

## Lloyd Banks

# "I Get High Ft. 50 Cent, Snoop Dogg"

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I know I ain't supposed to smoke in here  
But mr. bouncer man don't put your muthafuckin hands  
on me  
Can I Get High... [Snoop and 50]  
Without you botherin me  
Everybody you see in here tonight is doin the same  
thing so why you keep playa hatin on me  
Can I Get High... [Snoop and 50]  
Without you botherin me

[50 Cent] (sniff sniff) nigga you hit this shit?  
[Banks] yee

[Chorus:50 Cent & Snoop Dogg] x2

[Snoop and 50] Da La La La  
[50]  
I be smokin  
It gettin me right, I be loc'in  
Them bullshit trees, you be rollin  
Barely give you a buzz, Me I get high

[Verse 1: Lloyd Banks]

I admit I got a problem I keep comin back for these  
Dodo bags and out cha yack or your sack of seeds  
I chill sit back on the sofa and relax my knees  
And roll one up loose enough to make backwards  
breathe  
I blow a heavy load you get some subtract some g's  
Cause Imma smoka to much of this to choke ya  
I don't mean to provoke ya  
But im a bad influence  
A musician can't operate without his instruments  
My recent success gradually got your bitch convinced  
Haters made cause they can't look inside cause I  
pitched the tents  
I enter the club with baggies of that chocolate  
The second hand smoke will make a nigga wanna start  
shit  
Sometimes I think about when a niggas from the start  
went

Raise up a lighter and fuck up the whole apartment  
It's just one of the things that I do in my spare time  
My bad habits ain't private son I share mine  
[Chorus: 50 Cent]  
[Verse 2: Lloyd Banks]

Uh  
Now they took thier hands out cause of the way shit  
been  
So you niggas ain't smokin if you don't chip in  
Listen, i've waited along for these rocks to glisten  
From that one room pad without a pot to piss in  
Over betrayal is not forgiven  
I do this for my niggas locked up who's comin home to  
lobster livin  
Helpin the cops forbided (snoop :Da Da Da)  
About to buy my mama her own mansion  
Just I could see her pop the ribbon  
That cali bud special  
So special i held the blunt so long  
Snoop had to tell me [Snoop] "pass the weed nephew"  
Fuck rap im the wrong one to get pissed off  
Cause the pump will make you jump like cris cross  
My nigga dead and it's hard to let go  
So im blowin on that wet dro same color as gecko  
Ya follow hood codes and everybody in the set know  
He gas em' and fuck em'and pass em', whatcha'  
expect hoe (hoe)  
[Chrous: 50 Cent & Snoop]  
[Verse 3: Snoop Dogg]

Say im going to blow up the best of them  
Yes yes i invested them  
Blazed up the purple palm tree  
I told them don't mess with them  
I hold them the best of me  
Do you wanna smoke with me?  
Weed rollin, G Strollin, bad mouthin muthafucka  
Law breakin. pimp slapin niggas for the fuck of it  
Hip hopin, zip lockin, rip rockin gang banger  
Thought you was an actor thought I was a singer  
Thought about ridin with me sayin you wanna hang  
tough  
D P G-Unit sounds like danger  
You might wanna manage your anger  
Hang with us and stope smokin on that same stuff  
(cough)  
Now lay back on the law  
This snoop weed that I got I call it Face Off  
Cause it will blow ya face off and that's a figure of  
speech

My niggas a beast on me from the west to the  
east...preach  
[Chrous: 50 Cent & Snoop]  
[Snoop Dogg] Za Da Da...

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