

Dynamite (feat. Mr. Vegas)

Swollen Members

Reefer Madness, Kief and Black Hash,
a little bit of oil on the paper I like Dat, come on man light that,
The Amsterdam Flame, NYC Diesel, Kali Kush to the Brain.
So many strains in my life so Chill,
take a bong load listen to some cypress hill.
My mind is filled, head space stays creative,
music plays in my skull til I recreate it. Dont Make me angry, my skin goes green,
BLAM! throw man through a window screen.
Love me or hate me no in between all my friends grow indo in B.C.
Get so high, just can't take it,
walk through my house with a sharp knife naked,
I'm paranoid and I can't stop shakin' now it's all
good though, I smoke jamaican
No stems and seeds, sticky and fruity,
some are blonde and others ruby red headed beauties.
Dubies and blunts, the pipe,
the vaporizer, 25 and 8th from my favorite supplier.
I'm higher than Hendrix when he made Purple Haze, I'm amazed...
As long as I got herb to blaze I'm in a good mood attitude
extremely positive,
It's like I'm in a dream and the greens the cause of it
It gets intense, stick of incense, roll that/hit that shit to get bent.
Smoke and I feel like I leap through time,
speak to my mind I creep through the vine.
Sometimes I might have a tough time breathin' think
my hearts gonna stop for no reason.
I just try to sit back relax and zone out,
bring bad energy my way ya get thrown out.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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