

## London Boys

### "Slant Eyes"

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[Tow Down]

I get so high

You ever get so high you smoked your self sober?

Ha ha ha ha ha

[SPM]

Nuthin but the doh doh for me

Jus like the potpourri

My bitch hit my weed and coughed up an ovary

Towdown blow dro with me

In the game I feel I'm at where I wanna be

Hoes fo free

Now that bitch owing me

Pimpilistic how shit supposed to be

Don't believe the hype

Bong, blunt, or pipe

I'm the type

To catch it on the right

Intercept it

Hectic

Smoke em like detective

I expect the unexpected

I meant to re edit

I said it

You sweated

Headed to the beach in a Mazaradi

Yo I ripped it

I'll split it

The rules got bended

I beat my kids or attempted

No sentence

Dope House Records at the end of my necklace

Two Benzes getting high with my friend iz

[Chorus: SPM]

Not a day goes by

I don't get high

I gotta get slant ey

Ey ey ey ey ey ey ey ey eyes

High so high

Repeat 2x

[Verse 2: Tow Down]

I get high on each second of every minute  
Of every hour  
Like Cheech and Chong  
Blowin the bong  
Or rollin in the Eddie Bauer  
I stay tall like skyscrapers  
Weed's always around so I gotta have papers  
And you can get high too  
Whether a gram for you  
Or a pound for ya whole crew  
Whatever you need I got weed  
From liquid trip to dip to hydro to ecstasy  
Bet I could smoke a stash of hash  
In a flash drop some wigs smash  
Towdown the hemp hunter  
Smoke a blunt of that good shit  
Till ya roofs lit  
You smokin tooth picks while I'm rollin big sticks  
Never leave a nest without packin the cest  
Wit da dro condo look impressed  
No contest  
With dope like this  
I know you'll take a hit  
Inhale exhale now that's some good shit

[Chorus: SPM]

Repeat 2x

[Verse 3: Tow Down]

If you wanna get high  
Put ya lightas in the sky  
We blaze till we die  
We cough till we cry  
Got the goods to make you go dumb  
Till ya brains numb  
So do you still won't some  
High wit ya burnt thumb  
Time to school some fools  
Smokin two sweets and zaga  
Srtictly the wajjjj pipes  
Bo's to bongs  
Break out the chronic bag  
But only if it's half geddi  
It's funkier than ya granny's panties  
Still smokin codeine cotton candy  
Wit products so po  
You gotta stuffin the pipe  
I'm takin one hit will quit a killa  
Nice dreams of to never ever land

I'm yo super bionic  
Hydroponic  
Chronic man  
Got fans from Japan to Amsterdam  
The flava trada  
With ten different kind of strands  
Triple beam king breakin it down to the ground

[Chorus: SPM]  
Repeat 2x

[SPM]  
Puttin it down for my partna Tow Down  
Blowin big ugh doh doh pounds  
Ya heard me  
Nuthin but the finest

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