

# Eligh, Chronic

INTRO

(Laughing)

(Smoke, smoke, smoke, smoke, smoke, smoke)

(Roll it up, roll it up, roll it up, roll it up, roll it up)

(Herb)

(Take a hit)

(California marijuana)

(Smoke a lot ??????)

CHORUS X 2 (Eligh)

It's the chronic

Marijuana

I think I want a hit

Take a trip, a sip of bomb

Come along

It's just an herb

Mind's eye opened wide

Come inside

No need to hide

(Eligh)

It's just the chronic

Chronic moment

It's like the omen

Givin' birth inside your chest

Invest some time in knowing what the herb can do to a man's soul

When inhaled it takes the rest, he's impaled

It'll leave a person on top of a telephone pole with Hekyll and Jekyll

I know many men who have sold the secret medium my way

I light that bowl and lose control of tracks constructed by the conductor

Never stuck in a permanent high I float around my way

Wings and things help me to the next plateau I go

Way too intense with dense ideas I never change

I flow rivers of ancient, teleportations sent to the nation

Vis--vis via satellite, ear to ear from here to there

They feel the beat

&lt;He, he&gt; Don't be shy

I'm really a quiet guy

Just try!

Look what it does for an introvert

I flirt with Mary Jane and burn her body for the feeling in a pipe

I won't complain

Marijuana

I think I need a hit

I take a trip, a sip of bomb

Come along

It's just an herb

Mind's eye opened wide

Come inside

No need to hide

(CHORUS)

It's just a

Crowded room full of people having tripped out conversations

No one's up to getting over the edge

That last hit dropped the eggs from my basket

Now I'm asking

&quot;Dude, let's let's go outside real quick&quot;

&quot;Man, what's wrong with you, man?&quot;

&quot;Man let's just go outside real quick. Fuck it. I'm fucked up, dude.&quot;

&quot;Aight. Aight&quot; (Paranoid. Paranoid) (Go outside real quick. Go

outside real quick.)  
"Let's go smoke."

Paranoid, pacing outside, waiting for a cigarette to bring down my high  
Beware, boy, the one drunk punk  
Hey I can ??? with endurance, when he talks he doesn't give a fuck  
Swing low, I crouch down below  
Should have left the last hit to the homie with the tolerance  
Mary Jane's the bitch they pitch when slingin' bags for back support  
Barely sane I hand them twenty, that'll be plenty  
Relax and sport that sack in the back  
When the show's in progress my heart's pressed against my chest  
And the mic's in hand I bite my bottom lip and watch them trip  
I'm ripped!  
(What're they sayin'?)  
(Pass the blunt to the left-hand side. Pass the blunt to the left-hand side.)  
(Roll it in the ??? Roll it in the ??? Roll it in the ??? Blow it out the ???) X 2

Open mind, open lungs, open eyes, open hands  
To hold the bowl, hold for the urn  
Turn to ashes and urn  
Earn your keep, or Mary won't have nowhere to sleep  
There's something about Mary I can't seem to keep  
Stick to the beats of the midnight hours  
Smokin' a bowl before I go  
In slo-mo creepin' around the bend  
Not a snake in the grass so I fiend for green  
Call me a fan with a hand on the pipe  
Who like the smell, what the hell  
Like's the felling, what you dealin'?

(Marijuana)  
(CHORUS) X 2

It's just the chronic  
(Marijuana)  
(Smoke some green)