

## Journey

### "Take A Hit"

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(I'm gonna get you high today)

Relax facin, facin mind-bogglin hallucinations  
Easy does it til the skull get your lungs full  
Take a deep ???, sit back cos Mack  
got that bu-yow shit that get'cha higher than wick-wack  
Is hard as stone alone, it's always on  
Never home-grown totin cos the streets made me  
potent  
Down since '84 now live for '95  
Got it swingin while some niggas bangin, I'm dope  
slangin  
for my everyday expenses, know the consequences  
The bigger the sack, the bigger the sentence  
No time for repentance, put it down  
count the stripes that I tally  
Runnin backstreets and alleys thru Inglewood, Cali  
So back the fuck up, don't act the fuck up  
Never slip from the hit  
Triple-six in the clip when I trip  
So busters beware, never dare to have quams  
with that nigga Mack 10 full of ghetto ass bombs  
Take a hit

Chorus:

Can you feel it nigga? Nothin can save ya  
Roll ya papers and take a heel on my shit  
\*repeat\*

Get'cha high like a rocket, loot in my pocket  
Mean like the green, bomb like the chocolate  
thai, I Mack 1-0, gunho  
Dirty ass Lynch Mob crew, new voodoo  
Cast a killer, cap peeler, hang with gorillas  
Tragic when you catch it, runnin from my magic  
TAADOW! New Jackin got it crackin like Nino's  
Stackin like casinos, bomb like the primos  
Make your crack dough black, attack like karate  
Always beamed up like Scotty, I control your body  
leave ya numb, redrum, slug like a Dodger

Nothin bomber than this Westside ghetto ganga  
Hundred proof pure dopeness and it seems  
heavy as a Chevy, too much for a triple beam  
Fiend for the microphone, one pop ya drop  
And it don't stop, I can't stop  
Mack 10 and it won't stop  
So take a hit (I'm gonna get you high today)  
Shiit! (I'm gonn get you high today)  
Shiit!

Chorus

Got that one-hitter quitter shit so take a whiff  
Need a torch to light my spliff, work the late night shift  
Get my drift? Had it sewed up ever since I showed up  
Cookin up boulders, got a crew fulla soldiers  
claimin B's, claimin C's, everybody Gs  
Went from laces to Deez, from mo' C's to ki's  
What you need guaranteed to whip and leave ya trippin  
like your sane, I sippin, funky germ dippin  
Make you tweak, lose sleep, I creep like a phantom  
Ran em then I win em, all up in em like venom  
Got the lotions, slow motion, hit the magic potion  
Don't panic, satanic, devotions, convulsions  
Wipe your whole crew out, niggas get blew out  
Hides behind a stockin while the bomb's tick-tockin  
Keep rockin and it don't quit, it's Mack 10 the shit  
So press your luck but'cha know you can't fuck wit it  
Take a hit

Chorus x2

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