

# Michael Franti And Spearhead, Ganja Babe

I wanna make it slow  
Sensemille  
I wanna make it slow  
Make me feel ya

Heavy medicine  
ya see my eyes are feeling red again  
I'm bringin' light  
like Thomas funky Edison  
been in the desert for forty seven days  
Purple Haze  
the poison that I tasted never changed  
turn up the woofers so I can feel the beat  
vibrate my belly like a bomb in harmony  
summer heat  
my back is sticking to me to the seat  
bare feet  
tank top and shorts is all ya need  
summer breeze  
I'm feelin' kinda fine  
I'm rollin with my shorty all the time  
wind and grind lovely shake your behind  
cinnamon skin be bringing sin to my mind  
but whether or not the weather's hot  
or the weather's cold  
I'm wrapping her like a blanket with my whole soul  
so that she can feel me  
like Coca Cola I'm the woo-o-oh oh the sweet thing  
my girl lollipop she growing mad crops  
she rollin' herbs everyday  
at about 4 o' clock  
tick tock  
strike the hammer while the Iron's hot  
ooh girl watcha got cooking in the pot  
see Mary Mary quite contrary  
how does your garden grow?  
Hydroponic ultra supersonic  
or does it grow naturally slow?

(Chorus)

Ganja babe my sweet ganja babe  
I love tha way ya love me and the way ya misbehavin'  
ganja babe my sweet ganja babe  
come wake body-ody take my mind away

Everybody get down and do the boogaloo  
just like the cover of I want you  
yoo hooo look watcha gonna do  
watcha gonna do when the rent comes due  
round up the posse and call up the crew  
5 bucks at the door and ya bring ya own booze  
call ya neighbor 'cause they can come too  
be sure and bring ya records 'cause I only got a few  
so baa baa black sheep have you any wool  
yes sir, yes sir a nickle bagful  
one for my partner one for my crew  
some for my ganja baby she needs 2  
cuz just like me they long to be... high

(Chorus)