

## Pharcyde "Pack The Pipe"

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[i dedicate this to buddah...this is our song dedicated to  
Smokin' weed, 'cause we smoke lots of mad weed all the  
Time...mad mad mad...so tre, tre since we smoke a lot of  
Mad weed...you got what you want coppenhagen,  
Give the people buddah...indoe gentlemen...a lovely yell oh  
That old boy...you must love the buddah...listen man your  
Mother's (weed beat) is hip-hop...you gotta (scrosho Bard)...man]

Trapped in the cockpit  
At forty thousand feet  
The sky is the limit  
But we superscede  
The greed for the speed is like  
Way beyond limits  
I grab my parachute with like  
Forks and spoons in it  
And I'm falling  
I'm falling  
My heart rapid rushes  
Death before my eyes  
Oh why did I trust this  
My reactions are repeated  
Over and over and over  
Oh it seems like I will never be sober

[get up, pack it in...high...i love gettin' high...im'a get high  
'till I die...can I have a light my brother...where is my bud]

The pipe, the pipe  
Let's pack the pipe  
(x4)

I look in every hip-hop magazine  
It seems

That the blunts are being passed around the scenes in  
teams  
And the (gomma) man with contraband in lesser  
amounts  
I guess 'cause understands he has his chance passes  
like fouts  
But his pass is incomplete 'cause I can tell in the smell  
To let the touch he pass me by  
Let the (left) catch hell  
If I wanted to smoke tobacco I'd get a skinny white bitch  
I know that fatlip carries a pack to cure the nicotine itch  
Because the only itch I have is for the indoe or cess  
So don't pass me that mess  
Or try to even protest  
That it's adding to the flavor 'cause the old one was  
fine  
Won't you pack the pipe  
And keep it movin' down the line

The pipe, the pipe  
Let's pack the pipe  
(x4)

I got a big ol' blunt  
I'm lampin' on my front porch  
About to put a torch to it  
Then coco said don't do it  
Please don't hit that shit in front of my little four year  
old son  
She sent him inside the house meanwhile my sheri  
steadily rolled one  
[what are you doing (daddy)? ]  
After the other  
Then another  
'cause I'm rollin' in the dough  
So we rolled in the indoe  
As if the kid didn't know  
He's lookin' through the windoew yo while we tryin' to  
hide it  
To make a boy grow to be ignorant and misguided  
About the bud  
Now I have to play the part of the advisor  
Because the bud is just the tasty tantalizer  
The bud not the beer 'cause the bud makes me wiser  
[figaro]  
So I said come're little man  
[whatcha want old man]  
And with his little hand  
He grabbed the pipe  
A lesson in buddah blessin'  
Not too young

Just right  
So he started blazin'  
It was amazin'  
My lungs are black and shriveled up like a raisin  
But who am I to deny the kid a try  
At nature's little way of sayin' hi?  
[thank you old man]  
So pack

The pipe, the pipe  
Let's pack the pipe  
(x4)

Twisting turning burning  
Rings of fire when I come into ya layer  
Say ya pay yer fare for the fee  
I see  
The pipe  
The pipe is what I like  
I'm imani and I'm hype give me the pipe tonight  
I really wanna smoke it  
I really want to smoke it  
[...]  
I choke it  
The indoe no jokin'  
I'm doin' it like this

[i hope I do not get this by anybody  
By anybody  
By anybody  
By anybody  
What? uh huh uh huh

Well where's quinton, quinton, quinton where are you?  
Yo quint, quint come're who got a lighter? ...imani got a  
Lighter...ah kick somethin' on the mike]

Why does your mother smoke pipe  
With crack on the inside  
She likes to take a bus ride with a (shern) stick in her  
mouth  
Preachin' about  
What the world's goin' on  
I don' know what's up  
The bitch smokes  
A lotta heron  
Every day a hard  
Basehead  
I don' know what to say  
[where's bus (stop) we'll call you up]  
Let's pack the pipe

The pipe, the pipe  
Let's pack the pipe  
(x3)

Who packs the booty on the side (wipe)  
I crack  
I've lost track  
It's a cheap fuckin' pipe

I saw ya...  
[say when]  
The pipe dammit!

[now it's dark inside nostril an inside nose he  
completed the run]

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