

Total Chaos

"Many Clouds Of Smoke"

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[Chorus: x4]

I want to get blunted my brother
Roll up a fat one pass it around

[Verse 1:]

Here we go to the show with some fat endo
And though I never front it I always stay blunted
Many clouds many clouds running through my dome
As I float float float on
In a purple haze a pot head phase
Thinkin way back about the good ole days
When I smoked up chocolate tye and Colombian goat
The skunk with the funny that's got the big man
pumped
Now I'm feelin kinda high and yet kind a key
Maybe cause I'm smokin on the cloud nine G
See I got the tasty ways and a cool buzz
First you smell what it is then you smell what it was
Cause we smoke fat blunts and we write dope rhymes
Play video games and read High Times
And Tim makes the beat tight
Hopin that the song might
Sell a million copies to the people smokin dank right
Mack daddy made you jump and Daddy mack kept it
warm
But I didn't miss the buss to the marijuana farm
In the Humbolt County the northern part of Cali
But Hammer can't dance like my man grows plants
And a specter AP cause my homie Dan Solo
With a fat philly blunt on a Hog status logo
Good nigga got now boys got clout
Now it's time to show the world what it's all about:

See we smoke 2 joints before we smoke 2 joints
And then we smoke 2 more we be jammin
We smoke to joints before we smoke 2 joints
And then we smoke 2 more this is slammin
La de de da da de me love marijuana
Me know the plant like the sex knows Madonna
I feel laid back when I puff on the ganja
So legalize marijuana ya honor

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]

Man the shits kinda fat so it's back to the track
And I'm feelin like a mack with a big dank sack
Bill Clinton told a story but it was a fairy tale
I only hit it once but I didn't inhale
Then his mind went blank in other outie
Puffin fat green bud direct from the Humbolt County
Many clouds of smoke is just a dedication

Talkin all night about hemp education
So put down the pipe and stop free basin
This could be the start of the healing of the nation
Cause I rip shit and twist it then I take a hit
And I smoke it to the head like it was a cigarette
When it comes to puffin blunts I'm a 12 year vet
And I wasn't 10 yet when I took my first hit
I was headed out the house for school one day
And guess what I found in my dads ashtray
It was about a half a blunt stuck in a roach clip
So I made like pops and put it up to my lip
Then flick went the bic and I'm off on a trip
And I was trippin (my mind keeps on slippin slippin)
I only hit it once and my head light
Then my eyes got red and they closed up tight
And I felt kinda weird but I felt all right
So I took another hit later on that night
Now there's only 3 things in life I need
Money, safe sex, and a whole lot of weed
Givin much props to my pops
And he gets much love too
Peace from the crew this buds for you
So I'm outie I'm ghost in other words gone
But the beat goes on

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

As I flip the strip with a joint on my lip
And a cute honey dip with a grip on my dick
Got me singin like a singer swingin like a swinger
This is the DGF style so put up your middle finger
The cloud nine vibe blastin off like a rocket
With 10 fat joints on my inside pocket
Now every other brother givin props to me
Cause my vibe is alive in the industry
Cypress Hill's in the house and Black Crows on the
team
And I put the fat back to rip up the green

Legalize hemp understand what I mean
It's the sooper dooper kid and the down ball lock
With the DGF style the boys got balls
And I smoke a fat spliff and lounge in my drawers
It's a pot hit anthem so go for yours
And like the Black Sheep says "The Choice is Yours"
I'm on a psychedelic trip and it ain't no joke
So take another hit many clouds of smoke

[Chorus]

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