

# So High

Jeff Johnson

[Intro - Trey Songz]Trick Daddy Dollaz

Eightball, Trey Songz

We high

[Trick Daddy - Intro continued]Good evening ladies and gentleman

This is you're captain speakin' to ya

I'd like to welcome all of you aboard my flight

A flight that's promised to take you high

Way high up in the sky

So get out'cha blunts

Ya Dutchmasters and ya Backwoods

And I'll turn ya seatbelt signs off

[Verse 1 - Trick Daddy]I only smoke the best bud

Jamaica and Bahamas got the best herb, yes sir

I could smoke, toke after toke

Won't give a triple choke

And it won't hurt my throat, nope!

Chinky eyed, just ridin' n vibin'

On that real fire

Be high for two-three hours

And I'm cool wit' A-I, but hey

I ain't too much into Phillie's

But split a Dutch and I'll re-fill it

And I ain't friendly, so nope, ya can't hit it

I smoke good trees

Yo collard-greens full of reefer seeds

You use too many chemicals

Too much added stuff, fool, it ain't real kush!

One joint of that G-14

Will have you higher than your highest dreams, just floa-ting

Not knowin' if you're comin' or goin'

But when it's partly-cloudy, be prepared for the storm

And get high

[Hook - Trey Songz]Roll up and feel the vibe

Lay back, enjoy the ride

Inhale, deep inside

Exhale, we so high

Roll up and feel the vibe

Lay back, enjoy the ride

Inhale, deep inside

Exhale, we so high (High)  
[Trick Daddy - talking through-out hook]Love your stewardist coming through  
With snacks and drinks  
Everybody got cotton-mouth, or the munchies  
So y'all keep smokin' that good-good  
Help ya fly along, high  
High in the sky  
[Verse 2 - Eightball]Roll a Cigarillo, fire it up n' hit it  
Feels so good man, it's hard for me to quit it  
M-I-A, land of the palm trees  
T double D came through with the bomb trees  
And when a nigga inhale this  
I had to put my shades on, get behind tint  
In the clouds, lookin' down on the ground  
Eightball, big black playa from the mound  
Remember when, I used to have them dime-sacks  
Lil ma circle by my house wit' the weed trap  
Now my Zip-Lock's be full of bubble-kush  
Spark it like a broads bush when she's on douche  
Fruit cocktail, you could tell, by the smell  
  
Burn one, let the whole club know I'm here (Heeey!)  
Let's fly tonight  
Come ride wit'cha boy and get high tonight  
[Intermission - Trick Daddy (Trey Songz)](Feel the vibe)  
Ain't nothin' like bein' able to smoke-smoke good-good  
(Enjoy the ride)  
(Deep insiiide)  
And be waaay up here in the air  
(We so high)  
Away from all the troubles  
(Feel the vibe)  
And problems that's goin on down there in the real world  
(Enjoy the ride)  
Ohh, it feel good, don't it?  
(Deep inside)  
(We so high)  
[Hook - Trey Songz]Roll up and feel the vibe  
Lay back, enjoy the ride  
Inhale, deep inside  
Exhale, we so high  
Inhale, deep inside  
Exhale, we so high (Up in the Himalayas)  
Roll up and feel the vibe (Gettin' money, we out)  
Lay back, enjoy the ride (Smoke on, smoke on)

[Verse 3 - Trick Daddy]The only people I know, who don't smoke  
Is Jesus, C-O, and my last P-O  
Yo, but I ain't on papers no mo'  
Ain't gotta creep and sneak  
At least not to blow (Not to blow)  
I spent my first two years gettin' high  
By smokin' dollar joints rolled outta 1.5's  
That was 'round '84, '85  
Smoke all week for the dimes  
Now nigga that's live (Nigga that's live)  
Visine to help clear my eyes (My eyes)  
Sprayed cologne on, when it was time for me to go home  
I been doin' this for twenty years (Twenty years)  
Ain't never seen or heard of one man that weed done killed  
So just chill (Just chill, take puff here, puff there)  
Take a puff here, there  
To bring ya down a lil' off ya pills  
After that, go and eat'cha a meal  
But'chu gon' have to bathe ya ass to get the smell out'cha hair, yeah

[Hook - Trey Songz]Roll up and feel the vibe  
Lay back, enjoy the ride  
Inhale, deep inside (Inside)  
Exhale, we so high (We so high)  
Roll up and feel the vibe (Feel the vibe)  
Lay back, enjoy the ride (Enjoy the ride)  
Inhale, deep inside  
Exhale, we so high

[Trick Daddy - talking]Sad enough, yours truly  
The booger-man himself  
Bout to take you all across the world  
Take ya everywhere wit' the electric chair  
Gon' let'cha see anything wit' the wind  
But then again...  
You'll never get high like this again  
Come again my friends!  
Ha-haaa

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>