

Twiztid "Bagz"

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If it ain't green it ain't us
Your parents hate us because we smell like cannibas
And remind them of the incubus
Another freak of the night
With excessable roachclips, bongz and weed pipe

We comin' with the straight 28
A full o.z, only fuckin' with the weed
You can keep the nosebleed
Bash on you haters actin' like you know me
Twiztid muthafucka what you got on my tree?

I smoke it down to the ash
Burning lips and finger tips
On for helly shit and take no bullet and passin' it
Right to the ashtray where it belongs
From the bag to the j to the drape to the bong

Smoke alotta weed, cloud nine
Space flying
People try to front like I don't
But I can see it inside them
Put the flame on the end of the weed and start the
session
And I'mma smoke it all up quick without a question

I hope you brought the papers
You know I brought the trees
So roll another joint
And hand that bitch to me
We do this everyday
So come get high with me
No matter what they tell us this is reality

Eyes blue out red I'm lookin' faded
Clothes stank like bud
And my finger tips is always resonated
We burnin' ganja with the windows up
I got a q.p a good green rub ready to puff

We smokin' entirely to much trees for average folks
But I never said that I was average

I like to smoke mad bags of weed
No stems, no seeds
All I really want and all I really need

I gotta tell you bitches

It ain't no smokin' for free
If you ain't fuckin' with me
Don't put your lips up on my muthafuckin' tree
Wrap your surrounding's, like a zig zag
Light your whole block with a flame and take a big drag

We blaze trees on the highways in the driveways
In a casket I keep an axe and a fat sack with the zig
zags
With a 2 blunt trademark trees every studio session we
gettin' sparked

I hope you brought the papers
You know I brought the trees
So roll another joint
And hand that bitch to me
We do this everyday
So come get high with me
No matter what they tell us this is reality

We smoke weed everyday
Regardless what you say
And every single night with the get right
You need to get up and shut up with all that pride
And all you non smokin' niggas get the fuck outside

Only weed smokers up this bitch tonight
Thick clouds of weed smoker green like kryptonite
I don't drink, shoot up or take x
Only three loves in life is bud death and sex
Gimme gimme green leafs laced up with hashish
When your ridin' dirty, watch for police
Listen and learn cuz I would never steer you wrong
Knowledge is accumulated like resins in bongs

[Water Bong]

[x2]
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You know I brought the trees
So roll another joint
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