

Smoke Somethin'

Paul Wall

I get high
I get high
I get high
Yes, sir

I get high
I get high
I get high
Smoking something

Smoking on trees with celebrities
Solid gold cufflinks on my leather sleeves
Bussing down weed in the brown leaf red eyes
I'm 'a smoke 'til them shits bleed I'm just zoned out
Staring at my diamonds
Icy hot shit move I can change the climate
My gun hidden in designer snap quick
I woke up and chose violence
I did
I speak the truth when I'm rhyming
Why you still walking around with closed eyelids?
You're still asleep
Fire kicks my entire whip clean watch me fire rub a stick
While these wheels spin
I did hooked up with some real teens
But their brains cooked so we never linked again
So much ink leaked from this pen
I just smoke and I pray
Lord, forgive me for my sins, yeah

I get high
I get high
I get high

I get high
I get high
I get high
Oh, I'm getting high

I'm smoking something exclusive they ain't got in the shop yet
You want their top tree? You going to pay tip top check
Stacking guap in the 'lac, Term' in the drop 'vette
Carat cut Diamonds I just got a new top set
My top regret is tapping out smoking with Snoop
But I blame it on the Swisha's you can go ask Goof
I was ready for round two with a astronaut suit
I had to get my weight up smoking out with Devin the dude
I'm talking all day, every day like chimneys at the North Pole
Roll the concentrate in the middle call it a pothole
I smoked the fonto solo and do it pronto
But don't trip it's more on the console
I beat another case like bongos but it was all God
Let me shout out to my little bro [?]
Like a garage how I change out all this blunts mine
We ain't smoking [?] so roll your own and get high

I get high

I get high
I get high
Paul Wall, baby

Fresh to death then He gotta be fly
I'm watching wack rappers blow up I gotta be high
I don't say nothing but fuck that I want you to try
He ain't stop you, they ain't your family he want you to die
He must hate seeing you happy they want you to cry
They don't like when you tell the truth they want you to lie
My mama gone so I'm blowing smoke up to the sky
Shit I been through the answers when 'Kiss was asking you why
I used to roll Phillies, white owls and such
But that shit was a little strong so I switched to the Dutch
Remember that?
Then I switched to the paper cones is coming in clutch
You got a good, bud. I'm staying in touch
Where you at?
From New York to Texas even out in the South
I ain't passing before COVID 'cause I ain't trust your mouth
Bitches sucking dick and niggas eating ass
You nasty motherfucker you aksing me to pass?
I get high

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I get high
I get high