

Genesis of roots  
Seeking the rays of the sun  
Cultivated from the ancients  
And smoked since day one  
Way of I ancestor  
Way of natural law  
Sumerian can't knock it till you take a little draw  
In a peace treaty  
Circulate the herb around  
Light it up and it roots I back to the ground  
In a meditation  
Intriguing is the sound  
Of the word of Jah  
Let it be heard all around  
Whether you're coming from afar  
Or you come from around town  
Smoke the herb  
And show them how we get down  
In a residence or in downtown

Fire when Babylon surround the compound  
All will bow down to the crown  
When you hear the trumpets sound  
Healing from herb  
Come and lift you when you're down  
Feeling up the vibes  
When you hear your eardrums pounding  
Herbal congregations when we're coming through your town

This little herb stock  
Growing in my yard  
No I never leave too far  
This little herb stock  
Growing in my yard, growing in my yard  
I Herb stock  
Pon I little herb stock, I herb stock  
Pon I little herb stock  
Growing in my yard