

Weed Song

Logic

Can you feel it? Do you feel it?
The same weed high that I feel?
'Cause I'm so high, I know I feel so right
Roll it, let's smoke it, I gots to get high
I been high since that last song
Off that la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la-la-la
And I just been smokin' and smokin'
Smoke another blunt, roll another up
Yeah, you know I get high
You know that weed can ease your mind
Every time I smoke endo, I, oh yeah, I fly
If everybody smoked a blunt, relieve the mind
The world could be a better place
If everybody took a break, we all got wasted
Toked out, smoked out, choked out

And the weed can't get no better, baby
No, this [?]

And when I need to free my mind
I can find satisfaction in a bag of weed
Everything I need, leave it to the trees, oh
Niggas rollin' up blunts and more blunts and more blunts and more blunts
Keep a case of Swisher Sweets in the trunk, I'm fucked up
So when I'm rollin', smokin', chokin', just floatin'
Through the city in my drop-top, Glock cocked
Rollin', just rollin'
Me and Mary Jane, it's my world, it's my thang
Penetrates my brain
Buddah done blessed me with game, good game
Do you wanna chop it up?
We can kick it, smoke a fatty to the dome
Nigga lay high, thugged out
Smokin' all night long

And the weed can't get no better, baby
No, this [?]