

# Good Day

Chris Webby

We so high  
'Cause we so high

Yeah  
I'm feeling lovely, please don't judge me  
Walking on the wild side, you just got to trust me  
Rolling round with hippies, everyday I puff trees  
Getting so high there ain't nobody above me  
And I'm feeling spectacular chilling at the bar  
No need for the mean mugging while they acting hard  
I be chilling with the people that are happier  
And I don't need the biggest house or the fastest car  
Shit I'm me and that's all I'll ever be, son  
I don't need no money to shape who I become  
I'm my own man, now that's freedom  
You getting what you paid for no refunds  
But fuck it yo this a good day  
Listen when the hook play  
Baby, this them positive vibes and what I should say  
Is that I'm faded, feeling happy as fuck  
Living every single day like it's the Cannabis Cup

Yeah, We smoke and get by  
And you know that we so high  
And I'm never come down  
Yeah, I'm never gonna come down  
I'm Just tryna have a good day  
'Cause we so high  
(When they see him in the dope now?)  
We don't really got to stop living this way  
But I'm gonna have a good day  
Yeah, I'm tryna have a good day

Man, I'm so high and I can't come down  
She said that she single and she wants some fun now  
Said that I'm Jitta and she took her tongue out  
Tried to say she shy but that weed's so loud  
I be out in L.A  
Homegrown the team, baby  
Tryna fit a whole eighth up inside a leaf, baby  
Yo I'm tryna (cuff?) girl, I ain't with police, baby  
Jitta On The Track, (lumber?) life's what your seeing, baby  
Yeah, I started with a swisher smoke a blunt up in the morning  
Man, I'm tryna have a good day but you know I'm steady on it  
And I'm all about my paper like a office to the (laws?)  
Get to coughing, man, I'm fresh to death to the I'm stoned on top like a cof  
fin  
Stoned in the cold like I'm Austin  
Baby, we can kick it like (Kosten?)  
White boys saying that I'm awesome  
Shit, I'm just tryna smoke weed to be honest

Feeling great, B  
Everything is gravy  
I'm just living life, going wherever it takes me  
Started from the bottom, now I'm up on phase three  
Shit, you know I got them and the crowd be going crazy

I just run in through this war zone  
Tryna keep my head low  
Think they messing with me, motherfucker, that's a heck no  
Check yo, every time I spit I make them sweat yo  
You would think they doing hot yoga in a trench coat  
I'm just chilling doing my thing  
I could give a shit about the money and the fame  
All I need some good weed and a bong and a flame  
And a little bad bitch that'll scream my name  
When I'm laying that pipe like Luigi  
Holler when you see me  
Cotton mouth criminal, sipping on a Fiji  
Coming with that fire they be calling me Khaleesi  
I'm just being me I just need to be easy

Yeah, Yeah, Yeah