

8 Foot Sativa, 8 Foot Sativa

Stashing the bag and the joint
There's no real dealer
Makin' the change counting on 8 foot sativa
The choice is mine smashed as all is fine
The choices we make
The chances we take
Given' to you we hope its not too late
Even with all the shit we've been put through
Give it to you we're gonna prove

What's that, what's that

Step up Step up Step up for sativa
Step up Step up for 8 foot sativa
Wake up wake up wake up for sativa
Wake up wake up for 8 foot sativa

Even with all the shit and those who've been claiming it
We'll give it to you and hope its a master hit
What we can stand to play across the land
Trying new shit together hand and hand
Wondering why to live is to die
Keeping it real until we must lie
Leaving the change of what we decide
Crossing the line of all inside

Again, again