

# Jesus Was a Stoner

Cypress Hill

Jesus was a stoner, uh-huh  
Born in Southern California, uh-huh  
on the corner, uh-huh  
try the stoner, uh-huh

I'm called the weed messiah  
Rock your lighter  
You transfixed with the spliff and your lips higher  
Like smoke rises  
Your sex is heightened  
Inhale, embrace Mary, but don't be frightened  
I bring the God flower  
Oblite the people  
Holy sacrament communion, take and let me feed you  
No superstitions and crucifixions or false prophets  
Crosses burning in my hand, call it burned object  
Smoke gathers like holy Take a hit, pass it to the left, it's in the  
passage  
You know my disciples  
This is a new revival  
Judas rosen to the soil two in which to cycle  
Smoking Mother Earth  
Blessing is the herb  
Mother Mary save us  
Thankful for what you gave us  
Roll it in my papers  
Share it with my neighbours  
High as scyscrapers  
A cult of cultivators  
We got the multitude  
Our sisters and our brothers  
How I break my bread  
Like it's the last supper  
I'm the blood stoners  
I'm the higher after  
Believe me, elevate  
Hear the signs of laughter  
I'll be the greenest rapture  
Stoned Jesus with the cleanest shatter  
Some of demons has a dream Get the screen capture  
If you perceive this as a needless chatter  
You need to hit a Stoned Jesus chapter  
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