

# Vanilla Ice "Tha Weed Song"

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Now here's a Zig Zag story while I'm writing this song

Sit back relax I'm igniting this bong

Picture this sandy beaches dimes wearin thongs

Serving mixed drinks to me all night long

With me feet back puffin on my weed sack

Shit you can't believe that people ask me

Where you buy your trees at

Got the Bombay Ganje lime green  
Sticky icky Ganja got me needing Visine  
Like a magic carpet ride come fly with me  
And this is for my homies that get high with me

Just crack the Phillie open cause we keep on smoking  
Dimes rubbin on lotion  
Feet soaking in the ocean

On a tropical Island staying sunny

We outta Phillies take these skins somebody roll a  
Mummy  
Now people say money makes the world go round  
So come escape with me and let's puff on a pound.  
Chorus:

So high fly through the sky

And ride my life high  
Fly through the sky  
No matter what you say

Feeling so alright so I're today

Fire de go blaze

No responsibility man

No responsible

Me I go rolling a fat blunt  
Smoking the fat blunt  
This is my goal.  
Take it easy Rastaman  
I will now go blaze  
From Kingston Jamaica  
Bombay to India  
Smoking in the air

What da da da day

Some of them are smoking

Weed to take away frustration

I and I do it for me aggravation

Dreadlock to Babylon are selling everyday

Come me say

Bringing it back on the boat back to the USA

With the ganja me floating me floating away  
Why not come and puff with me and then we go fly  
away  
Chorus repeat  
Well it's the sticky icky bomb Holmes

Got the fat sacks puffier than Sean Combs

It's the Ice man back blowin dookie out the nostrils

In the studio creating shit that's colossal

Apostle of the green bud see me bleemed up

In my 430 Lexus off in Texas teamed up

With the Darkman and we're blazing  
Some headbanging shit yo the Ice'll come equipped  
To spit with the best cause I'm all about mine  
I got dimes of smoke that'll make you float on cloud  
nine  
Then I shine just like a beacon in the night

Pass me the Thai I get high on the mic

For real a zig zag story for my peeps

Bangin in the Jeeps while you slang it in the streets  
Like Napalm I'm way gone and now it's time to bounce  
It's the weed song come with me and smoke an ounce  
Chorus repeat

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