

50 Cent "Can I Get High"

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[Lloyd Banks]

I know, I ain't supposed to smoke in here

But Mr. Bouncer Man, don't put your motherfuckin
hands on me

(Can I get high) - without you botherin me

Everybody you see in here tonight's

doin the same thing, so why you keep player hatin on
me?

(Can I get high) - without you botherin me

[50] Ay, did you hit this shit?

[Chorus: G-Unit - repeat 2X]

That la lah-lah, I be smokin

Be gettin me right, I be loc'n

Them bullshit trees, you be rollin

barely gives you a buzz, me I get HIGH!

[Lloyd Banks]

I admit I got a problem, I keep comin back for these

doe-doe bags, and not your 'gnac or your sack of
seeds

I chill, sit back on the sofa and relax my knees

And roll one up loose enough to make the backwards
breathe

I blow a heavy load, you can subtract some G's

cause I'm a smoker, too much of this to choke ya

I don't mean to provoke ya, but I'm a bad influence

A musician can't operate without his instruments

My recent success rapidly got your bitch convinced

Haters mad they can't look inside cause I pitched the
tints

I enter the club with baggies of that chocolate

The secondhand smoke'll make a nigga wanna start
shit

Sometimes I think bout where the niggaz from the start
went

Raise up a lighter and fuck up the whole apartment

It's just one of them things that I do with my spare time

My bad habits ain't private, so I'ma share mine

[Chorus]

[Lloyd Banks]

Now they put they hands out, cause of the way shit
bend

So you niggaz ain't smokin if you don't chip in

Listen, I waited long for these rocks to glisten

From that one-room pad without a pot to piss in

Overt betrayal is not forgiven, I do this

for my niggaz locked up that's comin home to lobster
livin

Helpin the cop's forbidden, bout to buy mamma her
own mansion

Just so I can see her pop the ribbon

That Cali bud special, so special I held the blunt so long

Snoop had to tell me, "Pass the weed nephew!"

Fuck rap, I'm the wrong one to get pissed off

Cause the pump'll make you "Jump" like Kris Kross

My nigga dead and it's hard to let go

So I'm blowin on that wet doe, same color as Gecko

We follow hood codes and everybody in the set know

We gas 'em, fuck 'em and pass 'em, what you expect
ho?

[Chorus]

[Snoop Dogg]

Say 'gain won't you blow it with the best of them

Yes yes I blessted them, blazed up the purple palm
trees

I told dem don't mess wit dem, I hold dem no
testament

Do you want to smoke wit me?

Weed rollin, G-strollin, bad-mouthin muh'fucker

Law breakin, pimp slappin niggaz for the fuck of it

Hip-Hoppin, ziplockin, riprockin gangbanger

"Thought you was an actor," thought I was a singer

Thought about ridin if you say you wanna hang tough

D.P.G. unit sounds like danger

You might wanna manage your anger

Hang with us and stop smokin on the same stuff

Now lay back on the law

This new weed that I got I call it face off

Cause it'll blow your face off and that's a figure of
speech

My niggaz a beast, on me, from the West to the East,
preach!

[Chorus]

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