Bone Thugs-N-Harmony, Bad Weed Blues

[Wish] Man I hear y'all got some good ass weed around here [Dealer] Yeah nigga, what's happening'? I got you, how much you want? How much you got? [Wish] I got about two hundred dog, what's happening'? [Dealer] I got you weed though [Wish] Man this ain't no damn chronic! What the fuck?!?!

[Chorus]
Let me tell me y'all
I...I..., I got the bad weed blues
Ooh, got the bad weed blues

[Krayzie]

Last night, night, was a real bad night for me (Let me explain to y'all what I'm talking about, man this Shit was real fucked up for nigga though, I'm stressing) I bought a sack of weed, when I got home I seen, (they cheated) That this tree was just a big bag of seed These niggas have gotten me for my money I done spent a couple of hundred, Muthafuckers, naw I guess I gotta chunk it as loss But I'm mad cause I'm puffin and I'm puffin And I, I still ain't cough (Man this shit is not getting me high man, I am not high) This shit too soft, I need some weed that gotta kick or punch The shit that fucks you up That won't hit it and quit it cause you'll be too lifted After you've taken a hit from the blunt Your (??) was working me like a downer I need to be easy, easy, easy

[Chorus]
Let me tell me y'all
I...I..., I got the bad weed blues
Ooh, got the bad weed blues

All I wanna do is smoking, and choking

[Wish]

But ain't nobody got no goods, so I gotta move on I gotta find it really good, good for my lungs Yeah, yeah, yeah, cause I'm in need for that sticky sticky green And have my blunt checked, so that nigga had an attitude Excuse if I'm rude But that's just the way that the weed, does you do, ooh Throw your hands up if your weeded, uh huh Throw your hands up if you need it, come on I'm searching and I'm searching and I still ain't come up Why didn't I think of this before lil Dre, let me hit'em on up I hit'em up, he said he'll come right through He got the L.A., L.A., I said I'll be right through I finally got my blunt, I'm feeling so good But it's so hard to find a real goody good in my hood

[Chorus]
Let me tell me y'all
I...I..., I got the bad weed blues
Ooh, got the bad weed blues

[Lavzie]

I just got off the plane from Cali, I was smoking so good Need to get me sac right now let me roll through the hood Now I can't find Tweet, and Ken out of town Now I'm thinking what I'ma do when I gotta get high And then fuck around when it comes to the herb, I slurge Anything ain't gonna cut it, I just got paid with a pocket full of money And today I ain't on no budget searching high, low Out of my mind I'm ready to blow I'm feeling the stress, I'm getting depressed Weedman don't love me no more, nd I'm driving through the city, feeling empty inside Cause I can't get high and this shit ain't how I ride Stopping and hollaring at my niggas Petty hustling and thug felon twice convicted thug felon Just to see what he was selling It was the (??) we was in He swore it was the bomb, I was ready to flip but I stay calm Capping twenty in, and stay charmed My momma never said, momma never said, they'll be days like this I'm breaking rules but nigga, ooh, I got to blaze this shit

[Chorus]
Let me tell me y'all
I...I..., I got the bad weed blues
Ooh, got the bad weed blues

[Bizzy]

You ain't going tell me ain't no sticky in this whole fucking city Where's the weedman?, when you need them I want hollas from my niggas all around the way (Wuz up Big Blood!) My homie Big Blood, he just gave me a sack today, a sack today And ooh, even though we selling Ilelli, he pulled lil Bizzy to the side He insists lil Bizzy you know my lil sister she does braids My hair must be fucked up, but it's cool though, ooh Then Iil Bizzy pulled up to the side and said "Hey Big Blood, you got some dro?"

Let me tell me y'all
I...I just wanna tell y'all why, I
I got the bad weed blues
Cause ain't nobody got no gushy, so I'm smoking plenty gobble
Going crazy

[Chorus]
Let me tell me y'all
I...I..., I got the bad weed blues
Ooh, got the bad weed blues