

## **Busta Rhymes "Get High Tonight"**

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Buy a nickel bag, smoke a little lye  
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Before I set it off and show what I'm gonna do to ya  
Possess the bomb chocolate from off Lynden and Utica  
My real live niggas in the place and no queen  
Wave your splif high, son, fuck the bullshit

When your arms are open, my palms release the bomb  
Reviving the alarm, my word is bond, scream at niggas  
Through the intercom, up to date, let's roller skate, yo,  
my whole squad  
Smoking, ain't straight unless we smoking at eight,  
high rate

I always produce the potion, weed smoking got me  
Moving slow motion like we floating on relax ocean  
All my peeps who feel high, don't want you darking  
shades  
There's too much smoke up in your eye

Keep it swinging, listen to all of my bells ringing  
My get high has niggas wanting to start singing  
I said this goes out to those that smoke out the bong  
And all my bitches in the place who roll they own draws

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Yo, bounce back, you just caught the contact African  
black  
Overreact charge, I'm 'bout to bench the whole wack  
Must interact on every track, blow this spot down

Niggas, break fool and smoke across the world  
almanac

My sons that don't smoke and get high drinking  
Cognac  
Hennessy, Cristal but wait, what's going on with dat?  
With the deal done sometimes, I sip Jamaican white  
rum  
Taste with a little milk, I know y'all niggas want some

Represent where you from needing some tic tacs and  
gum  
So a nigga breath don't blah, get high then I get fly  
When I be shopping at the atrium, smoking in the  
center  
Of Yankee Stadium, stand strong, yes, we rock on and  
on

The Flipmode stamps all of my songs  
They get a place them niggas must perform  
Smoke till your brain fry, so high  
You can't open your eye, my niggas need to just

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