

# Didjits, Who's Ready To Get High

Who's ready to get high!

Little mambo Sammy puts his fingers on the strings  
The lightening flies right off his tips  
And the little girlies scream  
He pops the pills into his mouth  
And walks up to the mike and shouts

Who's ready to get high!

I think that evil Satan  
He is looking for my soul  
He's sittin' on my front porch  
Playing cards and then he folds  
His turns his shiny head  
And then he holds up his syringe and says!

Mumble stumble riff raff Gary  
He puts in his reply  
Harpies come torment his soul  
And spit into his eye  
He shakes 'em off, unrolls his bag  
And holds it up to the sky and says

Who's ready to get high!