

## Quarashi

### "Grass"

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2:25 AM in my home and I am picking up the bits that are laying around from the bong from my hits and I'm stoned into space 'cause I smoke up my face when the buckets are blazed for days. I put my phones on and then it goes on. It gets back by the time to smoke up us a fat. I get your shit, I can't open the door. My mom is on the next floor and my dough is getting sold.

A silent verse of a final chapter, a last paycheck, enough to break another fool down. Feeling awful with a shudder winter blast blowing, a cold snowin', the fucker's gonna be feeling can't with a frozen finger. 'Cause I'm inclined to bless the future, and I don't give a thought to those psychotic creatures. I turn a ... before they reach us doing time in your own state, smokes in a better way.

Lost ooh, ooh, ooh! [x4]

Of course you know back then we smoked all that shit up. We smoked that weed right through the top yeah we smoked that year's crop. And we loved it, we though it was cool to be stoned. But now I don't know, I don't want to be for the rest of my life. A smoking fool but if you've got it I can play. I don't want to spoil the fun and it is better than a smoking gun, beh, argue, oh well, fuck it, go ahead roll it up, light it, and just smoke that shit up.

And if you would like to breathe us out of the scene, come again and here I am. I'm trying so hard to be clean. I never touch the ground or when I run around the circle. But now you lazy to ... when I do the race in town. To be the first, second for none ... burn. Fluently feelin' the frequency showing the hour. Wait until the sun sets down, I'm on the tower.

Lost ooh, ooh, ooh! [x4]

