Trick Daddy Dollaz Eightball, Trey Songz We high

Good evening ladies and gentleman
This is you're captain speakin' to ya
I'd like to welcome all of you aboard my flight
A flight that's promised to take you high
Way high up in the sky
So get out'cha blunts
Ya Dutchmasters and ya Backwoods
And I'll turn ya seatbelt signs off

I only smoke the best bud Jamaica and Bahamas got the best herb, yes sir I could smoke, toke after toke Won't give a triple choke And it won't hurt my throat, nope! Chinky eyed, just ridin' n vibin' On that real fire Be high for two-three hours And I'm cool wit' A-I, but hey I ain't too much into Phillie's But split a Dutch and I'll re-fill it And I ain't friendly, so nope, ya can't hit it I smoke good trees Yo collard-greens full of reefer seeds You use too many chemicals Too much added stuff, fool, it ain't real kush! One joint of that G-14 Will have you higher than your highest dreams, just floa-ting Not knowin' if you're comin' or goin' But when it's partly-cloudy, be prepared for the storm And get high

Roll up and feel the vibe Lay back, enjoy the ride Inhale, deep inside Exhale, we so high Roll up and feel the vibe Lay back, enjoy the ride Inhale, deep inside Exhale, we so high (High)

Love your stewardist coming through With snacks and drinks
Everybody got cotton-mouth, or the munchies
So y'all keep smokin' that good-good
Help ya fly along, high
High in the sky

Roll a Cigarillo, fire it up n' hit it Feels so good man, it's hard for me to quit it M-I-A, land of the palm trees T double D came through with the bomb trees And when a nigga inhale this I had to put my shades on, get behind tint

In the clouds, lookin' down on the ground Eightball, big black playa from the mound Remember when, I used to have them dime-sacks Lil ma circle by my house wit' the weed trap Now my Zip-Lock's be full of bubble-kush Spark it like a broads bush when she's on douche Fruit cocktail, you could tell, by the smell Burn one, let the whole club know I'm here (Heeey!) Let's fly tonight Come ride wit'cha boy and get high tonight (Feel the vibe) Ain't nothin' like bein' able to smoke-smoke good-good (Enjoy the ride) (Deep insiiide) And be waaay up here in the air (We so high) Away from all the troubles (Feel the vibe) And problems that's goin on down there in the real world (Enjoy the ride) Ohh, it feel good, don't it? (Deep inside) (We so high) Roll up and feel the vibe Lay back, enjoy the ride Inhale, deep inside Exhale, we so high Inhale, deep inside Exhale, we so high (Up in the Himalayas) Roll up and feel the vibe (Gettin' money, we out) Lay back, enjoy the ride (Smoke on, smoke on) The only people I know, who don't smoke Is Jesus, C-O, and my last P-O Yo, but I ain't on papers no mo' Ain't gotta creep and sneak At least not to blow (Not to blow) I spent my first two years gettin' high By smokin' dollar joints rolled outta 1.5's That was 'round '84, '85 Smoke all week for the dimes Now nigga that's live (Nigga that's live) Visine to help clear my eyes (My eyes) Sprayed cologne on, when it was time for me to go home I been doin' this for twenty years (Twenty years) Ain't never seen or heard of one man that weed done killed So just chill (Just chill, take puff here, puff there) Take a puff here, there To bring ya down a lil' off ya pills After that, go and eat'cha a meal But'chu gon' have to bathe ya ass to get the smell out'cha hair, yeah Roll up and feel the vibe Lay back, enjoy the ride Inhale, deep inside (Inside) Exhale, we so high (We so high) Roll up and feel the vibe (Feel the vibe) Lay back, enjoy the ride (Enjoy the ride) Inhale, deep inside Exhale, we so high

Sad enough, yours truly
The booger-man himself
Bout to take you all across the world
Take ya everywhere wit' the electric chair
Gon' let'cha see anything wit' the wind
But then again...
You'll never get high like this again
Come again my friends!
Ha-haaa