

I Get High (feat. 50 Cent & Snoop Dogg)

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
Doin' the same thing so why you keep playa hatin' on me
Can I get high without you botherin' me?[Chorus: x2]
La la la la. I be smokin'
It hitten me right I'll be loakin'
Them bullshit trees you be rollin'
Barely give you a buzz, me I get high I admit I got a problem, I keep comin' back for these
Dodo bags there not your yak or your sack o' 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 kids attract some G's.
Cause I'm a smoker, too much o' this would choke ya'
I don't mean to provoke ya, but I'm a bad influence
The musician can't operate without his instruments
My recent success gradually 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
Second-hand smoke will make a nigga wanna start shit.
Sometimes I wonder where the niggas from the start went
Raise up a lighter and fuck up the whole apartment.
It's just one of the things I do in my spare time
My bad habits ain't private so I'm gon' share mine.[Chorus: x2] See they put their hands out cause of the way
shit been
I say you niggas 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
Although betrayal is not forgiven
I do this for my niggas locked up that's comin' home to lobster livin'
Hopin' the cops forbiddin'
I'm bout to buy momma her own mansion
Just so I could see her pop the ribbon.
That Cali bud's 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 pope'll make you jump like criss cross.
My nigga dead and it's hard to let go,

So I'm blowin' on that wet dough, same color as Gecko
Follow hood codes and everybody in the Sentinel
We gas 'em Fuck 'em and Pass 'em what you expect hoe?[Chorus: x2]Said you want to blow with the best of
them
Yes yes I bested them
Blazed up the purple palm tree
I told you don't mess with them
I warned them new testament
Do you wanna smoke with me? (do you wanna)Weed rollin', G-strollin', bad-mouthin', mofucker
Law breakin' Pimp, slappin niggas for the fuck of it
Hip-hop an zip lock an rip rockin' gang banger
Thought you was an actor, thought I was a singer
Thought about ridin' but 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 loft
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 niggas a beast, on me from the west to the east, preach[Chorus: x2]Sha da da

Songwriters

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