

Lloyd Banks "I Get High"

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I know, I ain't supposed to smoke in here
But Mr. Bouncer Man
Don't put your motherfuckin' hands on me
(Can I get high)
Without you botherin' me

Everybody you see in here tonight's
Doin' the same thing, so why you keep player hatin' on
me?
(Can I get high)
Without you botherin' me
Ay, did you hit this shit?

That la lah-lah, I be smokin'
Be gettin' me right, I be loc'n
Them bullshit trees, you be rollin'
Barely gives you a buzz, me I get high

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I admit I got a problem, I keep comin' back for these
Doe-doe bags, and not your 'gnac or your sack of
seeds
I chill, sit back on the sofa and relax my knees
And roll one up loose enough to make the backwards
breathe

I blow a heavy load, you can subtract some G's
'Cause I'm a smoker, too much of this to choke ya
I don't mean to provoke ya, but I'm a bad influence
A musician can't operate without his instruments

My recent success rapidly got your bitch convinced
Haters mad they can't look inside 'cause I pitched the
tints
I enter the club with baggies of that chocolate
The secondhand smoke'll make a nigga wanna start
shit

Sometimes I think 'bout where the niggaz from the start
went
Raise up a lighter and fuck up the whole apartment
It's just one of them things that I do with my spare time
My bad habits ain't private, so I'ma share mine

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Now they put they hands out, 'cause of the way shit
bend
So you niggaz ain't smokin' if you don't chip in
Listen I waited long 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 niggaz locked up that's comin' home to
lobster livin'
Helpin' the cop's forbidden, 'bout to buy momma her
own mansion
Just so I can see her pop the ribbon

That Cali bud special, so special I held the blunt so long
Snoop had to tell me, "Pass the weed nephew!"
Fuck rap, I'm the wrong one to get pissed off
'Cause the pump'll make you "Jump" like Kris Kross

My nigga dead and it's hard to let go
So I'm blowin' on that wet doe, same color as Gecko
We follow hood codes and everybody in the set know
We gas 'em, fuck 'em and pass 'em, what you expect
ho?

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Say 'gain won't you blow it with the best of them

Yes yes I blessted them, blazed up the purple palm
trees
I told dem don't mess wit dem, I hold dem no
testament
Do you want to smoke wit me?

Weed rollin', G-strollin', bad-mouthin' muh'fucker
Law breakin', pimp slappin' niggaz for the fuck of it
Hip-Hoppin', ziplockin', riprockin' gang banger
"Thought you was an actor," thought I was a singer

Thought about ridin' if you say you wanna hang tough
D.P.G. unit sounds like danger
You might wanna manage your anger
Hang with us and stop smokin' on the same stuff

Now lay back on the law
This new weed that I got I call it face off
'Cause it'll blow your face off and that's a figure of
speech
My niggaz a beast, on me from the West to the East,
preach!

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