

# The Beastie Boys, Jimi

Oh whoa, let's like, get my bong,  
and do up some heavy weed, man, I got some really  
heavy megsy meg stuff.. stone joints.. it's totally lost  
It's totally.. all the time

Hey, a lot of drugs, go to hell  
You ain't got nothing nothing to say  
Why don't you just go away  
You ain't got nothing nothin to tell  
Why don't you just go to hell  
You ain't got nothing nothing in your head  
Odds are coming, you could be dead

Ah, let's get back to my bong..  
yea..aah.. it's like..  
Whoo..