

Terror Squad F/ Big Punisher

"Get Lifted"

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[Erick Sermon]

Uh-huh

Yeah

One two, one two

Smokin blunts

Mad Dog 20/20

We gonna get funky

[Keith Murray]

I grab the forty rip off the skirt

Guzzle it, grab the mic and come out the woodworks

When shit's thick and no time to think

Keith Murray gets busy off a Basic Instinct

I puff a L and drink some liquor

Sit down and write a jam that receive the muhfuckin
sticker

As God as my witness, with the sickness

of a cannibalist cannibus I floats like a cumulus

My perpetual rebel intellectual

Won't catch a bad experience, with hallucinogenic
either

I float simply with the canibus setiva

As my speech fall deep as in the scriptures

And graphic opponents like Picasso paint in pictures

If my eyes ain't red, it's all in my head

Once said by a Ph.D med

Legalize and I'll advertise, cuz

chorus

[Yeah] ("I... get lifted")

[Roll a Phillie and get]

[Roll a ziggy and get] ("Fire up this funk")

[Yeah, like that y'all/Yeah word up] ("I... get lifted")

[Roll/Puff the Phillie and get]

[Roll/Puff the ziggy and get] ("Fire up this funk, fire up
this funk")

This the real deal not a publicity stunt

I gets high like if the man in the movie puffin blunts

But verily barely merrily is it dope or the dream

Step into my chain izm intervene the smokescreen
I captivate it then cultivate it, jealous of my desire
Smoke it down to the fire, anything to get a little higher
I've been to college but to be truthfully frank
Weed is knowledge, cause it makes me think
I pick anatomy and hem reality like Jah
Rastas read the bible, after puffin sensimillia
And the seeds it gets me high to fly, I ain't bullshittin
You can ask Bill Clinton, he could verify that

chorus

Step into this intersection and take this rap
I got a vicious plot but first take me by the weed spot
I do this for my niggaz locked down runnin capers
Smokin herb, and the bible papers
But how does it feel when you got no fire?
And kyant pass fi dutchie pon de leffhand side
What the fuck? Who the fuck wanna fuck
with the six shot shooter, I murder you over buddha
What I discuss'll bust a rhyme style nucleus
And roast them ghostes, puffin hocus pocus
So kid, pass that bomb trom word bond
So I can toke it with more wins than a python
Different Strokes for different folks
He like the chocolate thai
you like to float with the green skunky smoke
Roll up a fat one and pass it around
Laid back hypnotized to the funky sound, word

chorus 2X

"Yo man, what's that guy's name, the Green Eyed
Bandit?
He worked with Redman, Redman, whatever the fuck
his name is..."

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