

Yes, yes
StarTrek
The spliff music (The spliff music)
Smoke up
Shouts out to the StarTrek
5150
Genesee
Yeah

I'm feelin' righteous
Pipe hits got me high as kite drifts
The lights dim
I like spliffs that hit hard like Mike Tyson's right fist
I'm on the mic, spit shit you can vibe with
Crazy I used to be not shit, time slips
My life shit, cop another dime quick
My clique full of high kids, StarTrek
From the known farfetched
Government want control of yo' arms, legs, soul, brain, and heart
My mind is natural grass, broke free from carpets
Fuck snitches we know where you narcs rest
I'm car-less, kickin', pushin'
Kush so soft it's like twistin' the cushion
Lyrical Glock, bruh I promise I'll pull it
Knowledge is the bullet, shootin' at toddlers
Bustin' at robbers, Robert
Even the coppers, she a dime so I copped her
I'm the type to meet her father, be cool as water
Show honor, he said "I like you with my daughter"
I'm the charmer, Earth is the god
I believe in karma
Do you?
Practice good deeds, get yo' good karma