

Ganja Man

Chris Webby

Yeah

Hit that Ganja Man, man, man, man when I'm running low
We ain't buying grams, man, need a couple O
Z's, please, weed, trees, dope
Shit, call it what you want, just put that blunt in roll
Tation, I'm blazing an eighth when I'm wake and I'm so
Faded from tasting these flavors through vapor and smoke
Hit the Ganja Man, straight to his place and I go
Raw cones, shit I ain't got the patience to roll
I'm takin' it slow 'cause my brain is incapable of
Critical thinking, chronic pumps through the veins and my blood
Smoking it all, never wasted a bud
Then I'm GPSing straight to the plug

Man could keep the fire blazing 'til I'm done
Pass around in rotation, one by one
But when it run low, no worries, I know
Just who to call when we need to get more
'Cause Ganja Man is in town (Ganja Man, Ganja Man)
Ganja Man is in town (Ganja Man, Ganja Man)

Foot on throats
Never let up, stay clever, ain't 'bout chit chatter
They ain't got gas, learnt the hustle from Helen Keller
We different fellas
I could never be ya'll, never, nah, different cloth
Different pedigree, different repertoire
I'm all up in the sound, get involved
Cookie packs like Pepperidge Farm
I gave 'em one a time in Lebanon
GMO, dosey dose, package every one, one
Hold up, look
Iceberg, big baby ride clean
Hundred dollar body wash, it's all 'bout hygiene
Eyes blush, eye red, I don't need Visine
Passed it back, we're packin', watch how I steam
Really

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Have another one if you need one
If you run out, come see Doctor Green Thumb
Don't hesitate, don't wait on the payday
Come too late, might be on vacay
On a jet, mile high in the cloud bank
Got a set later on at the South Bank
Got a twelve pack ready, call it pre-rolled
Backstage blown out, tranquilo
Look at me though, got tons, no kilos
No blunts, no freeloards
No boof, no egos

Set the roof on fire, amigo
One love, get it legal
One foot for the people
One flood, no equal
Got love for the eagle
Make room for the sequel
Insane with the B-Low
Got it lit, dab hit on the transcript
I'm so keyed up like a habit
Make it all mine, never had shit
Take it all in, better grab it
Never let it go when you have it
Set it all off like I planned it
I know some can't understand it
Get the bag, man, run off like a bandit

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One more time!
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