

Let's Get High

PeeWee Longway

Yeah

I ain't never been so high

Ask me have I been so high

Ask me why I be so high

How a nigga get so high? (Ayy, Tano, fire that shit up)

Fire that shit up, fire that shit up

Fire that shit up, who got weed?

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I'm just rollin' three-point-five inside my Backwood

Jumped up out that pussy, weed just made it feel good

I roll my own, you smoke your own, I don't want no headache

When I wake and bake, I smoke so great, my blunt like two eighths, ayy

Fire that shit up (Fire that shit up), roll up (Fire that shit up)

Fire it up (Fire that shit up), fire that shit up (Who got weed?)

Roll up (Fire that shit up), fire it up (Fire that shit up)

Fire it up (Fire that shit up), fire it up (Who got weed? Roll up)

This shit so good, when I bust my pound, I just might smoke one now

I smoke like Wiz, I smoke like Snoop do, we got stronger pounds

Three-five in the Backwood

New torch, this Cupcake, I can make it taste good

My ashes, smoke with a passion

I went Christian Dior with the fashion

I'm in Dior, we smokin' on Sprinkles

In the coupe, make a left with no blinkers

Got a yellowbone rollin' up fingers

I wear stripes on my back like a bengal

She said zaza make her pussy skeet

I'ma roll up a thumb, let's do it

I'm a four-forty-eight connoisseur

JBA, yeah, I come out the sewer

Make the Draco sound like Dua

So many flavors, they thinkin' I grew it

We roll up the Pluto, it's kickin' like Judo

It's smokin' so good in the 'Wood

I'm back-to-back on the road with the pack

In the trunk and the load in the hood

I got the P's that come with the pack

I can do a pop-up in the hood

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I'm addicted to them P's, I make M's, time for B's

My own strand M&M Sprinkles, pay my grower extra fees

I keep a baddie next to me, I gotta make sure that this natty don't leak
Smokin' on broccoli, catchin' the box, it gotta be cool, she toxic
My left wrist drip like a faucet, I got the Runtz, hibachi
I'm smokin' on doda, the Very Berry, we got flavors, the torch is exotic
And I throw the pack like a hail mary, when it touch down, come in a box
I make her scream Bloody Mary when I sing, young Yak G shine on his top (Blo
ody Mary, Bloody Mary)
Roll up an opp and I face it
Ain't passin' my blunt like I laced it
Like Wiz and Snoop, she roll up papers, eyes look like an Asian
Got real good weed, smoke like Jamaicans
Twerk her ass just like Jamaican
Hundred-band jugg, I made her make it
Sellin' the buds, preroll the shake weed

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(Ayy, Tano, fire that shit up)