

High On Halloween

Twiztid

Man, it was fucked up and I'll never forget it
There was blood all over my hands, I must have did it
I'm in handcuffs and these people keep screaming
Yelling at the police
Man he's not breathing
Flatline, I blacked out again
Cause last time this shit happen
I was covered in blood
No love for the two-faced demon
Who gets drunk and goes speeding
Into the back of a pick-up truck
Now it's coming back to me
I killed a family
Because of my alcoholic insanity
I'm in the cop car now, it's setting in
That the blood on my hand is from the hole in my chin
I know I'll get a phone call for someone to come and get me
But the person I would call I think was in the car with me
Everybody died tonight because
I wanted to get drunk and drive
Now I'm doing life

I wanna get high
I got to get high
If I don't get high
Then I can't get by
But we don't get high on Halloween
Cause bad shits always happening
I wanna hit that blunt!
Man give me that blunt!
Go on and hit that blunt
And quit acting like a punk!
Fuck that!
We ain't getting high today
And maybe all the spirits will just fly away

Where the party goin' on tonight?
It's Halloween
I got to get up on some green
Before I show up on the scene
Creeping clean
Up out the Chevy sporting county blue
Gripping the box of white owls to put the weed into
The name is Blaze, nothing changed
Pull the blunt out cause drank six fifths of Henny
I ain't even catch a buzz
The music jumping when we started
Make my way up to the party
That's when I spotted homeboy with the blunt from above
Put the light up to the blunt
Commence to fill my lungs with smoke
until I'm swimming in a cloud of smoke
Choking up the focus when it happened
Room was spinning, people laughing
The pictures on the wall come alive and start attacking
The windows smashing out, people running all directions
I tried to move myself it's like I'm molded to my section

Somebody laced my shit and now I'm layin on the flo'
Damn, I'll never smoke no weed on Halloween no mo'

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When I'm high
Treat Halloween like April Fool's
Then trick on these motherfucking ghost and ghouls
She ask why's this candy apple taste so salty?
Because my dick pissed all acrossed it
Three years probation for that shit hoe
Just because these little punks couldn't take the joke
Now they coming at me with some shit like I can't smoke
And I just bought a sack of Halloween hydro
Never know could go crazy again
Razor blades in the candy bone, just grab in
It's like off Halloween when I get stoned
I release one spirit from the dead to roam
Can't say if I'll ever see them
But the dirt that they do always comes a creeping
So tonight just call me Skip
And be thankful I didn't hit that shit
Pass it on dawg

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Shit maybe ya'll ain't getting high
but I'm in this mothafucka CHIEFIN
Happy Halloween ya'll
Hey, we'll see ya'll next year October 31, 2003
Wait, that's this year
Let me hit that mothafucking joint
He's sitting in here right now with a straight bag of Hershey
Reggie's man, Reg
They call him Mr. October Reggie
Mersh if you're over on West Coast
I thought that was coffee grinds
FUCK yea man, and a bottle of Remy
Reggie Lewis Rules!

Happy Halloween ya'll
FAMILY!