

Chris Webby**"My Cloud"**

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Catch me where the red ferns grow, smokin' bud that
burns slow.
So turn the damn dial if your speakers turned low.
Cause everything I'm doin' is loud,
I'm just chillin' on a mothaf*ckin' cumulus cloud,
I stay high; up in the galaxy like Pluto Nash,
Stupid ass thinkin' anyone in your crew gon' last.
But you knew those facts
I'm the dog that whipped Cujo's ass.
Fat bud call it sumo grass.
So you better give me kudos fast,
Won't stop till I got that Borat an' Bruno cash.
I'm a box office success, puffin' the best
Got that Godzilla, green, same color as Shrek.
So let's throw it in a Dutchy or Philly or EZ Wider,
Bong, bowl, bubbler, hookah, or vaporizer.
Maybe throw yourself a batch of brownies in,
As long as we be gettin' high count me in, ay!

[Chorus]

I'm just livin' on a cloud, chillin' in the sunshine.
I got a dub an' a dutch, I think its blunt time.
Eyes bloodshot, contacts dry,
Wear my sunglasses even when I'm inside.
I'm high like the THC in my system
My weed is medicine, I need it for livin'.
I twist up my words, while I speed up the rhythm
Because I be high as f*ck 'n I don't need your
permission.
I'm twistin', burnin' on a cloud
Smokin' on a joint that would make Bob Marley proud.
Jam with the buffalo soldiers, chillin' let me stir it up.
Trench town rockin' on a beat then I burn it up.
You better learn your stuff be aware,
I'm just a kid who didn't pay attention and dare.
I've been high all day since eighth grade
Stay blazed off that grade A haze and AK, ay!

[Chorus]

Rollin up an eighth of grass any time I blaze a track
Cuz I stay burnin' like a f*ckin' pyromaniac.
Keep at least an ounce where I'm stayin' at;
Dutch in the whip, puffin some piff,
Who f*ckin' with Chris? (Nobody)
Anywhere I go you know I got some pot,
Green with orange hair like Roger Klots.
Got that carrot top drop, no stems no seeds,
Takin' bong rips to see if you can OD.
But you can't, all you get is cough 'n real hungry,
Tearin' the f*ck outta the fridge with the munchies.
Pass out in boxers, in front of the TV then,
Wake up at like three PM.
Then it's wake 'n bake time, so roll yourself a joint,
Cuz if you're not high, then what's the f*ckin' point?
My head's in the clouds, I'll never be sober,
I'll be a pothead till it's over, closure.

[Chorus]

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