

## Debbie Gibson % Anna-Jane Casey "Weed Scented"

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[Guru]

Turn it up..

[DJ Premier scratches]

"Pack ya whole crew"

"I bring it to ya live" "One hundred percent"

"I bring it to ya live" "Pack ya whole crew"

"I bring it to ya live"

[Verse One: Guru]

Yo, excuse you for not knowing, we always been spot  
blowin

You kick rhymes, but you're not flowing

You think you shine, you're not glowing

Where we're headed you're NOT going

Tell your girl she needs to stop hoein

Heard she got caught showing, her naked ass for no  
cash

Loves to blow dick, word to Rick, she's low-class

But getting back to you, you ain't macking dude

With ya cellophane game, you can catch a smack too

With ya fake eye smug, you ain't a thug, fuck ya  
attitude

Best show the Guru and his Fam some gratitude

You mad at me, I'm mad at you

You hate on me, I laugh at you

I'm warning dog, on it, tell my homeboys to clap at you

Niggaz tried to murder me for a wristwatch

Rap shit ain't no comedy, word to Chris Rock

Niggaz'll stair like queers for years

'Cause when I spit tight, you get rocked

Word to Jimi Hendrix, it's weed scented

[Hook: Party Arty]

It's so dirty they can't believe that we did it

It's weed scented, get the dutch and put some trees in  
it

Pack a shorty at the bar then leave with it

Spit a verse, pass the mic..

[Verse Two: O.C.]

.. yo, let me hit it  
I got the beat like a dutch, fill it with something sticky  
Perceed gettin bend at the same time getting busy  
Chocolate flows, spark the dro, Mary Jane make the  
eyes low  
Cheech and Chong, hit the bong, many colors 'spond  
with phenomenon  
Shit is G.D.: A.G., Party and D-Flow the don  
Nigga it's on we 'bout to form, in the form of a storm  
It's big toys rock laciers and pop Dom  
Dough or die, drink Henri, puff on tie  
I'm too pulled for some heads like dust mixed with lye  
O.C., I'll be M.V.P. so envy me  
This verse here is better than ya whole CD  
Respond to it, anybody I'm begging y'all could do it  
I smash any [??] that wanna get stupid  
Fuck y'all think this is, this ain't no game  
It goes without saying, niggaz KNOW my name

[Hook: Party Arty]

Uhh, it's so dirty they can't believe that we did it  
It's weed scented, get the dutch and put some trees in  
it  
Pack a shorty at the bar then leave with it  
Spit a verse, pass the mic..

[Verse Three: A.G.]

.. and let me hit it!  
It's A.G., still breathin, still in here eatin  
Deal on the table, millionaires by the weekend  
Playdoh with my wip, you watch, like Seiko when I kick  
Like Kaydo, and stay low when I spit  
No whip? Hit the train  
No hits? You get the blame  
Gotta go bitch, suckin no dick you get the same  
I get dirty in the Benz Galendo wagon  
Stack ends heavy with friends, and we packin  
Get rid of me, you gotta send me packin  
I'ma empty to the last one, and each line is heavy as  
the last one  
I can't believe that wack shit is hot to them  
The truck stop ya oxygen, spit twenty I spot ya ten  
Got most askin how they last this long  
Gotta show you on the video to see where ya ass went  
wrong  
Raw and 'em, bet Flex and Clue and 'em blast this song  
Roll the ganja up, light it and pass it along  
It's A.G. and sheishty niggaz ain't permitted around me  
I don't even like these niggaz haters get from around  
me  
Tracks is fat, soon as I hear this said I'ma murder this

Chick try to flow with thise, I'ma hurt the bitch  
Dump the body in Malali like Sam Berkowicz  
For one fifty-fifth in Courtland, offic' in Boston, we spit  
it often

[Hook: Party Arty]

Uhh, it's so dirty they can't believe that we did it  
It's weed scented, get the dutch and put some trees in  
it

Pack a shorty at the bar then leave with it  
Spit a verse, pass the mic..

[Guru]

.. and let ME hit it..

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