

MC Chris "Wiid"

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We're smokin' that Danger Girl.
We're smokin' that Gen 13.
Bong's called Yoda, man,
and Yoda can't STAND a bag filled with stems and
seeds.
Yo, I can't stand no ecstasy.
Cocaine made a mess of me.
Beer and booze are now things that I use to do.
Don't misconstrue, I'm still abusin' weed.
Some kids like to get fucked up,
actin' black by rollin' them blunts.
I got a one hitter called Margot Kidder
and I only need to hit that shit once
'cause I ain't made of nickels and dimes.
Fat kind make me tickled inside.
Say no to cuttin' up lines,
that's one-point-twenty-one jiggawatt jive.
And I ain't no Nancy Reagan,
just sayin' kinda take it slow.
Say yeah to the jazz cigarette,
say nil to the thrills of pills and blow.
Teen years about gettin' beat down,
and your twenties 'bout smokin' them pounds.
Stick around for the sticky amounts,
flick a Bic 'til your stuck to the couch.
I'm the sativa cyborg,
I smell that shit like a wine cork.
I hope they never legalize,
then High Times won't have anything to fight for.
I used to smoke with kids at shows,
but I stopped 'cause they all had colds,
but I got Emergen-C and a bag of Coldeeze
and mad trees so let's all get stoned!

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After a show, you're a friend of mind,
handshake with a prize inside.
These are Batman Begins hallucinagens.
These whammies are weaponized.
LSD and shrooms, I tried them,
was a time when I wouldn't deny them.
All you need is one trip where you lose your shit,
kiss goodbye to the sky with diamonds;
but I keep coming back like it's Atkins fat
'cause the weed's like crack cocaine,
but the risk you take is just getting baked,
you're surely gonna see the next day.
They say we fund Al Qaeda.
Sounds like the government's jealous.
Let's get the enemy stoned,
bring our ninjas home - to hell with Christian zealots,
'cause all we need is some weed and a laid back beat,
black lights if you stereotype,
couple bean bag chairs and a lack of airs,
a marathon of price is right.
What's the 4-1-1 for realzies?
I freeze my Reese's Pieces.
It's like everytime I pack a pipe,
my appetite suddenly increases.
You know what a cracka mean,
green leaves my cractorbeam,
addicted like it's gasoline, just pass the trees
while I live that cracker dream,
but I might have to cease my deeds.
I might have to take control
'cause I ain't down with little mc
growin' up in a cloud of my second-hand smoke.

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