

# Spark Another Owl

Cypress Hill

Once again the powers of the herb open up the mind,  
Seek deep inside, tell me what you find,  
Come on...

Who be the ones steppin' in the room,  
Everybody welcome to the temple of boom,  
Back, let me see ya fat indo sack,  
And get weeded, somebody, everybody need it,  
Mari-Juana, Mari-Juana, do ya wanna,  
Give me love when I put the flame on ya,  
Homie I'm the one with the shotgun, in the closet,  
Next to the fat bags full of chronic,  
Puto, don't ya be steppin', with ya hands open,  
Askin' me "can I get a hit of what t'cha smokein'",  
I aint got no kind of love for a brother,  
Who comes to the party, with no bud,  
I be smokinest, indo-blazin', funk buddah,  
Everybody, wanted it, now they talk about the hooter,  
Up until the summer of '91,  
Wasn't no mutha fuckas talkin' 'bout smokein' blunts,  
From the west coast to the east coast,  
Everybody be braggin',  
But, I'm the one who be puffin' most,  
First it started with the nickel, then the dime,  
Then the Twenty, spendin' up all my money,  
Now, I roll with the nelco(?),  
With the pound in the pad smokein' up the indo,  
Just take a deep breath (Ahh),  
Hit it then pass it to the left,  
You can keep the mutha fuckin' stress,  
Smoke it up, just puff it up, (O yea),  
Light it up, then put your spliff up in the air,

Do you wanna spark another owl?  
Do you wanna spark another owl?

Everybody spark another owl.  
Everybody spark another owl.

I wanna spark another owl.  
I wanna spark another owl.

Do you wanna spark another owl?  
Do you wanna spark another owl?

(Sen Dog)Yea, stroll the ways of the buddah mastas, brings me to the  
temple of boom, I see people everywhere startin' to understand the  
point, when I'm talking about the joint, talkin' 'bout that marijuana,  
talkin' 'bout the sense, talkin' 'bout the kind mota boca loa-loa  
maui, maui, lugers of work- ready, mexican greenba, cheeba, cheeba y'all,

yesca, humble pound weed, the crypt, the chocolate tide, the afgani, the  
michoacan, the indo, the skunka, the bad breath sense (cough).

Hello everyone, I'm Kurt Loaded, we're here in hemp TV, with  
Cypress Hill in Amsterdam we're listening to there new album, I'm  
stoned, I'm outta here, Goodbye folks.