

Rilès, MARIJUANA

Listen up, you got a problem man..
Baby you've been on my mind..
Baby you're wasting my time

lotta preassurre on my name
lotta worries in my head
lotta responsibilities
traps and threats
I canalize, no I won;tt break

Down at night alone with myself
With my demons and my pain
Maybe if I blow some trees
And see that bitch it'll make all that shit fade away

don't get distracted man
pleasure is not happiness
stop running away from reality

Baby you've been on my mind..

so let smoke
weed every night