Get Lifted (TRG Remix)

Keith Murray

Uh-huh
Yeah
One two, one two
Smokin blunts
Mad Dog 20/20
We gonna get funkyI grab the forty rip off the skirt
Guzzle it, grab the mic and come out the woodworks
When shit's thick and no time to think
Keith Murray gets busy off a Basic Instinct
I puff a L and drink some liquor
Sit down and write a jam that receive the muhfuckin sticker
As God as my witness, with the sickness
Of a cannibalist cannibus I floats like a cumulus
My perpetual rebel intellectual
Won't catch a bad experience, with hallucinogenic either
I float simply with the canibus setiva
As my speech fall deep as in the scriptures
And graphic opponents like Picasso paint in pictures
If my eyes ain't red, it's all in my head
Once said by a Ph.D med
Legalize and I'll advertise, 'causeYeah("I get lifted")
Roll a Phillie and get
Roll a ziggy and get("Fire up this funk")
Yeah, like that y'all/Yeah word up("I get lifted")
Roll/Puff the Phillie and get
Roll/Puff the ziggy and get("Fire up this funk, fire up this funk")This the real deal not a publicity stunt
I gets high like if the man in the movie puffin blunts
But verily barely merrily is it dope or the dream
Step into my chain izm intervene the smokescreen
I captivate it then cultivate it, jealous of my desire
Smoke it down to the fire, anything to get a little higher
I've been to college but to be truthfully frank
Weed is knowledge, cause it makes me think
I pick anatomy and hem reality like Jah
Rastas read the bible, after puffin sensimillia
And the seeds it gets me high to fly, I ain't bullshittin
You can ask Bill Clinton, he could verify thatYeah("I get lifted")
Roll a Phillie and get
Roll a ziggy and get("Fire up this funk")

Yeah, like that y'all/Yeah word up("I get lifted")
Roll/Puff the Phillie and get
Roll/Puff the ziggy and get("Fire up this funk, fire up this funk")Step into this intersection and take this rap
I got a vicious plot but first take me by the weed spot
I do this for my niggaz locked down runnin capers
Smokin herb, and the bible papers
But how does it feel when you got no fire?
And kyant pass fi dutchie pon de leffhand side
What the fuck? Who the fuck wanna fuck
With the six shot shooter, I murder you over buddha
What I discuss'll bust a rhyme style nucleus
And roast them ghostes, puffin hocus pocus
So kid, pass that bomb trom word bond
So I can toke it with more wins than a python
Different Strokes for different folks
He like the chocolate thai
You like to float with the green skunky smoke
Roll up a fat one and pass it around
Laid back hypnotized to the funky sound, wordYeah("I get lifted")
Roll a Phillie and get
Roll a ziggy and get("Fire up this funk")
Yeah, like that y'all/Yeah word up("I get lifted")
Roll/Puff the Phillie and get
Roll/Puff the ziggy and get("Fire up this funk, fire up this funk")Yeah("I get lifted")
Roll a Phillie and get
Roll a ziggy and get("Fire up this funk")
Yeah, like that y'all/Yeah word up("I get lifted")
Roll/Puff the Phillie and get
Roll/Puff the ziggy and get("Fire up this funk, fire up this funk")"Yo man, what's that guy's name, the Green Eyed Bandit?
He worked with Redman, Redman, whatever the fuck his name is "

Songwriters
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