Eminem, Must Be The Ganja

Yea, (oh, oh), yea yea, oh
I feel like dancing
I feel like dancing
I smell something in the air that's making me (high)
I said I smell something in the air that's making me high
Ok here we go, do-re-mi-fa-so, I'm so la-di-da so
Lyrical rise flow, give back the tobasco
You mother fuckers mustsanot know the tic tac songs
Time to show you the mo kick ass flow in the cosmos
Picasso with a pick axe a sick asshole
She tac toe frozen six pack with exacto
Knives, strangling wives with pig lasso
Few bags of the the grass, zig zags, I'm with the doc so
You know how that go, skull and the crossbones
This is poison, the boys and girls who do not know
You do not want to try this at home my novato (novice)
This is niether the time or the place to get macho
So crack a six pack, sit back with some nachos
Maybe some popcorn, and watch the show and just rock slow
It's not what you expected, tho what you thought though
Bout time to you wake the fuck up smell the pot smoke
It must be the ganja
It's the marijuana
What's screeping upon me while I'm so high
Maybe it's the hindi that has gotten in me
Whatever's gotten into me I don't mind
It must be the Ganja
It's the marijuana
What's screeping upon me while I'm so high
Maybe it's the hindi that has gotten in me
Whatever's got into me I don't mind
Your dreams of getting the pill, you are literally getting the chills
Spitting at will, me and Dre have just finished splitting a pill
You're submitting to skill, sitting still, I'm admitting, I'm beginning to feel
Like I don't think anyone's real,
Faced with a dilemma, I can be Dali Llama and become a bin gramma a step beyond a Jeffrey Dah
Please don't upset me mama, you lookin sexy mama,
Don't know if this the lala or the rum and pepsi mama
Don't want to end up inside my refrigerator freezer,
Be used as extra topping the next time I make a pizza
How many people you know can name every serial killer who ever existed in a row,
Put em in chronological order beginning with Jack the Ripper,
Name the time and place from the body the bag the zipper,
Location of the woods where the body was dragged and then dumped,
The trunk that they were stuffed in, the model the make the plate
And which motel which lake they found her in,
And how they attacked the victim,
Say which murder weapon was used to do what and which one,
Which night it was done, what kid would write there was none,
So sloppy like this it's fun, the fuckin ecstasy goes
It must be the ganja
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When I'm behind a mic dynamite is what it's kinda like
Get stuck with that same stick that you're trying to light
Behind the boards is Dre, legends are made this way
Isn't it safe to say, this is the way it should be?

Maybe you need some lyric syrup sign for your symptoms
Heres a dosage of the antidote now you give him some,
He can give her some, she can give him some
Get behind a lynn drum, make up a beat and kill the sucka syndrome
You're spitting drama when it comes to lyrics and penance I'm
Starting from scratch and then ending up at the end ending up
Capable of bringing a bullets a stillunbelievable bullets a
Titanium brain that's full of, surprises
When the smoke rises right before your very own eyes
You stare into your stereos eyes
Good evening, this ain't even a weed thing,
I didn't even smoke anything, I didn't even drink anything
It must be the ganja
It's the marijuana
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Maybe it's the hindi that has gotten in me
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