

# Up There (feat. Krayzie Bone)

## Project Pat

Up There  
(Hook(2x))  
Up there up there  
smokin that bud and get us up there up there  
These trees'll get us up there up there  
them green leaves'll get us up there up there  
Where we wanna be iz up there up there(Krayzie Bone)  
Lost in smokin mighty reefer  
Nigga jus like Colt 45 it works every time  
Me and Three 6 Mafia we smoke and ride wit Hypnotize Minds  
Nigga roll it up and let's smoke one  
HEY! Did somebody say weed  
Nigga dats my fiya(fire) I luv it  
Puff it every day  
Shit if it wasn't for da rifa pleasin  
Easin my mind nigga I'd be wildin  
Talkin bout a nigga wit a attitude  
If I don't smoke then I ain't smilin  
I ain't eatin I ain't sleepin  
And I ain't fuckin wit no broads  
If I ain't weeded  
Can't let em stress my mind  
I'll get wit ya'll later when I get high  
Listen ssss  
Hear my brain as it fry  
I'm jus like a junky when he get his fix  
Nigga be relieved when I get my shit  
Ain't nuttin like dat Cali green  
Or dat Miami weed  
Prefer my trees no stem no seeds  
But you got good stress I'll take dat  
Smokin chokin? but eyes wide open  
And I'm scopin while I'm token  
On dis potent shit I'm ready to roll it(Hook)  
(Project Pat)  
You know naturally I'm high high  
Down in Memphis we always smoke on dat light light  
Dats goin keep you melo  
Bud goin have your eyez tight  
I dare any felo to smoke on dis all night  
You goin to have to tell yo friend to come and get cha  
Roll a blunt do and pass it to me mista

If you fell you can't hang wit these?  
Stay yo ass up off da hole you quit your guessin  
All you doin man iz? and I'm restin  
To dis non cheba bullshit ypu stressin  
Tellin me to quit smokin in dis green  
It jus calm me down to keep my game clean  
Man dis greenery iz made for inhalin  
Smoke go to my lungs then I'm sailin  
To a place where all you heard iz your vocab  
Project Pat I'm on dis track goin up there  
(Hook)Pass me da muthafuckin blunt man  
Hurry up or else somebodys gonna get sprayed  
Cough and choke on da weed iz jus what I've done  
I hit again and blow my niggaz a gun too  
You smoke wit Paul he'll tell you how we doin dis  
Itz not a day of smokin dank  
Dat I'm gonna miss  
We gettin high as a muthafucker ever seen us  
While chillin out on dat strip called orleans  
Me and one of my road dogz kicked it kinda tuff  
While I opened up da low key  
Me and dem folks? at da bottom where da damn hataz be  
And we partyin like some rock stars  
While we pullin?  
Ya'll wanna know what we was gettin high on  
It wuz dat goddamn funk  
Sat there kinda frozen  
Wit dem straws up to our noses  
Bought some ink to slow our rollin  
Bump some V's  
Ain't gonna speak on dis shit no mo  
So hit me once cuz it ain't no mo  
You shootin dat?  
You betta watch yo dough

I'm out of fire now holla hoeif you wanna want we were gettin on it was that goddaman funk

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