

Zearle, Where's The Sack?

Now brothern it's past eleven
Where are we heading?
Time is marching on
The high is gone, let's stoke that bong
With something strong, and pull that sucker real long
My lungs are achin' I'm not mistaken
The time is right, im high as a kite
This leafs alright, that bud just might light
But why fight it? the Reliefs in sight yo

Let's attempt to find that hemp
I need a yacken, a fatty raw boom-blatty
Lets mash on somebodys stash
That holy grass

So, Where's that sack?
I Give it all back
Where's that fat sack?
the green bud attack
So, wheres that fat sack?
Wheres that fat sack?

I need that dank
Money in the bank, I'm blank
So, Where's that stank?
You can keep that crank
I want that resin, the closest thing to heaven
Some other sun, i know i got some

So wheres that bud, no brown crud
Mexicali, grown in the valley
I want the tops, the cream of the crops
That donkeydick weed, not one nasseed

Wheres that sack?
Wheres the sack?
I'm not kiddin ya jack
I'm outta control
For some badass dola
Wheres the mac, with the sack, and the big back

Where's the sack?
Where's the sack?
C'mon All my peoples, we bein' equals
Open that bag, Don't be a drag
Savin? For what? Where's your boys gut?
Quit holdin' back, you got what i like
the pedagreen, that indo supreme
What's on my mind? oh be so kind
Show us that cherry, sticky and hairry
Where's the sack?
Where's the sack?
Green budia attack
outta control
the badass dola
Wheres the mac, with the big back?
Where's the sack?
mmm.. mountin grown
Humbolt's own
Best of the breed
it gets you the most keyed

In a minute, first hit, no limit
B.o.D.o Magic on boho
Smokin indo
So start dolin, get my motor rollin

*** This is incomplete ***
*** Will be finished ***

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