Blown Away

Bizzy Bone

[Intro: Bizzy (Playalitical)]What's goin on, what's up my nuh?
Ay Paul man, roll up some weed, y'knowmsayin?
We 'bout to rock this shit, with Spoke-In-Word (yeah)
Knowmsayin, we 'bout to really make this thing happen
(It's that smoke session) Bizzy Bone the Midwest Cowboy
Light a blunt up man
No man, you smoke that I got mine
[Interlude: Bizzy Bone (Playalitical) {female singer}]So get hiiiigh (uhh, I can make a call, it's on its way)
So get hiiiigh (so we can get ta blowin some hay)
So get hiiiigh (I wanna get) {blown away!}
Let's get, let's get, let's get, let's get hiiiigh {ohh noooo}
[Bizzy Bone]Now roll up the weed in the swisha, heavenly smoke
We gonna smoke smoke smoke, leave it up in them lungs 'til we choke choke
It's bittersweet, when I get high, but it settles
Also topsy-turvy, swerve on the curb
with a fifth of grape Kool-Aid and Thunderbird
With the misfits, I pitch in, some of them switch though
Havana just be poppin for Doris, Bahamas be smokin 'dro
Fly home nervous, with the customs, enter a sweet
I see my babies and my maid, and then Puffy made my money sweep
Forty thousand, five thousand for a pound of yo' sticky
And I'm talkin purple haze back in '94, just stuff it in that sock Bizzy
But they downed me on it, and they kept the bag for three days
I stood at the front door, right at the airport
better believe I'ma get my trees
I smoke the whole pound, met a broad and now we out of town
Got married and divorced, and ever since then, carryin the cross

Got married and divorced, I met a broad and we out of town
It's Bizzy Bone, he been carryin his cross - one love, one love
[Chorus: Bizzy Bone (Playalitical) {female singer}]So get hiiiigh (uhh, I can make a call, it's on its way)
So get hiiiigh (so we can get ta blowin some hay)
So get hiiiigh (I wanna get) {blown away!}
Let's get, let's get, let's get, let's get hiiiigh {ohh noooo}
(Uhh, I can make a call, it's on its way)
So get hiiiigh (so we can get ta blowin some hay)
So get hiiiigh (I wanna get) {blown away!}
Let's get, let's get, let's get, let's get hiiiigh {ohh noooo}
[Spoke-In-Wordz (Playalitical)]Yo, yo

Take to the sky on a natural high, lovin you more 'til the day that I die
Dead or alive, I'ma be puffin that weed, whether y'all like it or not
Addicted to the pipe and the pot, I'm gifted like a light in the spot
I can't even keep count of so many clouds, they just keep on passin me by
(Layzie) Bizzy when it comes to smokin people say I'm (Krayzie)
Could never get enough, this is my Wish and my Flesh
and all that that made me
Somebody roll up a staff of merlin hash, those that spoke-in-word and pass
If I ain't smokin I'm servin, therefore I smoke in third person, ask
I can recollect the swishers, but I can't remember the type and
Some burn, while I was writin these - bars, punchlines and hyphens
Been smokin since I was two. 'Glued off aeroponic sold. Fool
in school, I had a locker full of Downeys stuffed in blow-tubes.
Takin advantage of blazin-ads, 'paid for inflatin-vaporized-bags.
Thus, I'm smokin to pay my tab, for smokin and smokin to pay my tab..
[Chorus]

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