

## **Anya Marina**

### **"Charlie Brown"**

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Charlie Brown please don't come around because  
you're weed is dodo brown and it smells like the  
ground. Your still my homie, but with that weed you  
don't know me. When i inhale this, the stalness creeps  
up on me. Charlie.

I love weed, specialy when it gets me gasping,  
coughing up a lounge from that pasion. Grasping on  
the life with every hit that i take. When i'm high is the  
only time i feel awake. Roll it up. Bags on resurve is  
what i desurve. No joke i gots to smoke it calms my  
nerves, and if charlie was around i garente a tradgedy,  
from his dirt, brown weed makes heads start to  
hurt.Call me a high on red eyed zombi, smelling like  
old kanta twist a pinetree, and fuck smokey my names  
big inhale, and i'm known to take it down to the tail, you  
know what i mean. Rezy res build up on my fingernail.  
Clam bake inside the soundproof lotus pod cell. lettin  
out when i'm blessed again, so pass it back and let me  
get another hit big smoker.

Charlie charlie you're weed is so sorry, you must have  
thrown it in a dusty sufery. I just can't smoke that no  
more, eventhough i'm broke and i'm poor. I smell that  
shit in your bag i choke and run for the door. don't hurt  
chi charlie and homie you still my boy, just keep that  
blunt at your spot, and homie you still my boy. The  
stress i can't never handle i need to be high so stay the  
fuck off my block, and don't come back on my side.

Charlie Charlie you just ain't fresh anymore, be cause i  
like to be lifted. Your shit ground me to the floor. Don't  
make me deck you, charlie don't come round here with  
that, don't nobody wan't to hit that you bustas need to  
quit that. Charlie Charlie

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