

# I Get High (Featuring 50 Cent & Snoop Dogg)

## Lloyd Banks

I know I ain't supposed to smoke in here  
But Mr. Bouncer man don't put your motherfuckin' hands on me  
Can I get high without you botherin' me?  
Everybody you see in here tonight  
Doin' the same thing so why you keep playa hatin' on me  
Can I get high without you botherin' me?[Chorus: x2]  
La la la la. I be smokin'  
It hitten me right I'll be loakin'  
Them bullshit trees you be rollin'  
Barely give you a buzz, me I get high I admit I got a problem, I keep comin' back for these  
Dodo bags there not your yak or your sack o' seeds  
I chill sit back on the sofa and relax my knees  
And roll one up loose enough to make the backwards breathe  
I blow a heavy load, you kids attract some G's.  
Cause I'm a smoker, too much o' this would choke ya'  
I don't mean to provoke ya, but I'm a bad influence  
The musician can't operate without his instruments  
My recent success gradually got your bitch convinced  
Haters mad they can't look inside cause I pitched the tints  
I enter the club with baggies of that chocolate  
Second-hand smoke will make a nigga wanna start shit.  
Sometimes I wonder where the niggas from the start went  
Raise up a lighter and fuck up the whole apartment.  
It's just one of the things I do in my spare time  
My bad habits ain't private so I'm gon' share mine.[Chorus: x2] See they put their hands out cause of the way  
shit been  
I say you niggas ain't smokin' if you don't chip in.  
Listen. I waited long for these rocks to glisten  
From that one-room pad without a pot to piss in  
Although betrayal is not forgiven  
I do this for my niggas locked up that's comin' home to lobster livin'  
Hopin' the cops forbiddin'  
I'm bout to buy momma her own mansion  
Just so I could see her pop the ribbon.  
That Cali bud's special, so special I held the blunt so long  
Snoop had to tell me "Pass the weed, Nephew"  
Fuck rap I'm the wrong one to get pissed off  
Cause the pope'll make you jump like criss cross.  
My nigga dead and it's hard to let go,

So I'm blowin' on that wet dough, same color as Gecko  
Follow hood codes and everybody in the Sentinel  
We gas 'em Fuck 'em and Pass 'em what you expect hoe?[Chorus: x2]Said you want to blow with the best of  
them  
Yes yes I bested them  
Blazed up the purple palm tree  
I told you don't mess with them  
I warned them new testament  
Do you wanna smoke with me? (do you wanna)Weed rollin', G-strollin', bad-mouthin', mofucker  
Law breakin' Pimp, slappin niggas for the fuck of it  
Hip-hop an zip lock an rip rockin' gang banger  
Thought you was an actor, thought I was a singer  
Thought about ridin' but you say you wanna hang tough  
D-P-G-Unit sounds like danger  
You might wanna manage your anger  
Hang with us and stop smokin' on the same stuff  
Now lay back on the loft  
This new weed that I got I call it face-off  
Cause it'll blow your face off and that's a figure of speech,  
My niggas a beast, on me from the west to the east, preach[Chorus: x2]Sha da da

Songwriters

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