Good Times

Swizz Beatz

I get high, I get high, I get high, I get high I get high, I get high, I get high, I get high I get high on your memory High on your memory, high on your memory

I get high, high, high, high I get high, high, high, high I get high, high, high, high I get high, high, high, high

I get high, high, high, high I get high, high, high, high I get high, high, high, high, high

Everyday I need an ounce and a half S.P., the only flower that you know, with a bounce in a half Listen kid, I need a mountain of cash So I could roll up, hop in the whip and like, bounce to the ave

I get high 'cause I'm in the hood, the guns is around It take a blunt just to ease the pain that humbled me now And I'd rather roll somethin' up, 'cause if I'm sober, dog I just might flip, grab my guns and hold somethin' up

I get high as a kite, I'm in the zone, all alone Motherfucker case, I'm dyin' tonight So I roll 'em up, back to back, fat as I could You got beef with Styles P, I come to splatter the hood

I get high, high, high, high I get high, high, high, high I get high, high, high, high I get high, high, high, high

I get high, high, high, high I get high, high, high, high I get high, high, high, high, high

Aiyyo, I smoke like a chimney Matter of fact I smoke like a gun when a killer see his enemy I smoke like Bob Marley did, add to that That I smoke like the hippies did back in the 70's

Spit with the finishin' touch, get this, that I'ma finish you before I finish the dutch I get high like the birds and the planes I get high when bullets hit faces after words exchanged

I get a rush off the blood on the walls, you understand? Like the M-5 pedal when it's touchin' the floor I get high 'cause fuck it, what's better to do? And I'ma never give a fuck, that's right 'cause I'm better than you

I get high, high, high, high I get high, high, high, high, high

I'ma smoke till my lungs collapse, I'm from a era where Niggaz 'cause terror over guns and crack Where a dollar bill is powerful, I smoke weed 'cause Time seem precious and I know what a hour do

High for a livin', gots to ride for a livin' With my real gangsta niggaz that'll die for a livin' Shit, I get as high as I could, 'cause if you see things Like I see things that I'ma die in the hood

Motherfucker, understand it's full service to you I don't smoke the weed if it ain't purple or blue And you could name any rapper, if you want he could die This is S.P., dump it in you, bitch, I get high

I get high, high, high, high I get high, high, high, high I get high, high, high, high ...