

# Let's Get High

Twiztid

'Cause I just really wanna get high  
To the sky, I just wanna fly, come on let's get high  
I feel faded, elevated, that's how I'm livin' my life  
Whoa whoa, whoa whoa  
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Hello, you with me now  
Up in them clouds, not comin' down

I'm rollin up this caviar in a cone amnd I'll eat this candy bar  
And zone like I'm on them xanny bars  
And the best moon rock this side of Mars  
I got T-A-B's full of T-H-C  
And a buncha different bottles we can P-O-P  
Stay high like Snoop, D-O-double-G  
Smoke down on that sour, D and G-D-P's  
From the 3-1-3 to the 4-15  
I'm going platinum with the Larry and I keep my kush O-G  
Super silver with my haze, take a jet fuel to my face  
And I'll leave without a trace if your weed is a disgrace  
And I like to lace it up with wax and a little bit of crazy stuff  
Hash, a little bit of oil, until my face is stuck  
And I got a big bag of keef, and I'm loadin' up the zong  
"Liberation" by Outkast, my favorite smokin' song  
Thinkin' all I want to do is be up in the sky  
And I can't make no excuse

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I may never get enough of that good, here  
Never can get too high, pill spear  
But the ladder never got enough rungs in it  
Every time, to the top, on my tippy toes, tryna touch heaven  
With my arms stretched out, but I still can't fucks with it  
I'm a overachiever, and I'll admit it  
Keep it, Ringo, let's get it, and rock shit like a brand new fitted  
Right back, hittin' that sweet leaf  
Put a little ease on that stress and grief  
Slow motion, sink in my seat

My brain feels like cat food  
My body feels like fat dude  
I'm a little bit drunk, with an attitude  
But I'm smooth like Vidal Sassoon  
[?] of us pass you  
In a minute with the bathroom  
Fallin' over in the stall, excuse me do you have room?  
Pardon me if a little bit splash you

Yes, I'm white trash with tattoos  
Let's get tore down when I pass through  
I'll walk by blood too, I'm high, I'm gone, I'm snafu  
Inhale, exhale, I need food to the Taco Bell around or near you  
My vision's startin' to blur too  
But the night's still early  
We still got the rest of this bag right here to work through  
Yes, this concerns you  
You may never smoked a hundred joints, I just really learned to

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