la la la

And then you keep on burnin

The way this weed hit your chest should invest in Kevlar
Chillin on Saturn, cruisin in the XR
Everyday I got the best bars
And the best weed same color as Reptar
Yes, we stay lightin up the purple
In my own entourage smoking like Turtle
Fuck all the commercials, they all straight lies
Actin like I'm gonna kill a mother fucker cause I'm high
The most I'm likely to do is open the fridge, chill on the
couch, and never end up leaving my crib, shit
But that's just how I do

Stay high, seeing from my birds eye view
I walk into a room and everybody starts sniffin
"Like, oh my God, I can guarantee that's Christian,"
"It's nine in the morning yo what the fuck's with him?"
And I'm like, "Chill! I've got a weed addiction like."

[Chorus]

We lightin ganja ganja, every day we burn dutchies
And then we stay around more trees than Fern Gully
I earn money, spend on weed, and burn money
Got the dice in my hand, can't take my turn from me
I rip like a beast when I hit the beats
But it's just weed when they say I'm equipped with
heat, please
Shit's leaving you in disbelief
I'm that monster at your door, bitch, trick-or-treat
The way I freestyle, shit, it really baffles me
Cause I'm a pot head, call me Johnny Appleseed
I got a dub and a dutch, let's roll and spark
Til we start to see shit like Joan of Arc
I know I'm smart, I know I'm nice
That's why you can't see me like a poltergeist
Smokin la la la, give that bowl a light
Grab the bong even tighter than I hold the mic, like

[Chorus]

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