

Hill Cypress

"High Times"

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Now this some baaad weed...

B'Real:

The very first time I hit the weed I was young

Coughin up a lung high strung back in '81

Goin to school hittin the buddah behind the bleachers

Comin to class high sellin the lye to the teachers

Nickel bag nickel bag dime to a nickel

Sellin joints to the honeys suck it like an icicle

Others wanted the 40 but I wanted the weed

While everybody was runnin out I was plantin my seeds

Homegrown, backyard boogie, I'm still stoned

Got my weed plants taller than your telephone's corner

I can remember when I could only get sess in those
days

Now I'm rockin that chocolate thai, skunk and the haze

Roll a fat one, pass it to the left don't front

But I hate it when they don't take the seeds out the
blunt

A bunch of blunt-rollers are like rookies on the field

Spillin the weed plant fuckin dookies with no skill

I should write a book, how to roll it then pass it

Light it, grow it, sell it and then divide it

Mr. Greenthumb, Dr. Weed, I proceed to give the herb
man what they

need

True indeed, blow your fuckin smoke up in the sky

And get high with your bong or your philly or dutchess
give me a light

Chorus:

Grab the weed up, pack it in, put it in the pipe

Light it up, smoke a bowl, we puffin the lye right

Put your finger on the hole and hold it in brother

Take a puff, that's enough, and pass it to another

Get the weed sack, smoke it up, til it's all gone

No roaches up in the ashtray, smoke up all the bomb

I usta spend money but now I'm growin the crops

But I hate it when the pigs throw a raid on the spot

It was once said I smoke so much weed, by a brother

That I look like the nigga on the zig-zag cover

Maybe I usta look like that way back when

When my nigga Sen Dog was around sippin on the Hen

Let the fly rhymes smother you with the scent of the
skunk

We got the High Times cover shows you how to roll a
blunt

Quarter pound, quarter pound, pound to a quarter

Makin trips to Mexico runnin down to the border

Long hairs, bald heads, dreads and punk rocks

Kids of all colors be puffin it down the block

I got the weed on lock with all the hydro methods
Call me Puffy cause I makin and takin a hit record
Blow your fuckin smoke up in the sky and get high
With the bong, philly or dutchess, give me the light
Chorus

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