

Travis Meyer, The Devil Went To Jamaica

The devil went to Jamaica, he was lookin' to sell some weed,
He was doin' fine, they were standin' in line, it was excellent weed indeed,
When he came across this young man who likewise peddlin' pot,
And the devil slid down the beach to the kid and said "Boy let me tell you what"

"I guess you kinda' figured I'm a reefer head of course,
And after all this time I guess that I'm a connoisseur of sorts.
Now your stuff smells ok, but this could tranqulize a horse.
I bet a million in cash against your stash, cause I think mines better than yours."

The boy said "My name's Johnny, and you ain't smoked nothing yet.
One hit of this grass'll kick your ass, you got yourself a bet."

Chorus:

Johnny roll a ball of hash, and make sure it's the bomb,
Cause the devil's got the kind of stuff they smoked in Veitnam,
You'll get a million smackeroos in cash if you can cope,
But if you can't, the devil gets your dope...

The devil packed a bong with a little Aculpulco Gold,
And resin flew from his fingertips 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 em both a coughing fit.

(Coughing) ...Damn....

When the bowl was finished, Johnny said "Hey man that stuff was great,
But fill your lungs with some of this, and prepare to vegitate.

Chorus 2:

Cannabis, Sativa, Sweet Mary Jane,
The devil's in the back yard fryin' his brain.
Zig-Zag filled with the diggety dank,
Hold on tight it'll hit you 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 Johnny owned.
Johnny said "Devil just come on back if you ever want catch a buzz.
I done told you once you son of a bitch, Mine's the best there ever was."

And they...
Fired up doobies one by one...
ain'ta gonna stop till the bag is done...
Green as a bullfrog, sticky as glue...
Granny do you get high, 'Yes i do..'