

Brown Gold

Spose

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 Spose, 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