Fried Day

Bizzy Bone

(lighter clicking in the background)
now this is what im talking about baby(inhaling)and this is for the weed heads and this is for the weedheads
get a bag of dope in a quarter o
(repeat2x)(chorus)(repeat2x)
(second and fourth time at end in background "wanna get high get high")
so who want a bag who want a bag
you want a bag you want a bag
you got a bag so send em out the door to the liquer store
get a bag of dope in a quarter o
(first verse)
Oh why don't we legalize reefer leaves in time
some of them say weed evil a little sumthin sumthin for my people
and though I know that weed will even out your day
love everything green well that's what my sister said god said
gonna get ya fucked up wanna get ya fucked up
will you take one hit that'll make you hush up nigga shut the fuck up
No stems no, indo and chronic hydro that stinkin' and I can think of some more
ohh yes time to smoke sesso I know high day come around on fried day
foreva deep boy yes then we pray
as the reefer help me see more everyday
would've it could've it be heaven sent
one hell of a superstar ball every first friday of the month
and your humbily invited were truly humbly united
enemies and all of ya'll hate on when i get my fade on
I'm so high
(chorus)(same as first)(second verse)
it'll rule ya smokin the potent buddha (buddha)
they aint nuthin like that buddha lovin bomb shit
fat enough that it will make me move ya sooth ya
reefer creeper seepin in my sneakers seepin in my shiva
heave her (nigga)
you better believe us even when i'm lonly weed wont leave us

not like these fake niggas that decieve us
all day the weed man bizzy need the chronic when it's
seedless
life aint easy put it on eazy but we still
breathin
takin a hit of the reefer sendin me straight to
heaven
chokin with my breezy
that herbal healin
and dont ya wanna feel that feelin and dont you wanna
spend your scrilla
and givin the weed to the killas niggas forget why they
killin (hell ya)
I heard they heard they heard they out here fuckin
wit pills
nigga those chemicals will make you ill so get off
the ecstasy
so come to the realers mysterious and pass the rush of a box of blunts,
a sack of skunk and your endin' up in the coffin (sure 'nuff, sure 'nuff)
(chorus)(same as first)(verse three)
toke that toke untill we love that love that
that
dont legalize cuz they know we can roll
gettin high just to get by
through all the suicides and homicides
and genocides drivebys walkbys gonna multiply
and chalk lines in the towns in the h-double-o-d hood
and it would rain
and it aint all were it aint all and it aint all and
it aint all good
I started at eleven stealin weed from coppers kreeper
and even though you beat us I gotta thank you for the
reefer
neva mess with white girls but I roll those white
boys
niggas come out the pen and they roll some tight
joints tight joints
my shit is swollen you shouldnt be rollin
livin on green leaves that will make your heart
bleed for the moment
just go and let me split up the weed and be silent
and sober
no jokin when the nieghbers door is open you want to
come over
we smokin smokin and now we tokin tokin and then we chokin
chokin chokin
chokin chokin chokin chokin chokin
I'm so high(chorus)(repeat til end)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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