

# Vanilla Ice, Tha Weed Song

Now here's a Zig Zag story while I'm writing this song

Sit back relax I'm igniting this bong

Picture this sandy beaches dimes wearin thongs

Serving mixed drinks to me all night long

With me feet back puffin on my weed sack

Shit you can't believe that people ask me

Where you buy your trees at

Got the Bombay Ganje lime green  
Sticky icky Ganja got me needing Visine

Like a magic carpet ride come fly with me  
And this is for my homies that get high with me

Just crack the Phillie open cause we keep on smoking

Dimes rubbin on lotion  
Feet soaking in the ocean

On a tropical Island staying sunny

We outta Phillies take these skins somebody roll a Mummy  
Now people say money makes the world go round

So come escape with me and let's puff on a pound.

Chorus:

So high fly through the sky

And ride my life high  
Fly through the sky

No matter what you say

Feeling so alright so Ire today

Fire de go blaze

No responsibility man

No responsible

Me I go rolling a fat blunt  
Smoking the fat blunt  
This is my goal.

Take it easy Rastaman

I will now go blaze

From Kingston Jamaica

Bombay to India  
Smoking in the air

What da da da day

Some of them are smoking  
Weed to take away frustration  
I and I do it for me aggravation  
Dreadlock to Babylon are selling everyday  
Come me say  
Bringing it back on the boat back to the USA  
With the ganja me floating me floating away  
Why not come and puff with me and then we go fly away  
Chorus repeat  
Well it's the sticky icky bomb Holmes  
Got the fat sacks puffier than Sean Combs  
It's the Ice man back blowin dookie out the nostrils  
In the studio creating shit that's colossal  
Apostle of the green bud see me bleemed up  
In my 430 Lexus off in Texas teamed up  
With the Darkman and we're blazing  
Some headbanging shit yo the Ice'll come equipped  
To spit with the best cause I'm all about mine  
I got dimes of smoke that'll make you float on cloud nine  
Then I shine just like a beacon in the night  
Pass me the Thai I get high on the mic  
For real a zig zag story for my peeps  
Bangin in the Jeeps while you slang it in the streets  
Like Napalm I'm way gone and now it's time to bounce  
It's the weed song come with me and smoke an ounce  
Chorus repeat