

# I Get High

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's  
doin the same thing, so why you keep player hatin on me?  
(Can I get high) - without you botherin me

Ay, did you hit this shit?

That la lah-lah, I be smokin  
Be gettin me right, I be loc'n  
Them bullshit trees, you be rollin  
barely gives you a buzz, me I get HIGH!  
(2x)

I admit I got a problem, I keep comin back for these  
doe-doe bags, and not your 'gnac or your sack of 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 can subtract some G's  
cause I'm a smoker, too much of this to choke ya  
I don't mean to provoke ya, but I'm a bad influence  
A musician can't operate without his instruments  
My recent success rapidly 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  
The secondhand smoke'll make a nigga wanna start shit  
Sometimes I think bout where the niggaz from the start went  
Raise up a lighter and fuck up the whole apartment  
It's just one of them things that I do with my spare time  
My bad habits ain't private, so I'ma share mine

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Now they put they hands out, cause of the way shit bend  
So you niggaz 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  
Overt betrayal is not forgiven, I do this  
for my niggaz locked up that's comin home to lobster livin  
Helpin the cop's forbidden, bout to buy momma her own mansion  
Just so I can see her pop the ribbon  
That Cali bud 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 pump'll make you "Jump" like Kris Kross  
My nigga dead and it's hard to let go  
So I'm blowin on that wet doe, same color as Gecko  
We follow hood codes and everybody in the set know  
We gas 'em, fuck 'em and pass 'em, what you expect ho?

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Say 'gain won't you blow it with the best of them  
Yes yes I blessted them, blazed up the purple palm trees  
I told dem don't mess wit dem, I hold dem no testament  
Do you want to smoke wit me?  
Weed rollin, G-strollin, bad-mouthin muh'fucker  
Law breakin, pimp slappin niggaz for the fuck of it  
Hip-Hoppin, ziplockin, riprockin gangbangin  
"Thought you was an actor," thought I was a singer  
Thought about ridin if 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 law  
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 niggaz a beast, on me, from the West to the East, preach!

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