

# Wanna Get High

Project Pat

I just wanna get high, high, high  
I just wanna get high  
I just wanna stay high, high, high  
I just wanna stay high

These niggas say I smoke out too much  
These niggas say I pop pills too much  
These niggas say I drank liquor too much  
Ain't no such thang as too much  
Blunt number eight, roll up again  
Pass me the tab, pass me the Hen'  
When I get through, I'ma do it all again  
I'm on cloud nine and I'm headed to ten  
Is you mad or no?  
Cali bud on deck, had to blow  
Smoke in my lungs, bout half a bowl  
I'm chiefin' all day if you had to know  
You can match or go  
Garcia Vega, make it burn slow  
I'm high as hell but my eyes real low  
Lookin just like Bruce Lee right now  
You wanna be high as me right now  
I got a bitch that don't smoke  
She just roll the shit and light it up  
I can give a damn what anybody say  
I keep it on deck, I ain't high enough  
I don't wanna come down, I don't wanna come down  
It's hard to explain this feelin I feel  
But truth be told...  
I don't even know what day it is, I just wanna get high

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Six-deuce coupe  
I don't ride in it unless I smoke in it first  
Go to sleep early, wake up early just to get it  
The grind all depends on how much time you spent perfecting it  
But niggas always hate, come from nowhere with that extra shit  
Let 'em lie, dig they own ditch  
California king size, hardly lay in it  
I'm proof that if you want it, you can get it  
Champagne for breakfast, taste; expensive  
Super paid, uber Escalade for my women friends  
Wanna be it, gotta see it  
Extra lighter where my seat at  
Pair of nines where my feet at  
Brought the papers, where the weed at

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This shit is po-tent

One hit of this strong and from this you will be cho-kin  
Gotta stay fo-cused  
I'm burnin my fingers, ain't even put out the roaches  
I'm just floatin  
I'm in outer space, I feel out of place when I'm high  
And I'm gon stay like this til I die  
I stay high-igh-igh-igh-igh-igh  
Blowin shotguns to a bad bitch  
Smoke good bud cause I'm mad rich  
Stay zoned out on the average  
Don't know shit about babbage  
You must forgot I'm a savage  
Marijuana my medicine  
I got Christmas trees, it ain't Christmas time  
But each time I go where I never been  
My doctor said it ain't good for ya lungs  
But it's good for my mind and it keep me calm  
Mary Jane, she got me sprung and she had my heart since a nigga was young  
I don't wanna come down  
It's hard to explain this feelin I feel  
Nigga I'm throwed, but truth be told...  
I don't even know what day it is, I just wanna get high  
  
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