

Fried Day

Bizzy Bone

(lighter clicking in the background)

now this is what im talking about baby(inhaling)and this is for the weed heads and this is for the weedheads

get a bag of dope in a quarter o

(repeat2x)(chorus)(repeat2x)

(second and fourth time at end in background "wanna get high get high")

so who want a bag who want a bag

you want a bag you want a bag

you got a bag so send em out the door to the liquer store

get a bag of dope in a quarter o

(first verse)

Oh why don't we legalize reefer leaves in time

some of them say weed evil a little sumthin sumthin for my people

and though I know that weed will even out your day

love everything green well that's what my sister said god said

gonna get ya fucked up wanna get ya fucked up

will you take one hit that'll make you hush up nigga shut the fuck up

No stems no, indo and chronic hydro that stinkin' and I can think of some more

ohh yes time to smoke sesso I know high day come around on fried day

foreva deep boy yes then we pray

as the reefer help me see more everyday

would've it could've it be heaven sent

one hell of a superstar ball every first friday of the month

and your humbily invited were truly humbly united

enemies and all of ya'll hate on when i get my fade on

I'm so high

(chorus)(same as first)(second verse)

it'll rule ya smokin the potent buddha (buddha)

they aint nuthin like that buddha lovin bomb shit

fat enough that it will make me move ya sooth ya

reefer creeper seepin in my sneakers seepin in my shiva

heave her (nigga)

you better believe us even when i'm lonely weed wont

leave us

not like these fake niggas that decieve us
all day the weed man bizzy need the chronic when it's
seedless

life aint easy put it on eazy but we still
breathin

takin a hit of the reefer sendin me straight to
heaven

chokin with my breezy
that herbal healin

and dont ya wanna feel that feelin and dont you wanna
spend your scrilla

and givin the weed to the killas niggas forget why they
killin (hell ya)

I heard they heard they heard they out here fuckin
wit pills

nigga those chemicals will make you ill so get off
the ecstasy

so come to the realers mysterious and pass the rush of a box of blunts,
a sack of skunk and your endin' up in the coffin (sure 'nuff, sure 'nuff)

(chorus)(same as first)(verse three)

toke that toke untill we love that love that
that

dont legalize cuz they know we can roll
gettin high just to get by

through all the suicides and homicides
and genocides drivebys walkbys gonna multiply
and chalk lines in the towns in the h-double-o-d hood
and it would rain

and it aint all were it aint all and it aint all and
it aint all good

I started at eleven stealin weed from coppers kreeper
and even though you beat us I gotta thank you for the
reefer

neva mess with white girls but I roll those white
boys

niggas come out the pen and they roll some tight
joints tight joints

my shit is swollen you shouldnt be rollin
livin on green leaves that will make your heart
bleed for the moment

just go and let me split up the weed and be silent
and sober

no jokin when the nieghbers door is open you want to
come over

we smokin smokin and now we tokin tokin and then we chokin
chokin chokin

chokin chokin chokin chokin chokin

I'm so high(chorus)(repeat til end)

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>