

# 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 freeloads  
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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