

# Devin The Dude, Motha

[Devin]

Boog, weed, sess, skunk, pine, k, reefer, dank  
Sell ya boy a plump dime  
Killa, herb, grass, coffee, pot  
We gotta get some mo' because this O is all we got  
Smokin' everyday I can't let go  
Rollin' perfect Sweets, I mean perfecto  
Neighbours they say they smell this shit from next do'  
And they keep me outa they house because they know I'ma fiend  
Last month I pawned 17 sewing machines  
Took the money to my Mexican patner his names Malito  
(What's up wetback? [- ?spanish?])  
We go way back, we'd lay back in his crib and get drunk  
He always keeps some sess, but see sometimes he get's skunk  
And he calls me when he get it, cus he know I'm wit it  
And he tell me that's it's good but I'll believe it when I hit it  
I'll show up with a cigar and then he bring out this bong  
And before we get high we start singin' this song

[Hook]

Love the good motha  
Muy bien marijuana  
Love the good reefa  
Cannabis sativa  
Love the good motha  
Muy bien marijuana  
Love the good reefa  
Cannabis sativa (cheeba cheeba)

Smokin' weed really ain't nothin' to brag about  
Unless ya got friends like mine, look at this big bag I got  
Straight from Jamaica from that nigga Naughty Dread  
He got some shit with just one hit I bet yo' eyes get red  
And he call his weed cali, smoke it in the chalis  
"Take ya shoes off boy and try not to be careless"  
We be jammin' to the reggae music feelin' every note  
Both of our heads boppin' while we eatin' curried goat and he say  
"Hey mon, pass dat motherfucka dis way mon"  
I'm blowed, he blowed, we high  
He got pounds of weed in the other room, knee high  
And my nigga ain't greedy, he gives to the needy  
He put me down with weed and I hook him up with beaties  
We be trippin' off people who think weed makes you forget  
But you was...uh..shit

[Hook]

Niggaz smokin' sweets, dimes, ounces to quarters  
We pass the sess around in chronological order  
But when ain't nobody got no weed shit seems to be hopeless  
I know an old school weed smoker named Keofris  
He always keep killa cus all he do is roll jokers  
It's good for his cataracts and help him stay focused  
He say him and a couple of his friends back in the game  
They used to sing R & B the shoopdey doowop thing  
They had bowl cuts they eyes tight lookin' like Chinamen  
They had to switch up and change they name every now and then  
Finally tried to be theyself but people wouldn't accept it  
Shit started gettin' strange so they say fuck it and left it  
He said, "Boy whatever ya do just keep goin'  
If weed helps ya with the music keep the Sweets blowin'  
One day you'll get some money, you can buy me some teeth  
I wanna see ya make it boy, ya kinda remind me of me  
Cus I love the reefer" Huh? What'd you say? "Cheeba cheeba"

[Hook x2: Overlaps last bar]

[Devin talking over hook]

Pops you out

Aw yeah, this for the, for the OG's who used to listen to The Ojays

Shit, hell this even for the BG's

[Devin sings hook in little Mexican voice til fade]