

Tree

Chance the Rapper

IGH

My mama used to always keep a lil' bit of dro
The incense in the window while she foldin' our clothes
And though life will have its issues, there will never be
A problem with the weed
She told me, "Son, don't worry, don't you have no shame
There's gonna be frustrations in this white man's game
And they're gonna have us tied up once it's legalized
Because it is a tree!"

My mama had to work
My mama had to birth (Two kids)
My mama drove to church and ironed shirts and kept a smirk
And I think my mama must of work at Saltine at the factor-
Y?
She came home crying said, "I'm tired of these crackers!"

I roll up
For pretty girls that's on they grind getting paid (Hu!)
I roll up
For women who life wasn't no crystal Staircase (Hu!)
And I roll up
For any my niggas that's stuck in that jam
Torn from their family, hustling grams
We love you, we smoking on big Uncle Sam

Dispensary weed is a government scam
My cousin my weedman, the plug is my man's
My whole life look like I've been rubbing a lamp
The blunt like I rolled up a rug in my hand
Stop, look, duck in my hand
If it ain't a buck in my hand
Fist full of bullets, I'm flipping the bird
It's a plane, It's a don't give a fuck in my hand

If we roll up, we flame up
Yes, we flame up
If we pull up, ain't no change up
Don't play with our money, it's dangerous
Ain't no more sharecropping, this for my mama
I promise I'm fucking the game up
This for my ladies that's making it happen
You ready? I'm ready to flame up

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Like my girls like weed, homegrown
Angie get stoned
Cheech & Chong

All the casa negroes gone
Fuck it, get stoned
Craig and Smokey

Angie get stoned
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Uh, my mama had to work (Yeah)
My step daddy had the work
Don't expect me to pass the purp
'Cause Pastor Purp ain't at this church
Oh God forgive me, God forgive me
Holy smokes, like religion
I be smoking like an engine
Can't play poker like syringes
Blow a pound like I'm Jenny Craig
I'm cold as Winnipeg
When me and Chance smoking them plants
We turn to Bill & Ted
All my weed be strictly meds
My blunt be thick as legs
Yellow Percocets
White Percocets look like grits and eggs

Smoke a blunt for Chi-Raq
Catch a contact
I don't know where my eyes at
They on her thigh tat
I'm sorry I got side-tracked
But I'm gonna hit you with a sidebar
You could pull up in a fly car
I'm a pull off in a flying car

That's cap if they say we cap
I crack they freakin' kneecaps
And Chance gave me a 3 cap to cover up all these naps
A dreadlock Rasta
Bandana red like pasta
I steal a nigga bitch like a Mazda

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