

Bizzy Bone

"Blown Away"

Visit "[Blown Away](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

[Intro: Bizzy (Playalitical)]

What's goin on, what's up my nuh?

Ay Paul man, roll up some weed, y'knowmsayin?

We 'bout to rock this shit, with Spoke-In-Word (yeah)

Knowmsayin, we 'bout to really make this thing happen

(It's that smoke session) Bizzy Bone the Midwest

Cowboy

Light a blunt up man

No man, you smoke that I got mine

[Interlude: Bizzy Bone (Playalitical) {female singer}]

So get hiiiigh (uhh, I can make a call, it's on its way)

So get hiiiigh (so we can pinch on some hay)

So get hiiiigh (I wanna get) {blown away!}

Let's get, let's get, let's get, let's get hiiiigh {ohh

noooo}

[Bizzy Bone]

Now roll up the weed in the swisha, heavenly smoke

We gonna smoke smoke smoke, leave it up in them

lungs 'til we choke choke

It's bittersweet, when I get high, but it settles

Also topsy-turvy, swerve on the curb

with a fifth of grape Kool-Aid and Thunderbird

With the misfits, I pitch in, some of them switch though

Havana just be poppin for Doris, Bahamas be smokin

'dro

Fly home nervous, with the customs, enter a sweet

I see my babies and my maid, and then Puffy made my

money sweep

Forty thousand, five thousand for a pound of yo' sticky

And I'm talkin purple haze back in '94, just stuff it in

that sock Bizzy

But they downed me on it, and they kept the bag for

three days

I stood at the front door, right at the airport

better believe I'ma get my trees

I smoke the whole pound, met a broad and now we out

of town

Got married and divorced, and ever since then, carryin

the cross

Got married and divorced, I met a broad and we out of

town

It's Bizzy Bone, he been carryin his cross - one love,
one love

[Chorus: Bizzy Bone (Playalitical) {female singer}]

So get hiiiigh (uhh, I can make a call, it's on its way)

So get hiiiigh (so we can pinch on some hay)

So get hiiiigh (I wanna get) {blown away!}

Let's get, let's get, let's get, let's get hiiiigh {ohh
noooo}

(Uhh, I can make a call, it's on its way)

So get hiiiigh (so we can pinch on some hay)

So get hiiiigh (I wanna get) {blown away!}

Let's get, let's get, let's get, let's get hiiiigh {ohh
noooo}

[Spoke-In-Wordz (Playalitical)]

Yo, yo

Take to the sky on a natural high, lovin you more 'til the
day that I die

Dead or alive, I'ma be puffin that weed, whether y'all
like it or not

Addicted to the pipe and the pot, I'm gifted like a light
in the spot

I can't even keep count of so many clouds, they just
keep on passin me by

(Layzie) Bizzy when it comes to smokin people say I'm
(Krayzie)

Could never get enough, this is my Wish and my Flesh
and all that that made me

Somebody roll up a staff of merlin hash, those that
spoke-in-word and pass

If I ain't smokin I'm servin, therefore I smoke in third
person, ask

I can recollect the swishers, but I can't remember the
type and

Some burn, while I was writin these - bars, punchlines
and hyphens

Been smokin since I was two, glued off aeroponic soul
food

In school, I had a locker full of Downeys stuffed in blow
tubes

Takin advantage of blazin ads, paid for inflatin
vaporized bags

Thus I'm smokin to pay my tab, for smokin and smokin
to pay my tab

[Chorus]

Visit [Bizzy Bone](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

