

La La La

Chris Webby

It's another one of them smoking songs, ya know what I'm saying?
Where my pot heads at?
Right here aha, yeah, yeah, CT, check it

We rollin trees and smokin la la la la la
Another weed song from me,
Burning more trees than Cheech, Chong,
Red, and Meth all rolled together in the same L.
We smoke blunts all day you can't tell? Hell,
I'm stompin in with my boots on,
Rollin to the diner with my half off coupon.
Fuck, I been burnin since I was newborn,
So high flying through space with Jimmy Neutron.
That's how I do mon, rock the rhythm,
You would think I had a mother fucking pot prescription,
Like the doctor's flippin.
My grass stay fresh cut,
Sticky icky wet stuff,
Put it in the next dutch.
But last time I had a checkup,
The doc said my brain was not fully developed.
Fuck, but it just don't matter,
I'ma have to roll the next blunt fatter, hah!

La la la la la
Just break it up and smoke that la la la la la
Now twist it up and smoke that la la la la la
Now light it up and smoke that la la la la la
And then you keep on burnin'

The way this weed hit your chest should invest in Kevlar,
Chillin' on Saturn, cruisin' in the XR.
Everyday I got the best bars,
And the best weed same color as Reptar.
Yes, we stay lightin up the purple,
In my own entourage smoking like Turtle.
Fuck all the commercials, they all straight lies,
Actin like I'm gonna kill a mother fucker cause I'm high.
The most I'm likely to do is open the fridge,
Chill on the couch, and never end up leaving my crib, shit.
But that's just how I do,
Stay high, seeing from my bird's eye view.
I walk into a room and everybody starts sniffin',
Like, "Oh my God, I can guarantee that's Christian,
It's nine in the morning, yo what the fuck's with him?"
And I'm like, "Chill! I've got a weed addiction like."

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Now twist it up and smoke that la la la la la
Now light it up and smoke that la la la la la
And then you keep on burnin'.

We lightin' ganja ganja, every day we burn dutchies,
And then we stay around more trees than Fern Gully.
I earn money, spend on weed, and burn money,
Got the dice in my hand, can't take my turn from me.

I rip like a beast when I hit the beats,
But it's just weed when they say I'm equipped with heat, please.
Shit's leaving you in disbelief,
I'm that monster at your door, bitch, trick-or-treat.
The way I freestyle, shit, it really baffles me,
Cause I'm a pot head, call me Johnny Appleseed.
I got a dub and a dutch, let's roll and spark,
Til we start to see shit like Joan of Arc.
I know I'm smart, I know I'm nice,
That's why y'all can't see me like a poltergeist.
Smokin la la la, give that bowl a light,
Grab the bong even tighter than I hold the mic, like,

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