

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/>