

## Brown Gold

**Spouse**

I smoke weed every day and I know that shit sounds old  
Dealer out of town got me rolling up the brown gold  
In a backwood, I don't care about the rest  
Preparing up a sesh to put some hair up on your chest  
If you know me, I'm into blunts like Pokeys  
It's roll three, then the fourth with the roach weed  
Smoke heavy, got my eyes turning red  
Smoke five to the head, make one rise from the dead  
There's five to a pack so I gotta get my cash worth  
Make 'em into eight, I'm a master with the patchwork  
Chop 'em down, and I burn 'em to the last birch  
On the internet watching Miley make her ass twerk  
Making hits been wrecking them steady  
It's a second gen so I reckon get my pen ready  
It's Cam Groves with Spouse, another roach to the bowl  
Add 'em up and then we smoking some more  
Mother fuckers

I definitely have a joint roach in my basement, I can go check,  
I have one in my backpack too I think, it's old as fuck, but..  
. It might mostly be filter but I'll grab it...

## Spizzy

I smoke a couple ounces a tour (ayup)  
My wife calls that a problem but we haven't divorced  
Sometimes there's not enough to keep smoking right  
So I scrape the resin out of shards in my broken pipes  
Paper clips when I forget to cop the dank at times  
Emergency surgically herbally I'm Dr. Frankenstein  
Candle lit up in the basement that's the ambiance  
Unroll then re-rolling roaches into zombie blunts  
I got no limit what we'll patch up  
Brown gold, look like Foxy Cleopatra  
We enter the sarcophagus and open the tomb  
Mummification impatient, get to smoke in the room  
Memories of past sessions all float into plumes  
Put the shovel to the ashtray, the body's exhumed  
Man when life megabytes like a download  
Find us in a cemetery digging up that brown gold