

# Blown Away

Bizzy Bone

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

So get hiiiigh (uhh, I can make a call, it's on its way)  
So get hiiiigh (so we can pinch on 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}

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

So get hiiiigh (uhh, I can make a call, it's on its way)  
So get hiiiigh (so we can pinch on 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 pinch on 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}

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 soul food  
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]