

Wanna Get High

Project Pat

I just wanna get high, high, high
I just wanna get high
I just wanna stay high, high, high
I just wanna stay high

These niggas say I smoke out too much
These niggas say I pop pills too much
These niggas say I drank liquor too much
Ain't no such thang as too much
Blunt number eight, roll up again
Pass me the tab, pass me the Hen'
When I get through, I'ma do it all again
I'm on cloud nine and I'm headed to ten
Is you mad or no?
Cali bud on deck, had to blow
Smoke in my lungs, bout half a bowl
I'm chiefin' all day if you had to know
You can match or go
Garcia Vega, make it burn slow
I'm high as hell but my eyes real low
Lookin just like Bruce Lee right now
You wanna be high as me right now
I got a bitch that don't smoke
She just roll the shit and light it up
I can give a damn what anybody say
I keep it on deck, I ain't high enough
I don't wanna come down, I don't wanna come down
It's hard to explain this feelin I feel
But truth be told...
I don't even know what day it is, I just wanna get high

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Six-deuce coupe
I don't ride in it unless I smoke in it first
Go to sleep early, wake up early just to get it
The grind all depends on how much time you spent perfecting it
But niggas always hate, come from nowhere with that extra shit
Let 'em lie, dig they own ditch
California king size, hardly lay in it
I'm proof that if you want it, you can get it
Champagne for breakfast, taste; expensive
Super paid, uber Escalade for my women friends
Wanna be it, gotta see it
Extra lighter where my seat at
Pair of nines where my feet at
Brought the papers, where the weed at

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This shit is po-tent

One hit of this strong and from this you will be cho-kin
Gotta stay fo-cused
I'm burnin my fingers, ain't even put out the roaches
I'm just floatin
I'm in outer space, I feel out of place when I'm high
And I'm gon stay like this til I die
I stay high-igh-igh-igh-igh-igh
Blowin shotguns to a bad bitch
Smoke good bud cause I'm mad rich
Stay zoned out on the average
Don't know shit about babbage
You must forgot I'm a savage
Marijuana my medicine
I got Christmas trees, it ain't Christmas time
But each time I go where I never been
My doctor said it ain't good for ya lungs
But it's good for my mind and it keep me calm
Mary Jane, she got me sprung and she had my heart since a nigga was young
I don't wanna come down
It's hard to explain this feelin I feel
Nigga I'm throwed, but truth be told...
I don't even know what day it is, I just wanna get high

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