

## Natural

### "The Joint"

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Yo, you gots the joint?  
Nah, I got the joint  
Yo, who's got the joint?  
We all got the joint  
We all on point, we all on point  
Yo, you gots the Joint?  
Nah, I got the joint

Where and when, it probably fell out your ear  
I'ma look behind the couch, finding all kinds of shit  
Hair pins, erasers, crumbled up pieces of paper  
Broken pagers, and a half pack of grits  
Cuz I slipped on my floor walking up the stairs  
Could still be camouflaged, hidin' in my hair  
Behind my ear nestled in the back, but it ain't  
I know because I checked, I'm still searchin' for the  
dank  
You probably threw it out with your old pack of  
cigarettes  
Look in the trash can, your as high as you get  
Sometimes you forget, smokin' one to many hits  
About to look in my caddy, down the walkway bricks

I jumped out the screen door, mac light in hand  
Searchin' down the sidewalk, leadin' to my van  
I hit the alarm and the door just slides  
I check from front to back and side to side  
Then I let the Alpine play  
Got the 6 disc changer, read-out display,  
Called my boy Dave, who gets paid to skate  
Bling, hello, I think it fell by your gate  
Well it's not in my van, so I checked my jeep  
Limited edition 4x4 with leather seats  
Looked in the ashtray and only found a roach  
I was so fuckin' high I forgot that we had smoked

Yo, you gots the joint?  
Nah, I got the joint  
Yo, who's got the joint?  
We all got the joint  
We all on point, we all on point

Yo, you gots the Joint?

Nah, I got the joint

I got the joint, but you ain't gonna smoke it  
Come around get cloudy, it disappeared like hokus pokus

King klick tokas, royalty smokers

Come around it disappears like hokus pokus

I'm gettin' amped up, in different states of mind

I hit a depth for a track as I prepare my rhyme,

Sometimes I'm real high, besides I don't lie

Look at all these phony people tryin to make supply

Yeah, you sly in your flashy suits

You sellouts get the fuck outta here, bail out

I sag my jeans, rock hemp and (??)

I got a 85 caddy, give a fuck about the billboard

You live at large with your three car garage

Your Ferrari, BM, and Lamborgini coutures

I smoke hard, blow large, keep you guessin

Up in the treehouse, like a bird, nestin

Loungin, you'll be amazed how I'm steppin

It's a blessin, lookin' over my ground

Eyes like a owl head, rotates around

360 degrees in a circle

Yo, you gots the joint?

Nah, I got the joint

Yo, who's got the joint?

We all got the joint

We all on point, we all on point

Yo, you gots the Joint?

Nah, I got the joint

Yo I got the joint and it's rolled with precision

Precisely sliced in the ends, surgical incisions

It's like religion, my blunt rollin' routine

It's a process, and yet it comes guaranteed, by me (by who?)

Motherfuckin' Johnny Richter

If you lay on the work then call me Johnny the evictor

To play with my money is to play with my emotions

Like tokens in Vegas, your ass is cash

I got incredible dank, as it lingers out the chamber

Mind blowin smoke, unbelievable taste

Jack frost have you lost, seeing stars in space

Laced up to the moon, Pluto, then Neptune

The earth is greenest, smokin' bong loads in Venus

The rings of Saturn gettin' lost in space

Homebase it the place we blaze the most weed

I gots the joint is the bomb ass (??)

Yo, you gots the joint?  
Nah, I got the joint  
Yo, who's got the joint?  
We all got the joint  
We all on point, we all on point  
Yo, you gots the Joint?  
Nah, I got the joint

Just a player with the big hair, baby (??) five  
Still bumpin, getting high, constantly red eyed  
12-28, full of bitches inside  
1605, where the homies reside  
We fly, first class, with the (??)  
Rockin' vertebrae (??) wallet chains on their hips  
Saggin' jeans, DCs, pocket full of weed  
I got what you want, tell me what you need  
And I'll proceed to bust out the pounds and break em  
down  
Got connection to PC, Cali, and Chi-Town  
Whether up north, down south, or the inbetween  
Red, purple, orange, or the lizard green  
I got the joint but you ain't gonna smoke it  
Come around, get cloudy, it disappeared like hokus  
pokus  
King klick tokas, royalty smokers  
Come around, it disappears like hokus pokus

Yo, who's that peepin' in my window?  
Hope it's not a po-po  
Cuz then they gonna see my crops

I got the joint but you ain't gonna smoke it  
Come around, get cloudy, it disappeared like hokus  
pokus  
King klick tokas, royalty smokers  
Come around, it disappears like hokus pokus

Back wall hydroponic system, stealthy position  
With couple thousand watts  
I got the joint but you ain't gonna smoke it  
Come around, get cloudy, it disappeared like hokus  
pokus  
King klick tokas, royalty smokers  
Come around, it disappears like hokus pokus

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