

Three 6 Mafia, Bin Laden Weed

Mane, mane, nigga check this shit out.
We was up in Chicago, right?
With my nigga big Hemp, know what I'm sayin'?
Man, the nigga pass me a blunt mane,
He like smoke this shit nigga this some o' that Bin Laden weed-
Y'all don't know nothin' bout this shit down south.
I was all like, what? What the f**k is bin laden weed?
Mane, he said that shit is like,
3 different kinds of weed mane, grown all togetha.
He said that shit's some straight killa.
Them Chicago niggas name that shit
Bin Laden weed mane, its some straight fire.

(Chorus:)

Who got that hydro,
Who got that light green,
Who got that Bobby Brown,
Who got Bin Laden weed?

(DJ Paul)

I swear sometimes I got to get high to hang around my hoe.
Sometimes I feel like I got to get high to hang 'round niggas I know.
I sped it up on weed, I slowed it down on snow,
Cause I seen so many niggas fall off that blow.
One day they got it all, then they say shit to show.
So often nasal my nazzle, I had to cut that hoe.
But now I'm feeling happy I'm on that Binny Bin Laden,
And niggas is acting like they don't know what the f**k just happened.
My vision's getting' blurry, I'm 'bout to fall asleep,
Or am I dying if I don't eat, cause this some potent weed?
My life starts flashing like holograms like right in front,
Of my own face, I never felt this way off one blunt.
I see my son gaining life and my dad losing his,
And old girlfriends and niggas I shouldn't of hung with.
The picture starting to fade, its getting hard to breath,
I'm blackin' out, with no pulse up under my shirt sleeve.

(Chorus 4x's)

(Juicy J)

Well since I'm on Bin Laden let me tell you a story;
Bout these three pussy rappers who could do nothing for me,
Gave 'em a whole lot of cheese said I f**ked 'em an' shit,
Smoked a whole lot ah weed so they seem to forget;
Who bought the trucks and them cars, put you bitches in homes?
Who told yo' ass to take a bath until you thought you was gone?
Mane I tell you he a killa when we talk on the phone,
When you see him face to face he'll leave you alone.
That's why I'm smokin' on this f**kin' Bin Laden.
All my niggas in the hood they got it.
Take one little puff you a addict.
Take a gun to the head means tragic.
Boy I tell you like this, we can smoke it anywhere.
In front of police station, with a six pack of beer.
Seven a.m. in the morning just watching people stare.
Let 'em point them damn fingers say they wild over there, yeeuh.

(Chorus 4x's)

(Lord Infamous)

It-it-it's glowing like it's indigo I smell it through the bag,

I'm floating like a magic carpet straight from Baghdad.
From my brain, from my blood, from my lungs, from the Dutches.
Can't just let this pure just escape from my-y clutches.
Plus, its the softest I'm loving I'm buzzin',
Smoking like a nothin' huffin' and puffin'.
Let's hit Indonesia, Colombian or Cali, man.
Let's go buy a weapon, straight from the Taliban

(Crunchy black)

Do you remember me? From smoking good weed.
Break it down, roll it up, give me indo needs.
Do you remember me, from no sticks no seeds?
Do you remember me from puttin' you on this Laden weed?
Get yo funds together and come and go and see.
I'm gone take you on the street where Bin Laden be.
It's one blunt action. You'll have to smoke and see.
Have you choking, falling out with your family.

(Chorus 'til fade)