

Bizzy Bone f/ Playalitical, Spoke-In-Wordz

"Blown Away"

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[Intro: Bizzy] + (Playalitical) What's goin on, what's up my nuh? Ay Paul man, roll up some weed, y'knowmsayin? We 'bout to rock this shit, with Spoke-In-Word (yeah) Knowmsayin, we 'bout to really make this thing happen (It's that smoke session) Bizzy Bone the Midwest Cowboy Light a blunt up man No man, you smoke that I got mine [Interlude: Bizzy Bone] + (Playalitical) + {female singer} So get hiiiigh (uhh, I can make a call, it's on its way) So get hiiiigh (so we can pinch on some hay) So get hiiiigh (I wanna get) {blown away!} Let's get, let's get, let's get, let's get hiiiigh {ohh noooo} [Bizzy Bone] Now roll up the weed in the swisha, heavenly smoke We gonna smoke smoke smoke, leave it up in them lungs 'til we choke choke It's bittersweet, when I get high, but it settles Also topsy-turvy, swerve on the curb with a fifth of grape Kool-Aid and Thunderbird With the misfits, I pitch in, some of them switch though Havana just be poppin for Doris, Bahamas be smokin 'dro Fly home nervous, with the customs, enter a sweet I see my babies and my maid, and then Puffy made my money sweep Forty thousand, five thousand for a pound of yo' sticky And I'm talkin purple haze back in '94, just stuff it in that sock Bizzy But they downed me on it, and they kept the bag for three days I stood at the front door, right at the airport better believe I'ma get my trees I smoke the whole pound, met a broad and now we out of town Got married and divorced, and ever since then, carryin the cross Got married and divorced, I met a broad and we out of town It's Bizzy Bone, he been carryin his cross - one love, one love [Chorus: Bizzy Bone] + (Playalitical) + {female singer} So get hiiiigh (uhh, I can make a call, it's on its way) So get hiiiigh (so we can pinch on some hay) So get hiiiigh (I wanna get) {blown away!} Let's get, let's get, let's get, let's get hiiiigh {ohh noooo} (Uhh, I can make a call, it's on its way) So get hiiiigh (so we can pinch on some hay) So get hiiiigh (I wanna get) {blown away!} Let's get, let's get, let's get, let's get hiiiigh {ohh noooo} [Spoke-In-Wordz] + (Playalitical) Yo, yo Take to the sky on a natural high, lovin you more 'til the day that I die Dead or alive, I'ma

be puffin that weed, whether y'all like it or not Addicted
to the pipe and the pot, I'm gifted like a light in the spot
I can't even keep count of so many clouds, they just
keep on passin me by (Layzie) Bizzy when it comes to
smokin people say I'm (Krayzie) Could never get
enough, this is my Wish and my Flesh and all that that
made me Somebody roll up a staff of merlin hash,
those that spoke-in-word and pass If I ain't smokin I'm
servin, therefore I smoke in third person, ask I can
recollect the swishers, but I can't remember the type
and Some burn, while I was writin these - bars,
punchlines and hyphens Been smokin since I was two,
glued off aeroponic soul food In school, I had a locker
full of Downeys stuffed in blow tubes Takin advantage
of blazin ads, paid for inflatin vaporized bags Thus I'm
smokin to pay my tab, for smokin and smokin to pay
my tab [Chorus]

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