

Sunny Afternoon

Chris Webby

In the summertime
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You see I roll it up and light it when my Zippo gets ignited
It's an addiction at this point so what's the point in tryna fight it
Pass a bong with Miley Cyrus, and Michael Phelps in a cipher,
Even Schwarzenegger hit it, when I passed homie the lighter
Puffin that pharmaceutical so Cali's where I'm movin' to
Blazing on a sunny afternoon this shit it beautiful
The sun is in the sky, but you still can see the moon,
While I'm (lazing on a sunny afternoon)
Cause I'm feelin' spectacular, puff puff passenger,
On a NASA spacecraft up above passing ya
Abra-cadabra, I'll make the weed vanish bitch
Brain damage, tree bandit, rollin' up the cannabis
Kickin' back baby and I'm lovin' it
While I be puffin on dozens of my herbal supplements
That's just how I does it, so somebody grab a dub of piff
And I'll go grab a dutch to split, we'll be getting dumb as shit

Help me, help me, help me sail away,
Well give me to good reasons why I oughta stay.
Cause I love to live so pleasantly,
Live this life of luxury,
Lazing on a sunny afternoon.

Uh, yeah, and you know I'm not the sober type
So fuckin' high that I can barely even hold the mic
Always smoking, but yea I got probation
But fuck, rules are made to be broken right?
I'm a crazy dude, burnin' watchin' paper-view,
Munchin' on some Asian food, roll a J, a haze or two
Stay higher than Harry Potter flyin' on his broom
While I'm (lazing on a sunny afternoon)
Chelsea have you seen me lately, I think I'm goin' crazy
Tokin' on a vaporizer till my brain is broken baby
Rarely sober, I cant help it I'm a stoner
Always got that fresh out the baggy weed aroma
When some say it's a bad habit, I just fuckin' laugh at it
Grab the bong and pack it and hit it until I'm asthmatic
Brain always movin' slow like it's some bad traffic
You can't OD on pot? Shit, I'll take a stab at it

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I'm always twistin' up the ganja
Since 8th grade graduated with high honors
No one's getting higher when I roll the EZ-wider
I'll be chillin' with Harold and Kumar munchin' on some sliders
Where's my fuckin lighter, yo somebody grab the illest dose
I'll step my game up from water bottle bongs I built myself
Getting super silly, smoke fills up the room

While I'm (lazing on a sunny afternoon)
When it comes to marijuana I'm a heavy user
Even puffin in my dreams, pass a J with Freddy Kruger
It's like my medication at this point in life
I start itchin' when I'm stuck without a joint to life
Cotton mouth like I've been chewing on my t-shirt
Girls are third, money second, but I need my weed first.
So you wanna burn? Hope you got an ounce to bring
Shit I gotta go, yo I'm late for drug counseling.

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