

I Get High

Memphis Bleek

All my fans askin' me an' shit
"Yo, Bleek, what you be doin'
On your spare time an' shit?"
This what I do man, check how I do, yoI gets high, rollin' down the I95
Ma don't ask why, I love gettin' high
While I drive, I can't lie, I puff lye
While I drive down the I95I gets high, rollin' down the I95
Ma don't ask why, I love gettin' high
While I drive, I can't lie, I puff lye
While I drive down the I95I 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 percent 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 BiggieAn' smokeout, I gives a fuck if you got a skateboard
Or that new XO out, you blow the row out
An' holla, I'mma survive or die
I'mma ride 'coz they never take a nigga aliveI gets high, rollin' down the I95
Starin' through the rear view from all the shit I survived
An' as I ride by, I just tilt my hat
Put the car on cruise an' roll up another sackI gets high, rollin' down the I95
Ma don't ask why, I love gettin' high
While I drive, I can't lie, I puff lye
While I drive down the I95
I gets high, rollin' down the I95
Ma don't ask why, I love gettin' high
While I drive, I can't lie, I puff lye
While I drive down the I95You 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 ImpalaOn them fifty spoke with two pounds to smoke
An' the weed come clean, no sticks, no seed
Straight bud an' 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 an' remove your shoes
But ch'ya, recline, baby, smoke good lime, baby
This the real green, out the 'High Times', babyWe sittin' on dubs, know what that like?
Twist enough bud, mami, get your mind rightI gets high, rollin' down the I95
Ma don't ask why, I love gettin' high
While I drive, I can't lie, I puff lye

While I drive down the I95I gets high, rollin' down the I95
Ma don't ask why, I love gettin' high
While I drive, I can't lie, I puff lye
While I drive down the I95I gets high, holla at the I95
Holla at the bar, I can't lie
Holla at the bar, I puff lye
When I drive down the I95G'yeah niggas, y'all know
Holla at me
Smoke one with cha, dawg

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>