

High Grade

Chris Webby

Somebody roll it up
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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

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