

There ain't no party like a west coast party
'Cause a west coast party don't stop
I'm gonna drop the top, blaze a fat joint
Make the front of the Chevrolet hot
What-what-what goes up must come down

So prepare yourself before we rise up from the ground
Tonight's the beginning of a brand-new mission
No bitch and no tip and just fuckin' with my vision
I shoot for the stars when I stimulate my mind
Fully rested to totally expect it to fire

The recipe hard licks the buds and yay
That's the nation, the trulla I don't my home every day
Time for the real shit, time for some action
Homies in the background chasin' the dragon
Twist the glass and held smoke and pass
To the nigga's how we do it 'til we satisfied and laugh

Everyday, I wonder just how I die
Only thing I really know is how to survive
I'm still livin' in the fast lane, suckin' on the safer juice
Tryna go from mine every time when they come through
It's like shit when you start to tumble down

That's why I stay a couple hundred feet above ground
Sky's the limit when I'm crewing and lockin' the brew
Strapped down for the one trip, nine to the two
Now should I tell the truth or candy coat it with a lie
Sometimes I trip, ahh when it gets real high
This ain't for days, cock with that 12 gauge

A victim of my own mind in a glass cage
Voluntary visit, shit has got me twitching
Makin' no more excuses for the life I've been giving
Here today gone tomorrow just as quick
So I'ma eat up life 'til that bitch make me sick

Get higher baby (get higher baby)
Get higher baby (get higher baby)
Get higher baby, and don't never come down, down (say what)
Get higher baby (get higher baby)
Get higher baby (get higher baby)
Get higher baby, and don't never come down (down)

Now the time's has come
Let it be day three, so my mom plays tricks on me
Big bad California baby
Relax your mind and let your spirit be free
Damn, the glass broke, don't let the shit spoil
Take apart the pic in new aluminum foil

Bless your self take a deep breath then focus
Ready for blast off mutherfucker, you know this
Cannabis a deaiver be the recipe for later
Fuck the come down, continue rising like an elevator
Slowly but surely, I make my way to the end of another 72 hour day

This is well our time, sun up to sun down
Gotta thousand windows sunburn then a million ways to pound
Do you hear the sound pumping on inside your chest
Intoxicated by the lyrics, we possess no stress?
Just a sticky icky green, 2000 NB young player buzzin' 'til infinity

Feelin' our love and our pain is obsolete
Bury all my prongs in the bath of hell sea
Can't you see me floatin' to the sky
Where I roam and lovin' every bit of this high I call home
What goes up must come down, that's for suckers
T-Dre and deluxe be some fly mutherfuckers

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