

Styles, Good Times (Remix)

(feat. Method Man, Redman)

[Redman]

Killa House

Brick City

Style P.

When Funk Doc start takin' the drag

It's like who in the hell let this ape in the lab

Breakin the glass, bottles

I'm swinging harder then cash is swung

The only kid with a Velcro, fabric thumb

Neva! dropin' the blunt

2 for fine rollin'

89 in the bricks is 15 and growin'

killa House fan, you know what it mean

It mean your sifa ain't fuckin' wit the lord of the ring

Diggy! I pack your pipe wit nothin' but bomb

It roll on, like the Power Stripe under your arm

Oh Lord, involge

Massive indo, I'm breakin' the dress code

I ain't rockin' kenneth coles

I just came to get high with Styles

Like my, block D with wider vowels

I'm talking about A, E, I, O, U, my skills already have niggas 'prest

Fuck an interview

[HOOK]

"I get high - high - high - high" (Every day)

"I get high - high - high - high" (Every night)

"I get HIGH on your memory, HIGH on your memory" (All the time)

"HIGH on your memory..." (Every day)

"I get high - high - high - high" (Every night)

"I get high - high - high - high" (All the time)

"I get high - high - high - high" [laughing]

"High-ighhhhhh..."

[Styles]

I'ma blow it if it's sticky kid (what up!)

I smoke manage jars full a green like Biggy did

My pens my sagare

my bars be serious

You can't fuck wit me dawg, point blank period

I get high and hallucinate

A pound cost 6 in New York

But its half in Miami

Nigga move your wait

My dimes be 1 point O's, 20's be 2 point 2's

Bring a snack and some fruit punch too

And you know I [*inhaling smoke*] the purple stuff

I'm so high I can piss on a cloud

And make a bird look up

Smokin' haze in the Hummer wile the bird look up

Gettin' high wit the hammer so the bird shook up

I get high like Doc and Meth

And "Let the Monkeys Out"

So I can "Bring the Pain" wile I pop ya chest

It's D block when the basters repin' (D block)

All I need is a lighter and some haze with a master collection

What

[HOOK]

[Method Man]

Okay
Who ya know smoke more Earth then Tical
Hit up a weed spot
then off to the D block to smoke it wit Styles
I Fight my way up out the D-Tox
Who smoke a slip
But he dont need block, jus buds, and cumulus clouds
Pull up your Rebox
This kid is goin' - mad, rapper like D-Doc
I got trees, but I'm tryin' to smoke a little he got
If not these niggas then who (Son tell me who)
Burn a leaf and get it Hot in Herre, like Nelly do
I get high, like Mary J. is all I need to get by
Stay red eye
No need to get fly
I get rush (RUSH) when I'm rollin' 'em up
The other day I saw sonz in the theater
Kids was throwin' 'em up
I get high, high, high
Every day I get high
Yeah I get high, high, high
And every night I get high
Yeah I get high, high, high
Mr. Meth I get high
Yeah (Yeah) yeah I get high, high, high
With Styles P. I get High-ighhhhhhh

[HOOK]

[Styles]
I am the Ghost
Flow with me
[laughs]