

Dr. Demento, The Devil Went Down To Jamacia

The Devil went to Jamacia
He was lookin' to sell some weed
he was doin' fine
they were standin' in line
and it was excellent weed indeed

When he came across a young man
who was likewise peadlin' pot
and the Devil slid down the beach and said boy let me tell you what
I guess you kinda figured i'm a reefer head of course

after all this time
I guess that i'm a connoisseur of sorts
now your stuff smells okay
but this could traquilize a horse
i'll bet a million in cash against your stash
'Cause I think mine's better than yours

the boy said my names jonny
and you ain't smoked nothin' yet
one hit of this grass will kick your ass
you got yourself a bet

jonny roll a ball of hash
and make sure it's the bomb
cuz the Devil's got the kind of stuff
they smoked in vietnam
you'll get a million smackeroos in cash if you can cope
but if you can't the Devil will get your dope

the Devil packed a bong
with a lil' acapulco gold
and resin flew from his finger tips
as he fired up his bowl

he filled that chamber all the way
and he took a mighty hit
as they passed it back and forth
it gave them both a coughing fit

* coughs *(damn)

when the bowl was finished
jonny said hey man that stuff was great
but fill your lungs with some of this
and prepare to vegetate

cannabis sativa sweet mary jane
the Devil's in the backyard fryin' his brain
zig-zag filled with a diggity dang
hold on tight it'll hit cha' like a tank

the Devil nodded off because he knew that he was stoned
and he asked if he could buy an ounce
of the stuff that jonny owned
jonny said Devil just come on back
if you ever wanna catch a buzz
I dun told you once you son of a bitch
mines the best there ever was

and they fired up doobies one by one
they ain't gunna stop till the bags done
green as a bull frog, sticky as glue
granny do you get high?

yes i do