

## The Weedman

E-40

Ayee mama, I know the weedman! Ayee mama, I know the weedman!  
Ayee mama, I know the weedman! Weedman, hes my friend.  
The weedman, the cannibus pack, the vegetables, the lettuce man, the  
hydrogen laugh,  
the cure, the grass, the medicine, the farmers, the club, the growers  
and the citizens.  
The caterers, the champ that amped um for the marching bands.  
You will wanna learn this dance, side to side from left to right like  
this wit yo hands.  
You one of my loyalest customers, you know I ain't gone get ya,  
Ima slide through there in a minute & Ima smoke somethin' witcha.  
This week I'm runnin' a special, I'm tryna have my doe, this week I'm  
lettin' um go for like 250 a O.  
Some of us sellin' pills, some of us sellin' blow.  
Some of us got meals, & some of us is poor.  
Thats why I'm lettin' um go for the low low, duckin' & ditchin' & dod  
gin' the po po.  
Gettin' um off for cheap, no boy, competitors can't compete, my price  
s is hard to beat,  
affordable tryna stay on my feet, shippin' & handlin', gamblin' my tu  
rkey bags don't leak.  
Bieeetch!

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On the hush hush, the majority of the time I don't really like to fla  
mboast to much,  
cause the jealous will drop a dime & try too tell on us.  
In my line of work not even your bestfriend ya trust, thas why I alwa  
ys pack a 9 in case I gotta bust,  
speakin' of bust I think that rhymes with cannibus.  
Marijawana & I'm the provider who gotta lighter.  
Higher & higher, the new thing is a vaporizer, the other day ago they  
had to rush my folks to kaiser,  
cause his heart was skippin' a beat & it was off track, but really &  
truly my folks was havin' a panic attack.  
Everybody ain't built to reef, but some of us smoke from the time we  
wake up too the time we go to sleep.  
I'm on my way back from New Mexico on my 7th tank of petro,  
in my new school Lincoln Navi, with my decoy right behind me,  
takin' the back roads, customers on hold, soon as I get in the city l  
imits this sh't is good as sold.  
Bieeetch!

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UGH! I got that white widow, that sour diesel, them northern lights,  
that kush, that afghani,  
that champagne, that purple haze I push. Indoor, outdoor either or it  
don't matter,  
smoking weed is therapuetic & healin', weed is a muscle relaxer. Its  
more right than wrong, it helped me write this song.

You might get the munchies & eat a muthafu'ka out they house & home.  
Alot of us smoke the hooka, alot of us smoke the bong, swisher sweets  
, backwoods, zig zags, or a kong.

My harvest game is sick, my strains & my seeds, my potnah got a DUI f  
or smoking too much weed,  
you can look me right in the eye & tell that I'm keyed.  
Cataracts, cannibus card, its hard too see & read.  
Bieeetch!

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Ayee mama, I know the weedman! Weedman, hes my friend. [x2]