

## Fried Day

Bizzy Bone

Now this is what I'm 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  
(2x)

(2x)

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 liqueur  
Store  
Get a bag of dope and a quarter roll

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 that's what my sister said God said  
Gonna get ya f\*\*ked up wanna get ya f\*\*ked up  
When you take one hit then I make you hush up nigga shut  
The f\*\*k up  
No stress though indo and chronic hydro and skunk and I can  
think of  
Some more  
Oh 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 humbly invited were truly humbly united  
Enemies and all of y'all hate on when I get my  
Fade on  
I'm so high

On new year smocking the potent Buddha (Buddha)  
They ain't nothing like that Buddha loving 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 deceive us  
All day the weed man dizzy we be better make it  
Seedless  
Life ain't easy put it on easy but we still  
Breathing  
Taking a hit of the reefer sendin me straight to  
Heaven  
Chocking with my breezy  
That herbal healing  
And don't ya wanna feel that feeling and don't you wanna  
Spend your scrilla  
And giving the weed to the killers niggas forget why they  
Killing (hell ya)

I heard they heard they heard they out here f\*\*kin  
Wit pills  
Nigga those chemicals will make you ill so get off  
The ecstasy  
So to the realers mysterious and ??

Thug that talking till we love that love that  
That  
Don't 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 ain't all were it ain't all and it ain't all and  
It ain't all good  
I started at eleven stealing 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 shouldn't be rolling  
Living on green leaves that will make your heart  
Bleed  
Just go and let me split up the weed and be silent  
And sober  
No jocking when the neighbors door is open you want to  
Come over  
We smocking toking and now we chocking toking and then we chocking  
Chocking chocking  
Chocking chocking chocking chocking chocking  
I'm so high

[chorus repeat til end]