

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]