

# Defari, Bomb Tree

(Chorus: Defari)

Roll it, light it, smoke it, choke it, toke it  
See if you can hold it, this bomb tree  
Trick it, stack it, pack it, bong rips  
See if you can handle all of it, this bomb tree  
Roll it, light it, smoke it, choke it, toke it  
See if you can hold it, this bomb tree  
Trick it, stack it, pack it, bong rips,  
See if you can handle all of it, this bomb

(Defari)

My minds trippin', I'm flying like the Jetsons  
I got greener trees than the vegetable section  
Though I'm blown on high, I'm concentrating on this realness  
Society's playin' with these devils and illness, God  
Hear me when I beg for forgiveness  
All the black and tans I've had, all the forty's and Guinness  
All the sacks and the bags I've rolled full of indo  
Hot box in the low with the rolled up windows  
Ninety-eight degrees outside, ash the roach, put the AC on sixty-five and drive  
These Los Angeles streets I ride  
Peep a cold ass nigga with the bloodshot eyes, Defari, yeah  
That name ring a bell  
and that kush those dudes smoked got that bomb ass smell  
Palm trees ain't the only greenery in California  
In fact, the most common tree is what we call doja

(Chorus) - repeat 2X

Now I've been all around the world for the bomb ass tree  
Canada, Amsterdam, Christine to Italy, the Bay and Honolulu  
I even got thai weed in London that look like doodoo  
Imagine blunts longer than a Hennessy fifth  
Northern lights, purple kush with a mushroom mix  
Add my rockin' hash to your little blunt of tricks  
Now what do we have? A motherfuckin blunt that hits  
That's the shit, stop playin', add a sack to this  
But put it back in your pocket if you got seeds and sticks  
You dig? I'm only firing up fire weed  
Make a stress smoker really admire me

(Chorus) - repeat 2X

I'm from that Cheech and Chong scene  
I got that mean Joe Green  
I'll burn trees until I'm one hundred and thirteen (damn)  
And maybe then I'll stop, Not!  
I'll be a great grandpops with the finest of stock  
Cannabis cup, we party, can't handle this stuff  
Damage your lungs, what! Pack another one  
I got fresh water for the bong, that's six feet long  
Exercise before I rip it cuz this weed is strong  
A Jay of white widow sprinkled with some hash in the middle  
Make a nigga hella happy, like when he was little  
Bout to grub except now we burn pounds and dubs  
I'd like to take time out to thank those who gave love  
On the sack, the rest of y'all niggas is wack  
Tried to serve a nigga shake at the end of your bag  
Zig zag, take a slow drag  
And if you just started smoking tree you wouldn't know that

(Chorus) - repeat 2X