

I Get High

Memphis Bleek

All my fans askin' me and shit
"Yo Bleek what you be doing on your spare time and shit?"
This what I do man (nigga)
Check how I do (yo)
Yo

I gets high (high)
Rollin' down the I95
Ma' don't ask why
I love gettin' high
While I drive
I can't lie (I can't lie)
I puff lye (I puff lye)
While I drive down the I95

I put this key in the ignition
Start my V
Take the clip out the ashtray
Spark my trees
You know that haze weed
Backwood roll tight
Belvedere cranberry juice mix light
Under 30% tint ridin' bent
Doin' a quarter
Smokin' on what grow under water
My life in order
You know I got a pocket fulla sticky
The whole BK, light a blunt up for Biggie
And smokeout
I gives a fuck if you got a skateboard
Or that new XO out
You blow the row out
And holla
I'mma survive or die
I'mma ride cuz they never take a nigga alive
I gets high
Rollin' down the I95
Starrin' through the rearview
From all the shit I survived
And as I ride by
I just tilt my hat
Put the car on cruise and roll up another sack

You catch Bleek rollin' hay
When I'm down in the Bay
Hey it don't stop
I light a blunt up for 'Pac
Pop my colla
Take another sip of that vodka
Hit three wheel motion
Locin' in the Impala
On them fifty spoke
With two pounds to smoke
And the weed come clean
No sticks no seed
Straight bud
And keep the car weed scented

Mami be like Bleek
We can't, breathe in it
Mami keep cool
Let me remove the roof
Take a sip of that Bel've
And remove your shoes
But ch'ya
Recline baby
Smoke good lime baby
This the real green
Out the High Times baby
We sittin' on dubs
Know what that like?
Twist enough bud
Mami get your mind right

I gets high
Holla at the I95
Holla at the bar
Yeah, uh huh
I can't lie (lie)
Holla at the bar
I puff lye (lye)
When I drive down the I95 (5)
G'yeah niggas
Y'all know
Holla at me (understand this now, we out, One)
Smoke one with cha dawg