

Quasimoto

"Greenery"

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Smoking on the trees at a hundred degrees
Never touch the breeze this is sticky green leaves

(put it in the dutch it gets stuck on yo touch)

Pack it in the bong, last long, have you on fresh

Light it up
Role it
Pass it around
The scientists have found, check the rail compound

(well if you look over here (i like that glass bong)
I can't see it, you have the money for it?
Right there to the left!)

(my man with the rasta got the best green pasta
Tree trunk buds (but that good shit'll cost ya!)

Anyway, gimme an ounce of that shit
I'll have that shit with madlib
We could bounce to that shit
Make a basket full of cookies
Make ya feel like a rookie
Make you eat a lot and maybe go get some nookie

(highpowered shit so we can do our astro travelling)

Around the world, on a smoke tour, dabbeling
The most best of weed, amsterdam humble seeds
Weeds weeds weeds, is what we all needs needs

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