

Beastie Boys, Jimi

Oh whoa, let's like, get my bong,
and do up some heavy weed, man, I got some really
heavy megsy meg stuff.. stone joints.. it's totally lost
It's totally.. all the time

Hey, a lot of drugs, go to hell
You ain't got nothing nothing to say
Why don't you just go away
You ain't got nothing nothin to tell
Why don't you just go to hell
You ain't got nothing nothing in your head
Odds are coming, you could be dead

Ah, let's get back to my bong..
yea..aah.. it's like..
Whoo..