

Oh Na Na

Cypress Hill

Oh na na, marijuana
Oh na na, smoke the ganja

From them hills we go, lookin' for another high, bless my soul
If I get too high, let me go
Then I wanna fly like an eagle, yo
I'm wanna run through those trees, choppin' 'em all down, burn
it, the breeze
And I'm at so much ease, feel like I'm floatin' on the ocean
Please don't fuck up my high
Chillin' in the zone, in the dreams with my eyes shut
Wrap this joint so tight, with my own type of lighter, what?
Don't ask for a hit
Be careful what you ask for, you might get it
Wanna try my shit? Only connoisseurs can hang when I split it

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Oh na na
I smoke the [?], it make me go loco
I like the marijuana and I blaze up the ganja
Oh na na

stay in this lane, bitches better keep up or they gonna miss a
train
You might try in vain, you ain't gonna make it to the station
For all y'all missin', I'm wishin' you could for the weed we di
shin' out
I make shit simple, we smoked all the most potent weed for the
temple
There ain't no example, here we cultivate for the mind and the
mental
Just breathe that in
Listen, I don't even know where to begin
You feel that urge?
Like a shock through the body and you gonna feel the surge
This shit is
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