

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...
I'm searching for the gain
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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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