

# High Grade

Chris Webby

Somebody roll it up  
Somebody roll it up  
Somebody roll it up  
Somebody roll it up

Yeah  
Smoking on Indo (yeah man)  
So put down the coke and the benzo's  
No opiate choking your mental  
Let your stress go, no dress code  
Just breathe it and feel it  
And if you can find it and need some I'll get it  
Got peoples who flip it, believe me  
They putting more trees on the street than the week after Christmas, hah  
Only need that shit that grow from out the ground  
Got the plug from Collie Buddz, and then we cop it by the pound (yeah)  
Dispensaries are popping up all over town  
No more law to stop me now, it's going down  
Yeah, no longer do we gotta hide it  
Or only smoke up when in private  
In this recreational climate  
No Five-O be looking through my whip  
Smelling like bud at the function  
No worries about your assumptions  
No worries about people's judgement  
And if they judge then fuck them, we puffing  
Start the ganja party like we Tasha Marley  
Rastafari eating calamari, too much pot to carry  
I be on some other shit, roll another spliff  
Blast off into outer space on the mothership  
Fucking loving it, yeah

High grade marijuana smoking (oh yeah)  
High grade marijuana smoking (oh yeah, yeah, yeah)  
High grade marijuana smoking (oh yeah)  
High grade marijuana smoking (oh yeah, yeah, yeah)

Spliff on the tip of me tongue  
Marijuana smoke fill up my lungs  
Water bowl be the chalice I run  
Cali farm often carry a gun  
Crossing water we often do run  
Like Jimmy Cliff, ah the harder they come  
Lighting a spliff with a spark of me gun  
Highest of grades out in the sun, yeah

Smoking my own strain  
I got sativa cause indica's hype  
I been doing my own thing  
Minding my business and twisting my fire  
And suddenly, I see my phone rang  
I keep it Dizzy Wright  
Me and Webby make you feel like you in the wrong lane  
Turned up, living through the stone age  
Take you to a higher place bro  
This shit's wonderful if I can say so  
No hate in my heart, I let hate go

I'm on the legal marijuana payroll  
Can't believe this my reality, right?  
I know you wanna be mad at me  
But it get hard when you finding them flavors you like  
You know it's fire if them haters get right  
You assuming it correctly  
More flavors, I'm great in the night  
You can tell I'm wavy, like I'm on a jet-ski  
I keep all the players in sight  
Giving them choices and she think it's sexy  
I'm keeping it G if I'm saying it right  
Would you like to smoke, come impress me?  
They dizzy dreaming, durban poison  
And I got that strawberry cough going Wesley  
Rocking my shades like Blade  
Bitch, I'm still moving you suckers can't catch me  
Handle my business  
I tell 'em I want them to send me the money directly  
Fuck all them people that tried to convince all my stoners that this shit wa  
s deadly  
Dizzy hippie only fucking with it if it's heavy 'cause man

High grade marijuana smoking (oh yeah)  
High grade marijuana smoking (oh yeah, yeah, yeah)  
High grade marijuana smoking (oh yeah)  
High grade marijuana smoking (oh yeah, yeah, yeah)

Somebody roll it up  
Somebody roll it up  
Somebody roll it up  
Somebody roll it up

Spliff on the tip of me tongue  
Marijuana smoke fill up my lungs  
Water bowl be the chalice I run  
Cali farm often carry a gun  
Crossing water we often do run  
Like Jimmy Cliff, ah the harder they come  
Lighting a spliff with a spark of me gun  
Highest of grades out in the sun, yeah

High grade, high grade  
No bush weed, no bush weed