

## Ii Tru "So High"

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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)

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