

Natural

"Round and Round"

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I take hits, Pull it through the Chamber
I hold it in, My lungs are in Danger
It tastes good, I can't deny the Flavor
But to the buds, We ain't no Stranger
Check the chamber it's hella Cloudy
I smoke flavor don't ever Doubt me
Humbolt County to Southern Cali
Pass the mic Johnny Richter bout to Rally

First time busted as a young rap fiend
Stealin' tapes from Music Plus was the place of the
scene

I didn't know what happened so I peeped in the window
I seen Richter sittin' with a bunch of po-po's

Yo ??? system wonder how the fuck they found me
No back-seat on my way to the county

Now what's Richter gonna do with no smokes for the
ride?
Shit's gettin' deep, it's fuckin' with my high

Threw my bike in the trunk, fuckin' scratchin' my frame
???????????? number, and they fuckin' with my brain

Just two blocks to go as I skate to the bud hut
My boy's locked up, I'm like what the fuck?!

I said don't worry Loc I got the money buried stashed
And I'm, always in a hurry He can be here fast

In a flash like jack I jump from the bud hut
To Richter's bus with the engine stuffed

We Do What We Do
Plant our Seeds in the Ground
Saturate the Sound while the World Goes Around
Drop a Bomb on the Planet and watch it Explode
Round and Round it Goes
And Pounds and Pounds we Smoke

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Drop a Bomb on the Planet and watch it Explode

Three days later Richter's out on leave
You know D-Loc picked me up with some bomb ass
weed
Indeed we stay high
Red-eyed feel the vibes
Beehives in the back
Plenty honey for the phillies
Head to Bobby B's where the purple lookin' pretty
I'm sittin' shot gun hot boxin' through the city
I'm feelin' shitty, nitty witty got me greedy
It's a pity, I'm feelin' fine to incline
Elevation of the herb is elevation of your mind
Well rewind, damn that's a dope ass track
Well then turn that shit up, hold up let me get my sack
Hey yo where's the glass, speed up we're gettin'
passed
I stepped on the gas hold the wheel
I dropped my smoke, well goddammit Loc
It's burnin' a hole, and my tire bout to blow
I see a UFO, your kidding me, Noooooo!

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This bud's the bomb knock you dead out your socks
Put your shwag back in the bag and pretend that we
forgot
>From the mossy grounds to the hydroponic dock
Seasons don't matter cuz our bud come in flocks
Load up the zong I'm about to pack a few rounds
I looked at D-Loc and I gave him a pound
You got no time for stress and no chronic in the pipe
Classic hits glass, ?? tight
You like, I like, inspected it right
Took some hits then passed, D-Loc fell on his ass
You fuckin' with the rolo, reverse to last
Permission don't stop when we're searching for the
green
Because the green is the cream and the cream make
ya gleam
You all up in our scene tryin' to pack us your shwag
While smokin' on the chronic that you wished you had

I pass to X Dad in the marijuana lab

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