

Three 6 Mafia "Bin Laden"

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Mane, Mane, nigga check this shit out, we was up in
Chicago, right
With my nigga Big Hamp, ya know what I'm sayin'
That nigga pass me a blunt like, "Smoke this shit,
nigga
This some Bin Laden Weed, y'all dunno nothin' 'bout
this down south"
So I was like, "What? What the fuck is Bin Laden
Weed?"
The man said that shit is like three different kinds of
weed, man
Grown all together", he said that shit is some straight
killer
Them Chicago niggaz name that shit Bin Laden Weed
Mane, some straight fie

Who got that Hydro? Who got that Light Green?
Who got that Bobby Brown? Who got Bin Laden Weed?
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I swear, sometimes I gotta get high to hang around my
hoe
Sometimes I feel like I gotta get high to hang 'round
niggaz I know
I sped it up on weed, I slowed it down on snow
'Cause I seen so many niggaz fall off that blow
One day they got it all then they say shit to show
So I came to my natures, I had to cut that hoe
But now I'm feelin' happy, I'm on that Binny Bin Laden
They niggaz is actin' like they don't know what the fuck
just happened

My vision's gettin' blurry, I'm about to fall asleep
Or am I dyin' if I OD, 'cause this some potent weed
My life start flashin' like holograms like right in front
Of my own face, I never felt this way off one blunt
I see my son gainin' life and my dad losin' his

And old girlfriends and niggaz I shouldn't have hung
with
The picture startin' to fade, it's gettin' hard to breath
I'm blackin' out with no pulse up under my shirt and
sleeve

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Well, since I'm on Bin Laden, let me tell you a-story
'Bout these three pussy rappers who couldn't do nothin'
for me
Gave 'em a-whole lotta cheese, said I fucked him his
shit
Smoked a-whole lotta weed, so they seem to forget
Who bought them trucks n' them cars? Put you bitches
n' hoes?
Who told your ass to take a bath until you thought you
was grown ?
Mane, I tell you he a killer when we talk on the phone
When you see him face to face he'll leave you alone

That's why I'm smokin' on this fuckin' Bin Laden
All my niggaz in the hood they got it
Take one little puff, you a-addict
Take a gun to the head means tragic
Boy, I tell you like this, we can smoke it anywhere
In front of police station with a six pack of beer
7 a.m. in the morning just watchin' people stare
Let 'em point them damn fingers say, "They wild over
there"

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Hey, hey, it's glowin' like it's indigo, I smell it through
the bag
I'm floatin' like a magic carpet straight from Baghdad
From my brain, from my blood, from my loss from the

Dutches

Can't let this spill simply just escape from my a-
clutches

'Cause it's the substance, I'm lovin', I'm buzzin'

Smokin' like a nothin', huffin' n' puffin'

This ain't Indonesia, Colombian or Kaliman

This a bio-weapon, straight from the Taliban

Do you remember me from smokin' good weed

Break it down, roll it up, gimme indo need

Do you remember me from no sticks, no seeds

Do you remember me from puttin' you on this Laden
weed

Get yo funds together n' come go n' see

I'm -take you on the street where Bin Laden be

It's one blunt action, you'll have to smoke n' see

Have you chokin', fallin' out with your family

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