

Paul Stanley

"A Pound a Day"

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I smoke till my eyes seem, lime green
and there's no cure but a bath in visine
my dope's fresh off the boat, and my buds juicy
with fiery red hairs like I love Lucy
my crib is crawling with blunt roaches and
when I'm feigning, I exterminate them by them
lit the dro, in a optimo sizzle slow
hit and flow spit and blow smoke out in little O's
you know the seed never falls far from the tree
germinate and touch heads constantly THC
the O throw shows we throw joints in the crowd
we got, joints in our mouth, see the point is we proud
around for night when Snype rolled a quarter pound
in one joint, or stuffed inside four philly titans with all
our boys around
I took your girls silver pearl, blew her mind with the AK
while you were stretching dimes into eight J's

[Hook]

Smoke a pound of herb a day and yo
keep the peace with the weed and hash
puff puff give, puff puff give, if I'm hard to find take
two pulls and pass
(Cuts) "My whole comittee like to puff L's, sound in my
veins and a pound on my brain
smoke with me, light one up, getting high, smoking
weed....."

Blueberry sativa straight pouring out your speakers
mary jane told me meet her at the very highest peak of
the Himalayas well spin a J of the northern lights
we'll swim in hydroponical chronic cause waters life
afghani gold was the last gram we rolled
hash and we hold stashed in the dash cause these
hoes
with badges wont grab this G-13 beasters
rebirth like easter from smoke thick like keifer
reefer sparks my acid battery your placid cavalry
is smashed and that'll be what will happen if you
matching me
we burn chem rocks to hemlock our brain

I got a ten spot, you got a ten spot?
let's spark the flame
I'd be like Bill Gates if I ain't spend ill cake
to get real baked and spend my day in a chill place
in case I don't get a next life I live the best life
I can and smoke bless right, until my death like I.....

[Hook: 2X]

before the first second of my first day, my birthday
before my delivery I had hit my first J
see my parents were hippies I was delivered at home
to relax during labor mom lit up a bone
so when it comes to getting high ya'll I'm a lifer
parents smuggled weed from Jamaica in my diapers
blazing I'm the caucasian version of Bob Marley
asian eyes staying high in the clouds like god's army
I went, from a joint to a nickle to a dime
then a half to a Z now its P's all the time
most of my crew was high in high school
and failed, but got a A + from getting high school
and how I do seems obscene to most
the green I toast, make you believe you seen a ghost
yo I smoke so much, I don't need no dutch
put the lie in my mouth spit fire and roast up
blow puffs of smoke clouds, cumulus, cirrus
and if you near us puffin' canabis I know you hear us
if I get cancer man, I'ma go to Amsterdam
smoke a handsome gram to the face, casue thats the
answer man
and I still wish, Clinton had admitted that he hit it and
got lifted
cause maybe today it would be permitted
it's medicinal, who you gon' listen to
a psycho that's rich from cigarettes and wants to put a
micro-chip in you?
fuck that! if you got weed puff that
and if your smoking something let your man touch that
the real drugs crack, heroin and alcohol
tobacco and mescaline and the rest of them cause after
all
what did weed do but make your lies see through
and bring a peaceful vibe to all of my people
Virtuoso blow O's and yo
hold up, no more flow I'm a go smoke some dro

[Hook 2x]

