

# I Get Lifted

Spose

P. Dank, motherfuckers

Mike Be!

P. Dank, motherfucker

Uh, yeah, yo, yo

It's the mister lick a star pro  
Twisted at the bar, go split a cigar  
And get lifted like cargo  
Me and Spose, peers, smokin' for years  
If this is a sport, we both go pro for careers  
Now I keep a Q buried of green that's blueberry  
Kept quarters under pillows (it's used?) no tooth fairy  
Something to stash and glass it be in  
Don't blow coke, but get lifted like cats that skiin'

(I get lifted) Mike Be, EA

(I get lifted) P. Dank, Cam

{They call him Cam and he's so low-key  
But he don't do drugs, nah, he just smokes weed}

(I get lifted)

(I get lifted)

Yo, they call him Spose and he's so low-key

No, he don't do drugs, he just smokes weed

You could tell by the crystallized crumbs on my garment  
Weed like an untended garden, bags like garbage  
Backwoods wrapped around trees, like garland  
Even when my funds were dwarven  
Picking nuggets out of the carpet  
Misdemeanors assorted, but still I'm Pete Sparkin'  
Yeah, come and take a gander and meander  
At the name of what my label is  
The alcohol and that are what enables him  
I, I, I, I take the cheeba out the satchel, roll the weed up  
And tobacco leaf, receive it, then I pass it briskly  
If you're trying and you want to, but you're drier than a convent  
I'ma tell you, sire, promptly, "bitch please!"  
Shout out to anybody who has ever fronted me a bag  
Broke me off a nug or let me smoke a drug upon their tab  
Females or bros, you know Spose'll hit you back  
I sign my emails "to the top" so you know that I

(I get lifted)

(I get lifted)

They call me Spose and I'm so low-key  
'Cause I don't do the drugs, nah, I just smoke weed

(I get lifted)

(I get lifted)

{They call him Cam and he's so low-key  
But he don't do drugs, nah, he just smokes weed}

I smoked weed at fifteen, been stuck the same  
Everyday I'm getting lifted like a truck in Maine  
Never descend or plummet, I just spend my budget  
A mile high, breaking up them Denver Nuggets

Some people tell me that I need to leave the house more  
Find me chillin' inside, puffin' on that outdoor  
So fuck your pot seeds, I just bought me  
This big-ass bag of the snot-green botany  
It's all chemistry, keep me steady remedy  
If I forget your name, blame my short-term memory  
I set flight when I hold the mic  
With more hits than dank weed rolled up tight, right?  
So put your flame to it, tired of the same music?  
We gon' show you how the fuckin' people up in Maine do it  
We smoked it all once, then we went and bought more  
Ask me where I'm going and I'll tell you to the top floor

(I get lifted) Yeah, Yeah  
(I get lifted) Yeah, Yeah  
EA, Spizzy Spose, Cam Groves, so low-key  
'Cause we don't do the drugs, nah, we just smoke weed, uh  
(I get lifted) P. Dank in it  
(I get lifted) Blazin' it  
My homie Jay Caron, yeah, he's so low-key  
'Cause he don't do the drugs, nah, he just smokes weed, check

Hey, yo, I'm getting lifted off them dank herbals before  
I'm slangin' my verbals and I represent from Waterville, the horror show  
We puff the purple, shit'll hurt ya, shit'll put ya right in a coma  
Coughin' and chokin' while I'm jokin', soakin' up the aroma  
Laughin' and gigglin', still puffin' that potent  
Just for the smell of it, getting me open when it's important  
Practicing rhetoric, the class, I stay ahead of it  
Developing rhymes  
And I don't need it, but I love it when in this state of mind, lifted

(I get lifted) Uh  
(I get lifted) Yeah, yeah  
It's P. Dank, and we're so low-key  
'Cause we don't do drugs, buddy, we just smoke weed, uh  
(I get lifted)  
(I get lifted) On and on and on and on

We just puff, puff, puff, puff, puff bud, uh  
On that Erykah Badu shit  
Yeah, spark one up with us, Peter Sparker, Slim Pickins  
Don't even show up if you're not throwing down  
EA, Mark Ross, I mean, look at- look at what  
Look at what our record label's called  
We Smoked It All Volume 2