

Baz Luhrmann

"Good Times"

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{*sample from: "I Get High (On Your Memory)" by
Freda Payne*}

"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" (Every day)
"I get high - high - high - high" (Every night)
"I get high - high - high - high" (All the time)
"High-ighhhhhh..." (*laughing*)

[Verse One]

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 (whew)
And I'd rather roll somethin up; cause if I'm sober dawg
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 (it happen tonight)
So I roll 'em up, back to back, fat as I could (uh-huh)
You got beef with Styles P, I come to splatter the hood

[Chorus]

"I get high - high - high - high" (Every day)
"I get high - high - high - high" (Every night)
"I get HIGH on your memory, HIGH on your memory"
(All the time)
"HIGH on your memory..." (Every day)
"I get high - high - high - high" (Every night)
"I get high - high - high - high" (All the time)
"I get high - high - high - high" (*laughing*)
"High-ighhhhhh..."

[Verse Two]

Aiyyo I smoke like a chim-in-ney {*inhaling*}
Matter 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

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

I'ma smoke 'til my lungs collapse; I'm from a era where
niggaz cause terror over guns and crack
Where a doller bill is powerful; I smoke weed cause
time seem precious, and I, know what a hour do (I know
dat)
High for a livin, gots ta, ride for a livin
With my, real gangsta niggaz that'll die for a livin (die
my niggaz)
Shit I get as high as I could; cause if you see things
like I see things, that I'ma die in the hood (right there)
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 (anybody)
This is S.P., dump it in you bitch, I get high

[Outro]

"I get high - high - high - high" (Every day)
"I get high - high - high - high" (Every night)
"I get HIGH on your memory, HIGH on your memory"
(All the time)
"HIGH on your memory..." (Every day)
"I get high - high - high - high" (I am the Ghost)
"I get high - high - high - high" (Float with me)
"I get HIGH on your memory, HIGH on your memory
I get HIGH on your memory" (I get high like birds to
planes)
"I get HIGH on your memory, HIGH on your memory"
I get HIGH on your memory" (I get high like, smokin
dubs to the head)
"I get high - high - high - high"

"High-ighhhhhh..."

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