

Fried Day

Bizzy Bone

Now this is what I'm 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
(2x)

(2x)

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 liqueur
Store
Get a bag of dope and a quarter roll

Alright homies legalize reefer leaves and nines
Some of them say we evil a little sumthin sumthin for
My people
And though I know that weed will even out your debt
Love everything green well that's what my sister said God said
Gonna get ya f**ked up wanna get ya f**ked up
When you take one hit then I make you hush up nigga shut
The f**k up
No stress though indo and chronic hydro and skunk and I can
think of
Some more
Oh yeah time to smoke said so I know high day come
Around on Friday
Toke the bowl breath deep boy yes then we pray
As the reefer help me see more everyday
wouldn't it couldn't it be heaven sent
We have one hell of a superstar bowl every first Friday
Of the month
And your humbly invited were truly humbly united
Enemies and all of y'all hate on when I get my
Fade on
I'm so high

On new year smocking the potent Buddha (Buddha)
They ain't nothing like that Buddha loving 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 we lonely weed wont
Leave us
Not like these fake niggas that deceive us
All day the weed man dizzy we be better make it
Seedless
Life ain't easy put it on easy but we still
Breathing
Taking a hit of the reefer sendin me straight to
Heaven
Chocking with my breezy
That herbal healing
And don't ya wanna feel that feeling and don't you wanna
Spend your scrilla
And giving the weed to the killers niggas forget why they
Killing (hell ya)

I heard they heard they heard they out here f**kin
Wit pills
Nigga those chemicals will make you ill so get off
The ecstasy
So to the realers mysterious and ??

Thug that talking till we love that love that
That
Don't legalize cause they know we can
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 ain't all were it ain't all and it ain't all and
It ain't all good
I started at eleven stealing weed from coppers
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 shouldn't be rolling
Living on green leaves that will make your heart
Bleed
Just go and let me split up the weed and be silent
And sober
No jocking when the neighbors door is open you want to
Come over
We smocking toking and now we chocking toking and then we chocking
Chocking chocking
Chocking chocking chocking chocking chocking
I'm so high

[chorus repeat til end]