

The Cure

"Weed"

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* set to the beat and words of BDP's "Beef" from the LP
+Edutainment+

[Mr. Eon]

Weed, weed, what a relief
Where will my eighth a day habit cease?
This an agricultural service announcement
You can treat it, and you can douse it
Let us begin now with the plant
The way that it gets to your blunt in hand
See the herb doesn't grow fast enough for man
so for his lye, he makes a master plan
He has bowls to make the weed grow quicker
Through the hydroponic, the weed gets sicker
Twenty-one different soils are dumped
into the pot in one big lump
So just before it dies, it dries
in my back closet, with no moss and flies
Off with the bud, we cut it, weigh it, and bag it
and there it is for your local street addict
Green and buddy, an ounce condensely packed
Smoke it up and catch a heart attack
Now come on now man let's be for real
You are what you smoke is the way I feel but
the weed and blunt administration'll
have you thinkin lye is the perfect combination
See heads be livin under fear and stress
wonderin where they get the best
Now beer and bless can become a part of you
in your cells and dome, this is true
So when the plant is grown, believe it
Sell some to your man or smoke for free kid
Roll it up, and begin seasonin
Then you sit down, and begin seein shit
In your body, Blackwoods, a Phillie, a Dutcher
All the need and fiend for another
See any smoke's addictive by any man
Even the brownish rag it's all the same
The alchemist'll have my ass, strung out
on the indo and Northern Lights no doubt
Think you got your weed habit on lock?

Tell yourself you gonna try and stop
smokin weed and you'll see you need the tree
It's the number one drug on the street
Not coke, cause that's a category of dope
but the green leaf, that I smoke with wreath
Now herb brings life and real bad breath
Smoke all your shit and what you got left?
Absolutely high, the sedative
Watchin the movie Friday, with a spliff
by Chris Tucker, that high motherfucker
For anybody, Northern or Southerner
See how many blunts we gotta pump up fatter?
How many seeds gotta fall in the batter?
How many chickens wanna smoke what you smoke?
And how many heads ask for just one toke?
Now they'll consume, the local dread could care less
He'll sell you donkey shit and say it's FRESH
for ninety-nine, you suckerrrrrrrrs!
High & Mighty, Mr. Eon, Mighty Mi

Get your own shit, get your own shit man
This my shit, I smoke my shit you smoke your shit
Then we'll be fine

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