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

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