

## Cannabis Corpse

### "Lunatic Of Pot's Creation"

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Green oppression, our choices at their discretion  
Control obsession, I think it's time we teach these  
politicians a lesson

No more excuses, we've had enough, we're out for  
blood  
To save your lives you'll legalize  
but still you...

Blame it on, blame it on, blame it on bud  
Problems seen aren't from weed  
Still they will blame it on bud

Crime is intertwined by the scoring of drugs, made to  
be thugs  
They blame it on bud  
Lies, a sign of our times, into their minds,  
decriminalize  
or spill their blood

Dropouts, gangs, and teenage births  
Depressed losers with no self-worth's  
All the things that parents fear  
All stem from drugs, TV and beer?  
Well I ain't buying that, it gets me pissed  
Nay-saying crooks- you're on our list  
Until it's taxed, it is quite clear  
Loss of profit is all they fear

Its time to gather in line leaving behind protesting  
signs  
Getting our enemies high  
Spreading of lies, arise, militarize, attack from all sides  
Its coming to an end

Drop guillotines in crimson spurts  
Stoners emerge on red alert  
Dragged through the streets by toking bangers  
Swing from the gallows by hemp-made hangers  
Arm yourselves for coup d'etat  
Marijuana militia martial law

We won't stop till all of them are dead

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