

# Stoned Monkey

Little Big

Yeah, pass the pot  
See, me, I'm like a robot

I walk along colored street on this Friday  
X and DMT prop my step keep me tidy  
Near dirty club I see sky of magenta  
Let me go, let me in, let me pass through the enter  
Above my bug-eyes floats mister Hofmann  
Have a nice day! Shit the pants. It is normal  
"-Body go home, you are stoned and so weak!"  
-What? Who am I? Suck the tractor-driver's dick!"  
Yeah, I got in, it is safe, it's so priceless  
Shimmering colors and gyroscope dances  
Dizziness coming, I'm climbing the wall  
Am I feeling bad? Go to hell, not at all!

Everyday, everyday, ever-everyday I think of  
I'm searching for the gain  
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Everyday, everyday, ever-everyday I think of  
Where to go, how to chill, how to...  
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Yeah, another pot  
It feels, like I am a God

My arms are so wet and my eyes are so red  
Nobody guesses, if alive or just dead  
The Matrix has me it's gotta be acid  
Everything's ruffling, should I take some antacid?  
Colors are fading, my conscious's clearing  
Wow wow, slow down, I'm not done with my chilling  
Does anyone have any dose of cocaine?  
Or anything else I can put in my veins  
Somebody thought of, Some of them knew  
Somebody says: Monkey see, Monkey do  
So I can spend such a way every day  
Don't interfere and move out of my way

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