

Young Buck "Gettin High"

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[Young Buck:]

What up?

Ya'll know who it is

G Unit South in this motherfucker

And you know I don't really dance much

But i'm a sit here and smoke my motherfuckin' weed

[Chorus: Young Buck]

I'm in the club rollin' up everybody smokin'

Gone on Patrone and this Ex got me rollin'

I'm just twistin' my blunt I'm gettin' high

Twistin' my blunt i'm gettin' high

The block been good I got a bank roll

You want to know if its dro what you think ho?

I'm just twistin' my blunt i'm gettin' high

Twistin' my blunt i'm gettin' high

[Verse 1: Young Buck]

In my city i'm the fuckin' weed man

Holla at me I got what you need man

These niggas must think i'm a fool

354 oh, I make the rules

Hold on let me show you what i'm workin' with

The Bubba Kush and that Granddaddy Purple shit

Damn right I got a big old car

On that dro thats in a big old jar

Break a blunt down i'm a fill it up

We 'gon go through the whole pound I don't give a fuck

We 'gon smoke on that Bobby Brown you know what it

is

You might got the good but you ain't got this

Yeah, put it in the air

Lets do it like Bob Marley was up in here

I don't share

But you can roll up your own

And we ain't leavin' this bitch until all the weed gone

[Chorus: Young Buck]

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Twistin' my blunt i'm gettin' high

The block been good I got a bank roll
You want to know if its dro what you think ho?
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Twistin' my blunt i'm gettin' high

[Verse 2: Young Buck]

We all get high this is how we do it
Pull up the lean and DJ Screw it
Hot as hell and the hos gettin' sweaty
I'm twistin' my blunt even if they don't let me
You niggas ain't ready
I'm a do what I do
I blow Kush in a hater's face fuck you too
You can't smoke for free
This how its supposed to be
Shorty say she ain't with it then its more for me
Who got a light now?
I mean right now
I'm about to see if its the shit that make 'em fight now
My clique iced out
Hollerin' G Unit South
We all got four cars and a weed house
Show you what we about
I get my grind on
I won't leave the block 'till every dime gone
And when the police come we gettin' low
Middle fingers in the air niggas smokin' that dro

[Chorus: Young Buck]

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Twistin' my blunt i'm gettin' high
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[Young Buck:]

This is the part when the gangstas walk
This is the part when you put your blunt down
This is the part when you throw ya hood up
This is the part where we all get high

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