

Ii Tru

"So High (Feat. Layze & Krayzie Bone)"

Visit "[So High \(Feat. Layze & Krayzie Bone\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

F/ Krayzie Bone, Layzie Bone

[Krayzie]

Roll another one

Roll another one

Roll another one

Pass the blunt

We be fiendin' for sticky weed, man...

Roll another one

Roll another one

Roll another one

Pass the blunt, nigga

(Hook)

I wanna get high, so high

[Brina]

Nigga, first thing in morning 'fore I even get up

I gots to start off my day to a fat-ass blunt

Step out the house on the get-high-creep

'Cause when I'm good and fucked-up

I'm a smash some peeps, and ain't nothin'

Like smokin' when you're a fool

Find the next, get a hot spot, jump in it 'til ya pull

Ridin' on the Clair, 'cause over there they can smoke it

And while I'm on the topic

Here's a shot to all that know me

(Hook)

[Krayzie]

Smoke, smoke, smoke

Smoke up the whole thing, better believe it

That's how we get weeded, so nigga

Quit tryin' to budget your but

'Cause it's a whole lot of thugs and niggas gettin' high

So don't go smoke a blunt, and you got a ounce in the ride

Nigga, come off that reefer, 'cause I go broke everytime

Indo slow blowin' my mind

Still I proceed to hit that shit - it's wicked, sticky

Smoke one with your thugsta, thugsta
And show me you can smoke with the thugs
Because I'm gonna get you high
If you wanna get higher, come ride
I will fly you

[Jhaz]

? puff, 'cause really it ain't ?
Ain't wastin' no herb by lettin' it burn, let me hit that
sticky
Nothin' but the Moet in my cup, the sticky packed in the
blunt
My cap is too thick, so I'm constantly blazin' another
blunt up
We smokes all day, when the sticky runs out
Gotta roll to the hood for a stress sack
Gotta get that blaze on still, gotta keep them wig-
splittin' back
Bump these hardest tracks, rappin' on the album of the
century
They the thugs that got it before these trues make
moves
And history, strictly on a mission to have a good time
Freestyles and rhymes, smoke dimes
Shots out to any true that gotta bag of this here, now

[Layzie]

Oh, how I love my green leaves, nigga
Givin' nothin' but respect, and I really ain't picky
I fuck with the stress, but I got four-fifty on the best
weed
Tonight, we gettin' higher than high, let's all get lifted
P.O.D.'ded and tweeded, that indo needs to be
seedless
So you know I'm fiendin', now am I wrong for smokin'
this on 'til the dawn?
? in infamy done brought me back the bomb, and it's
on
So what I'm a do is I'm a twist it up and hit the sticky for
you
Smoke and choke with Il Tru - they keepin' it platinum
Makin' it happen for the Land, smokin' and movin' as
we speak
Tryin' to teach the world to be a thug in harmony
Nigga, we keepin' the bomb-ass weed
Blaze it up, nigga, what?
Mo Thugs is 'bout the music and bud, equal love

[Jhaz]

Can I blaze, man?
Pass me the Swisha, Optimo, Philly Blunt, or the House

of Windsor

Twist ya head back, snap, crack, inhale the smoke
Then, pass it to the left, so the next man can toke
Loc, homie, I'm cool on that water
Just bring that sticky and this drink, do me fine, playa
partner
Miss bitch the shit, 'cause you can't smoke for free
And naw, smokin' weed don't make a sister horny
Ignore the silly ones
Keep on thuggin' for life
Place the lighter to my blunt, 'cause it's time to get high

[Krayzie]

Call up my family, let 'em know the reason I blow
Celebration, we done slapped the platinum back at you
hoes
So, you know it's on (it's on)
So, how my niggas had to show me, homie
I'm fucked-up 'til the morning sunlight
Lick and twist another Swisha soon as I get up
And then right after breakfast puff another
Fucked-up
Wonder if it's good for my health
'Cause ain't known a muthafucka that done O.D.'d on
weed yet
So, bring your blunts and some Hen and some herb
My nigga, fuck what ya heard
My Mo Thug niggas splurge

[Brina]

Better learn to ? mo, much love
Got thousands from Cleveland to Cali
That's how we roll, follow 'em
Once humongous blow up even more, when we crash
the show
We shuts 'em down underground, clown from town to
town
Bring a box of fifty House of Windsors
We about to blaze this pound of the real sticky
Bum rush in my lungs with a cloud of smoke, puff 'em
'Bout ready to exhale before me mind blow
E-Z Wider, Swisha, or Philly, don't matter really
'Cause it smoke the same
You know the procedure: two hits, then pass to the left
when we blazin'
All my trues who toke and roll in the Clair all day long
We some representers, bumpin' on these here thug
songs

(Hook)

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.