

Smoke one for the pain, cold world got me high  
Stay close to the flame in a room with the guys  
With a view, with a moon and the stars  
Your head in the clouds, the herb in your palm, what would you say?  
Prolly just passin' the J, prolly turn ash into rain

Prolly just party with Charlie and Prince Rick James  
Before I get sent to the place, cops get paid for ending your life  
Wonder why I stay so damn high  
Wonder why you've drank all that Sprite  
Muddy like waters, hit it like Mike  
Picking my advice like women I like  
Only get down as she lifting my high, high, yeah

Rollin' up the la-la-la, things on my mind, I can't lie, lie, lie  
So I'ma get hi-ya-ya, so low and hi-ya-ya  
Rollin' up the la-la-la, things on my mind, I can't lie, lie, lie  
So I'ma get hi-ya-ya, so low and hi-ya-ya

Hi-ya-ya-ya, hi-ya-ya-ya (Hi ya)  
Hi-ya-ya-ya, hi-ya-ya-ya

I got two joints, both are for me 'cause I'm feeling greedy  
Oh, no sympathy, no, not for them greedy folks  
Folks, that's when DeSoto, I like all these videos I'm in  
Not mood, in a corner lurkin', mackin', needin'  
So full, jimbalya, and behind it, that's a dope door, caught that  
It's a pro tool, hit me with your best shot, go and do it

Better sing your best shot, won't do it (Picky winny)  
Let us in the jets, better blow through it (Sticky inny)  
Triple OG, choke hold, they ain't dead, eh?  
Float me the mote boat, low need a meda'

Ain't askin' for much (No), just to move my body  
And to smoke my dosh, yuh, by my lonely  
On a high horse, gallop on me, all like psychics and Mavericks only  
Flick on my BIC, those work my lungs, hop off that fence  
Who you are when I'm gone?

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Hi-ya-ya-ya, hi-ya-ya-ya

Smokin' lifka, only do drugs that could twist up  
Mista, high as fuck, don't give a fuck  
My mind been a blimp since middle school  
No rules when you're living that artist life  
Art is life, life is art, probably too high to be writing songs  
But here we are, so mind my thoughts

I don't wanna kick if the vibe is off  
I'ma push the limits till my mind is gone

Till we all sitting pretty on the ground with' y'all, gettin' live with' y'all  
Lift off with' ya'll

Rollin' up the la-la-la, things on my mind, I can't lie, lie, lie  
No peace pipe when it's raw outside  
Rich folk plow while po' folk die  
They don't wanna see you legalize yourself  
Liberate your mind then find your self  
They want you workin' 9 to 5, want you always on the clock  
Are we ever gon' rise? Only time will tell

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