

# 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/>