

## Herby

Tribal Seeds

Rasta say smoke smoke  
I mon say smoke smoke  
Sisters say smoke smoke  
Idrens say smoke smoke  
Light up your ganja marijuana  
Light up your ganja marijuana

The herb was rooted off Solomon's grave  
Him was the wisest king who ever did live  
You know say knotty dreads them grown on the top of his  
head. Head, his head  
You know the ignorant them say we impure  
Commercials lie about the weed that's for sure  
Media propaganda we nah want it no more, no more

In the higher of places  
All them want is war  
In the higher of places  
All them crave is power  
Let it ease your mind  
Let the herb ease your mind

In the early of the morning  
In the midday sun  
In the stillness of night  
When the herb is ripe  
Smoke smoke, smoke smoke  
Smoke smoke