

# Weed War

Kottonmouth Kings

Just a minute ladies and gentlemen, I think something is happening  
The planet earth is the third outermost planet of nine planets orbiting a single sun

A long time ago in a far away galaxy  
Alien dope fiends ran out of the weed  
They built a ship with a cannabis radar  
Before they left they built 2 for Darth Vader  
Who told them of a planet where the dank shit grows  
And hydroponics is a science that everyone knows  
So they set out on a mission to a planet called earth  
On a neverending quest to get their herbs

Their on a neverending quest to get high,  
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It's a weed war and somebodies gonna die

Abductees on T.V told me in secrecy  
About a government conspiracy  
To snatch all of our crops  
To keep the cops paid  
Pot for technology the deal has been made  
And uncle sam is behind the scam  
He's slinging sacks behind our backs  
Raisin the tax to the max  
I hear he's geting stoned with the sleestax

Renegade potsmokers get united  
UFO's and dirtfeelers have been sighted  
So people don't trip and cause mass hysteria  
There's a skunky funky smell in the roswell area

51 ships have landed  
They've been commanded  
To grab the herbs that we have planted  
You know they didn't count on a counterattack  
And I never leave home without a  
Fat sack  
So I grabbed my nine gram bag of kind  
A lighter and some papers  
It was all I could find  
Ran to head quarters, grabbed a big old glass  
With the intention of smokin some alien grass

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Circles in my crop that shit gotta stop  
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So we pulled up to the gates of the alien camp  
We've come all alone with some homegrown hemp  
Fighting for the right of mans' kind  
(Alien) We can outsmoke you earthlings anytime

So you wanna battle?  
Lets get it on  
Me and you  
One on One  
Bong for Bong  
Hey grey, I hope your vegetarian  
Cause floatacious dank  
Is what I'm carrying  
He replied  
(Alien) This shit's alright  
And he broke out with some space flavoured kryptonite  
So I broke off a chunk of that cosmic funk  
And I shattered the glass like Shag fu dunk

It's my turn so I reached in my sack  
To pack a fat bowl to make this (inaudible)  
Pulled the switch with some ditch dirt weed  
Sticks oregano and some birdseed  
He started chokin, smoke was shooting out his gills  
And when he drank the bong water  
Ooh, He gave me chills  
I mean he fell on the ground and started throwin up  
As I went crosseyed his head was blowin up  
His brain exploded, the she'd was fried  
That was the last of the neverending quest to get high

Were on a neverending quest to get high,  
It's a weed war and the aliens just died