

De La Soul, Weed

[announcer]

And you thought ghost weed was only for the thugs?
Hey hoe! (what?) yeaaaaah you hoe! (oh yeah me true true)
You can be down too!

Yo yo, whatever to that
I got this thought shit right here yo, black thought
I got that shit down pat
Check hold on hold on let me hit that {*inhales*}
(ghost weeeeeeeeeeeeeeeed!)
Got that thought shit yo, yo bust it bust it
Bout to freak that shit

[black thought]

Check me out yo, yo, check it out
Uhh, as we descend upon the city of schemes
See the image fadin into view from a black screen
A frail grandmother pack a heavy mac-teen
We fiend slash machines in the struggle and things ..
.. bloody denim scuff knuckle and things
Sucker-punchin fake rappers forcin me to take it to the extreme
Oh you real son well whattayou mean?

How you real when you hustlin dreams?
How you feel like you f**kin with me?
Now burn the 5th militia flame-thrower
The mic soldier, takin things over
You're not sober, consider thinking things over, relax
We bout to spit it all over the track, yo

What can't have any girl doin black thought
(ghost weeeeeeeeeeeeeeeed!)
Don't even listen to him, don't sweat it
Word yo!

[announcer]

Ghost weed, it's not like wow, it's like whoa!

[disclaimer]

Ghost weed has been brought to you by whack tobacc' incorporated
A subsidiary of move your ass products
Remember when using ghost weed
Be sure to apply the puff-puff-pass or brain damage may occur
Results of our product do not include platinum plaques
Void were prohibited