

# Fried Day

## Bizzy Bone

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

(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 token and now we chokin token and then we chokin chokin chokin  
chokin chokin chokin chokin chokin  
I'm so high(chorus)(repeat til end)

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