

Good Day

Chris Webby

We so high
'Cause we so high

Yeah
I'm feeling lovely, please don't judge me
Walking on the wild side, you just got to trust me
Rolling round with hippies, everyday I puff trees
Getting so high there ain't nobody above me
And I'm feeling spectacular chilling at the bar
No need for the mean mugging while they acting hard
I be chilling with the people that are happier
And I don't need the biggest house or the fastest car
Shit I'm me and that's all I'll ever be, son
I don't need no money to shape who I become
I'm my own man, now that's freedom
You getting what you paid for no refunds
But fuck it yo this a good day
Listen when the hook play
Baby, this them positive vibes and what I should say
Is that I'm faded, feeling happy as fuck
Living every single day like it's the Cannabis Cup

Yeah, We smoke and get by
And you know that we so high
And I'm never come down
Yeah, I'm never gonna come down
I'm Just tryna have a good day
'Cause we so high
(When they see him in the dope now?)
We don't really got to stop living this way
But I'm gonna have a good day
Yeah, I'm tryna have a good day

Man, I'm so high and I can't come down
She said that she single and she wants some fun now
Said that I'm Jitta and she took her tongue out
Tried to say she shy but that weed's so loud
I be out in L.A
Homegrown the team, baby
Tryna fit a whole eighth up inside a leaf, baby
Yo I'm tryna (cuff?) girl, I ain't with police, baby
Jitta On The Track, (lumber?) life's what your seeing, baby
Yeah, I started with a swisher smoke a blunt up in the morning
Man, I'm tryna have a good day but you know I'm steady on it
And I'm all about my paper like a office to the (laws?)
Get to coughing, man, I'm fresh to death to the I'm stoned on top like a cof
fin
Stoned in the cold like I'm Austin
Baby, we can kick it like (Kosten?)
White boys saying that I'm awesome
Shit, I'm just tryna smoke weed to be honest

Feeling great, B
Everything is gravy
I'm just living life, going wherever it takes me
Started from the bottom, now I'm up on phase three
Shit, you know I got them and the crowd be going crazy

I just run in through this war zone
Tryna keep my head low
Think they messing with me, motherfucker, that's a heck no
Check yo, every time I spit I make them sweat yo
You would think they doing hot yoga in a trench coat
I'm just chilling doing my thing
I could give a shit about the money and the fame
All I need some good weed and a bong and a flame
And a little bad bitch that'll scream my name
When I'm laying that pipe like Luigi
Holler when you see me
Cotton mouth criminal, sipping on a Fiji
Coming with that fire they be calling me Khaleesi
I'm just being me I just need to be easy

Yeah, Yeah, Yeah