

# We Alright

Chris Webby

Woo!

Bro, these shrooms are kicking the fuck in, like  
Oh my God  
You got another one rolled up? Aight  
And you? Yo, keep playing that shit on the guitar, I like that  
I like that a lot, actually, um  
Yeah-yeah, yeah-yeah  
Let me spit some, huh

Put my vibe on boost, mixing goose with the juice  
And that 151 proof loose in the booth  
A masseuse with the truth, get my hands on the facts  
While absorbing it all and I channel it back  
With a car full of copious chemical cornucopias  
No cause for claustrophobia in my utopia  
Holier, fuck, feel those shrooms kicking in  
When the trees all wave and the rooms start to spin  
With a grin on my face up in space, but I'm fine y'all  
Pupils so big, can't tell what color my eyes are  
Sidebar, 'bout to slide through dimensions  
In more timelines than Bill and Ted been  
I'm just too weird to live, too rare to die  
Tell 'em I got the kinda vibe money can't buy  
Oh me, oh my, I am in a zone, I  
Think I'll stay a while, wanna know why?

When the night falls down with the moon in the sky  
We alright right now, ain't no losing the vibe  
Got that liquor in my system, and that smoke up in my chest  
And those shroomies blur my vision till I feel like someone else  
And when the night falls down with the moon in the sky  
We alright right now, ain't no losing the vibe  
Got that liquor in my system, and that smoke up in my chest  
And those shroomies blur my vision till I feel like someone else (yeah)  
But we alright

Blurred visuals, feeling I'm invincible  
From these habitual, chemically driven rituals  
Every day I'm waking up, I'm feeling the residual  
But it's only minimal, go get my prescriptables  
Drugs in the duffle like Dr. Gonzo  
Peace pipe full when I squat with Squanto  
On so many drugs, you don't know the half of it  
LSD, DMT, and peyote cactuses  
On a spaceshuttle to rock it afar  
I been chilling on the moon then stop off at Mars  
I'm way off in space, I'm lost in the stars  
With a blunt 'bout as thick as a Mamba cigar  
And I'm suited, tryna stay rooted  
Think I would lose it but my temperament is suited  
To all of this intoxicating, and this combination  
Has got my brain on vacation, yeah

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But we alright

Yeah, we alright, yeah  
Said we alright, yeah  
We alright  
Got that liquor in my system, and that smoke up in my chest  
And those shroomies blur my vision till I feel like someone else  
But we alright