I Get High

Lloyd Banks

[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's
doin the same thing, so why you keep player hatin on me?
(Can I get high) - without you botherin me

[50] Ay, did you hit this shit?

[Chorus: G-Unit - repeat 2X]
That la lah-lah, I be smokin
Be gettin me right, I be loc'n
Them bullshit trees, you be rollin
barely gives you a buzz, me I get HIGH!

[Lloyd Banks]
I admit I got a problem, I keep comin back for these
doe-doe bags, and not your 'gnac or your sack of 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 can subtract some G's
cause I'm a smoker, too much of this to choke ya
I don't mean to provoke ya, but I'm a bad influence
A musician can't operate without his instruments
My recent success rapidly 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
The secondhand smoke'll make a nigga wanna start shit
Sometimes I think bout where the niggaz from the start went
Raise up a lighter and fuck up the whole apartment
It's just one of them things that I do with my spare time
My bad habits ain't private, so I'ma share mine

[Chorus]

[Lloyd Banks]
Now they put they hands out, cause of the way shit bend
So you niggaz 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
Overt betrayal is not forgiven, I do this
for my niggaz locked up that's comin home to lobster livin
Helpin the cop's forbidden, bout to buy momma her own mansion
Just so I can see her pop the ribbon
That Cali bud 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 pump'll make you "Jump" like Kris Kross
My nigga dead and it's hard to let go
So I'm blowin on that wet doe, same color as Gecko
We follow hood codes and everybody in the set know
We gas 'em, fuck 'em and pass 'em, what you expect ho?

[Chorus]

[Snoop Dogg]
Say 'gain won't you blow it with the best of them
Yes yes I blessted them, blazed up the purple palm trees
I told dem don't mess wit dem, I hold dem no testament
Do you want to smoke wit me?
Weed rollin, G-strollin, bad-mouthin muh'fucker
Law breakin, pimp slappin niggaz for the fuck of it
Hip-Hoppin, ziplockin, riprockin gangbanger
"Thought you was an actor," thought I was a singer
Thought about ridin if 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 law
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 niggaz a beast, on me, from the West to the East, preach!

[Chorus]

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