

Dave Strait

"Let's All Get High"

Visit "[Let's All Get High](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Let 'em know the funk bandit's back
With more bounce to the ounce it's the brat tat tat tat
The funk-keeper
Competition's sweet but known for makin' speak
Cause bleed smokin haloweed
Givin' You what 'cha need
Indeed I'm nice
Jewelery full of ice
The industry ain't been the same
since I came to sprinkle my spice
Tonight's the night and we gonna all get lifted
Recognize the gifted and how there's no fuckin' around
in the west-side district
Get it twisted
If you wanna choose your destiny
Leave all that simple shit at home
And bring your fuckin' best to me
Cause right here playtime stops
Okay, rhymes flop and all that real-deal shit hits tops
See I'm the cream of the crop, head bitch in charge
And there ain't nothin' or nobody that I've barred thus
far
Repitoire full of wicked shit
Lay back kick a shit
All the right shit to give a nigga a hit

If you let's nuthing hold you back
And your limit is the sky
Throw your hands in the air and let's all get high
Roll up a fat one and pass it around
Lay back hypnotized to the funky sound

Repeat 1x

KRAYZIE BONE:

Now roll up a sac so that we can smoke it together
Now how high can you go cause you know we can
choke
Take it slow, We smoking junk
Cause you rolling wit moe

We having a celebration
We doing this all night if you wanna get away
You can play em other times
And don't forget my niggas be doing this shit the
thuggish way
We have you thugging where the thug lately? We
Krayzie
But niggas don't drop we got the bud blaze-ay
So if you get out. Better get with this crowd
I bet you wanna get weeded
Fuck wit your thugs out of Cleveland
Stay peyoted and tweeded them thugs we blazing we
fiending
Now can you feel this connect with So So Def Mo Thugs
My squad and yo posse my nigga we goin be alright
So come around everybody party down get down
And let that real shit hit yo' chest cause I know when I
get that hydro
My nigga thugsta come and give me some love
Can somebody bang and slang yo' dog with couple of
thugs from the
cut

You wanna fly, you wanna fly, you wanna fly
We could all get high, get high
The shit we keep we got you hypnotized
Ain't nobody dealin' with me
My nigga J can get his smoke on man
Cause if we go broke you won't feel bad

DA BRAT:

Yeah. But there's enough hundreds for that to never
happen in action
Certified platinum slashin' bastards
Draw shit faster than eastwoods, I wish you could be
like me
I broke the Mo with fatality, visual shit that you can see
These synthetic niggas usually smoke refos with my
peeps
Get deeper than any bitch
Watch me and yo' nigga creep
Sky's the limits, Damn them lights cause Krayzie got
the Hydro
Inject a deadly venom grinnin' and watch them all die
slow
We non-fictional characters carry grudges till it's dealt
with
Underestimate the wrong bitch and get yo' shit spend
You better light a splife and mind yo' motherfuckin'
business

Or get that ass put in the witness protection program
Till I'm finished, diminished
Your entourage is my level
Blindin' like the VVS rocks possessin' like the devil
Pushin' custom drop-tops
Keep Segante' in the glove box
Puffin' with crooked cops
And can't nuthing hold me back cause nigga my shit
don't stop

KRAYZIE BONE:

You wanna fly, you wanna fly, you wanna fly
We could all get high, get high
The shit we keep we got you hypnotized
Ain't nobody dealin' with me
My nigga J can get his smoke on man
Cause if we go broke you won't feel bad

Repeat 3x

Visit [Dave Strait](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.