

J.R. Writer

"High Music"

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Uh, DipSet

It go cop a pie, cop a brick
Cop an ounce, cop a nick
Get the yag and get away
If you say it's not that piff
Make ya lighter flick
Let's get high as shit
Spark that blunt
If its crack, smack, you backtrack
Puff, puff pass that
Dime put you to sleep
That's what I call a "nap-sack"
From a dub of that "yeah"
To some bud, I don't care
Put your drugs in the air
I get left off of trees
On a jet to Belize (we out)
My first sess, I believe (was what?)
Was some regular weed (okay)
And had me staggering over
Plus kept a bad aroma
Copped it uptown, but called it "Arizona"
It was gruesome you know
I was zooted fo' sho
Stuck on it 'til someone introduced me to 'dro
Hit the stoop for an O
On the move, on the go
Then got the munchies, next move was the sto'
Those were the old days, when I got so blazed
But now the pimp switched, its purple and gold haze
That had my whole days, so dazed
Locked fade, no shades, okay, sitting in the OJs
It's more like my music, roll and get high music
Burn your man a copy, go and get high to it
This is how I do it
Till I get high, zooted, booted
Get from around me, ya blonde ma stupid

Getting high, roll a lye, crack a Dutch smoke up
{repeated}

Getting high, roll a lye, crack a Dutch smoke up
Get the piff, make a brick, get a lick roll up
Get the piff, make a brick, get a lick roll up

Yeah, I met this chick, ooh
Six-two, thick boobs, skip through
Wrist blue, yup and J loved the way she switched moves
But the bitch was just too crazy (why?)
Haze, B?
Not at all, all she did was sniff glue (what?)
She used to get wopped
Run up a strip block
Squeeze the glue out the bottle
Breathed it out the Ziploc
Ain't have it all up there
Ain't have it all upstairs
Pacing, hallucinating, thinking should could walk on air
She used to talk and share
All of her thoughts, affairs
All facing a wall, "Ma who's over there?"
"Look, I'm over here" (come over here)
Yeah come over here
Matter of fact take another whiff till your nose hair flare

Getting high, roll a lye, crack a Dutch smoke up
{repeated}
Getting high, roll a lye, crack a Dutch smoke up
Get the piff, make a brick, get a lick roll up
Get the piff, make a brick, get a lick roll up

Yo I used to stay seated in the lobby
With keys I got from poppi
Yay day to day, hitting fiends off was a hobby
That weed you copped was throppey (trash)
Boobie, ma usually turned 'em into pookey
Beam it up to Scottie
I was a hard flipper
They were some hard hitters
Shit for that hard nigga, they stole some car mirrors
Stereos, TVs, just for a bigger rock
Get your drop, stripped and got, left on cinder blocks
(damn)
I took a gang empire
Shit I was slanging fire (crack)
Till them fiends start to lean and got straight up wired
They couldn't hang they liars
Shit them cats, couldn't get the monkey off they back
with a tranquilizer

Getting high, roll a lye, crack a Dutch smoke up
{repeated}

Getting high, roll a lye, crack a Dutch smoke up
Get the piff, make a brick, get a lick roll up
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