

Do you want to get high? (Yeah!)  
Does everybody want to get high? (Yeah!)

Yo, I'm like butter in the bottle, easy sprayin' at those  
Dressed in black like a funeral, prayin' to I'm like a thousand Newport's out the mouth of the trife  
A too short, Billy f\*ck your mouth with a rifle  
Yeah f\*ck your face with a screwdriver, show me a goon liver  
A miracle I ain't in jail doing a two-fiver  
I speak electricity, my words are loose diamonds  
String 'em together like Gucci links and used medallions  
I take you on a journey  
Sometimes I feel like f\*ck the world, y'all don't deserve me, f\*ck you and your attorney  
I drive a hard bargain, into the fire like Don Dokken  
f\*ck outta here, matter of fact, make it a L.A.R.S rocket  
The chopper read a rat, chief popper, Desert Eagle clap  
My words will cause the street underneath your feet to crack  
Resurrect John Lennon, bring the Beatles back  
Resurrect Bob Marley, bring that reefer back

Load the auto-dab with wax and - I get so high  
I feel like I'm passin' Jordan every time I pack a bowl and  
Grow my own weed on lands stolen  
Cali's saw with the hashy oil got my lung mad swollen  
Smoke out of an apple with The Grateful Dead  
Just to cause I wanna tap it through make some bread

(Yeah?) I get my weed from the street instead  
Cause I don't believe with a scrip, you deceive the feds  
What the f\*ck do I know? - I'm a marijuano  
Used to doing mano-mano in the hood for my dough  
Now I'm in the do?? line?  
La Coka Nostra - Dos like through? like the mob  
I'm a scholar and a gentleman, Cheech & Chong veteran  
Complicated hood shit, like Big Sleep's letterin'  
Waste italic cause I chase the dragon  
Just imagine that the dabbin' and the whisky ?? lace the galley?

I look around and see a bunch of younger me's with chips  
On their shoulders, smokin' weed, no seeds or sticks  
Graduated to the yayo for the freezin' drips  
Stashing burners in their f\*cking dungarees and whips  
Still awake at 7:AM and you need your fix  
You was booked on a flight but it leaves at six  
You were cooked for the night with an easy bitch  
That's the lifestyle of the young and greasy rich  
And sleazy it's all easy til the IRS sees me  
I ain't filed in years and now they startin' to seize me  
All the debt is in fees enough to make you get queasy  
Can't leave rap alone, I ain't Wheezy  
Ressurrect dope Slaine, bring the evil back  
Ressurrect John Lennon, bring The Beatles back  
Resurrect Cochran, I need a beat to rap??  
Tryin' find my way like it's hay in a needle stack