Fried Day

Bizzy Bone

(lighter clicking in the background)
now this is what im talking about baby(inhaling)
and this is for the weed heads and this is for the weedheads
get a bag of dope in a quarter o
(repeat2x)
(chorus)(repeat2x)
(second and fourth time at end in background "wanna get high get high")
so who want a bag who want a bag
you want a bag you want a bag
you got a bag so send em out the door to the liquor store
get a bag a dope in a quarter o
(first verse)
alright homies legalize reefer leaves and nines
some of them say we evil a little sumthin sumthin for my people
and though I know that weed will even out your debt
love everything green well thats what ma sister said God said
gonna get ya fucked up wanna get ya fucked up
when you take one hit then I make you hush up nigga shut the fuck up
No stems no, indo and chronic hydro and skunk and I can think of some more
ohh yeah time to smoke said so I know high day come around on Friday
toke the bowl breath deep boy yes then we pray
as the reefer help me see more everyday
wouldn't it couldn't it be heaven sent
we have one hell of a superstar bowl every first Friday of the month
and your humbily invited were truly humbly united
enemies and all of y'all hate on when i get my fade on
I'm so high
(chorus)(same as first)
(second verse)
on new year smokin the potent buddha (buddha)
they aint nuthin like that buddha lovin bomb shit
fat enough that it will make me move ya sooth ya

reefer creeper seepin in my sneakers seepin in my shiva heave her (nigga)
you better believe us even when we lonely weed wont leave us
not like these fake niggas that decieve us
all day the weed man dizzy we be better make it seedless
life aint easy put it on eazy but we still breathin
takin a hit of the reefer sendin me straight to heaven

chokin with my breezy
that herbal healin
and dont ya wanna feel that feelin and dont you wanna spend your scrilla
and givin the weed to the killas niggas forget why they killin (hell ya)
I heard they heard they heard they out here fuckin wit pills
nigga those chemicals will make you ill so get off the ecstasy
so to the realers mysterious and (???)
(chorus)(same as first)
(verse three)
thug that talkin till we love that love that that
dont legalize 'cause they know we can
gettin high just to get by
through all the suicides and homicides
and genocides drivebys walkbys gonna multiply
and chalk lines in the towns in the h-double-o-d hood and it would rain
and it aint all were it aint all and it aint all and it aint all good
I started at eleven stealin weed from coppers
and even though you beat us I gotta thank you for the reefer
neva mess with white girls but I roll those white boys
niggas come out the pen and they roll some tight joints tight joints
my shit is swollen you shouldnt be rollin
livin on green leaves that will make your heart bleed
just go and let me split up the weed and be silent and sober
no jokin when the neighbors door is open you want to come over
we smokin tokin and now we chokin tokin and then we chokin chokin chokin
chokin chokin chokin chokin chokin
I'm so high
(chorus)(repeat til end)

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