

Pack The Pipe

The Pharcyde

Trapped in the cockpit at forty thousand feet
The sky is the limit but we supersede
The greed for the speed is like way beyond limits
I grab my parachute with like forks and spoons in it

And I'm falling, I'm falling, my heart rapid rushes
Death before my eyes, oh why did I trust this
My reactions are repeated over and over and over
Oh it seems like I will never be sober

The pipe, the pipe, let's pack the pipe
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I look in every hip hop magazine it seems
That the blunts are being passed around the scenes in teams
And the gomma man with contraband in lesser amounts
I guess 'cause understands he has his chance, he passes like fouts

But his pass is incomplete 'cause I can tell in the smell
To let the touch he pass me by let the left catch hell
If I wanted to smoke tobacco I'd get a skinny white bitch
I know that fat lip carries a pack to cure the nicotine itch

Because the only itch I have is for the in doe or cess
So don't pass me that mess or try to even protest
That it's adding to the flavor 'cause the old one was fine
Won't you pack the pipe we keep it movin' down the line

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I got a big ol' blunt, I'm lampin' on my front porch
About to put a torch to it then Coco said don't do it
Please don't hit that shit in front of my little four year old son
She sent him inside the house mean while my Sheri steadily rolled

One after the other then another 'cause I'm rollin' in the dough
So we rolled in the in doe as if the kid didn't know
He's lookin' through the window yo while we tryin' to hide it
To make a boy grow to be ignorant and misguided

About the bud
Now I have to play the part of the adviser
Because the bud is just the tasty tantalizer
The bud not the beer 'cause the bud makes me wiser

So I said come're little man and with his little hand
He grabbed the pipe a lesson in Buddah blessin'
Not too young just right, so he started blazin' it was amazin'
My lungs are black and shriveled up like a raisin
But who am I to deny the kid a try, at nature's little way of sayin', hi?
So pack the pipe

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Twisting turning burning rings of fire when I come into ya layer
Say ya pay yer fare for the fee, I see the pipe, the pipe is what I like
I'm imani and I'm hype give me the pipe tonight
I really wanna smoke it, I really want to smoke it

I choke it, the in doe no jokin', I'm doin' it like this
I hope I do not get this by anybody, no by anybody
By anybody, no by anybody
What? Uh huh uh huh

Why does your mother smoke pipe with crack on the inside
She likes to take a bus ride with a shern stick in her mouth
Preachin' about what the world's goin' on, I don' know what's up
The bitch smokes a lotta heron
Every day a hard base head I don' know what to say

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I saw ya, the pipe dammit
Now it's dark inside nostril
An inside nose he completed the run