

Keith Murray, Get Lifted

[Erick Sermon]

Uh-huh

Yeah

One two, one two

Smokin blunts

Mad Dog 20/20

We gonna get funky

[Keith Murray]

I grab the forty rip off the skirt

Guzzle it, grab the mic and come out the woodworks

When shit's thick and no time to think

Keith Murray gets busy off a Basic Instinct

I puff a L and drink some liquor

Sit down and write a jam that receive the muhfuckin sticker

As God as my witness, with the sickness

of a cannibalist cannibus I floats like a cumulus

My perpetual rebel intellectual

Won't catch a bad experience, with hallucinogenic either

I float simply with the canibus setiva

As my speech fall deep as in the scriptures

And graphic opponents like Picasso paint in pictures

If my eyes ain't red, it's all in my head

Once said by a Ph.D med

Legalize and I'll advertise, cuz

[chorus]

[Yeah] ("l... get lifted")

[Roll a Phillie and get]

[Roll a ziggy and get] ("Fire up this funk")

[Yeah, like that y'all/Yeah word up] ("l... get lifted")

[Roll/Puff the Phillie and get]

[Roll/Puff the ziggy and get] ("Fire up this funk, fire up this funk")

This the real deal not a publicity stunt

I gets high like if the man in the movie puffin blunts

But verily barely merrily is it dope or the dream

Step into my chain izm intervene the smokescreen

I captivate it then cultivate it, jealous of my desire

Smoke it down to the fire, anything to get a little higher

I've been to college but to be truthfully frank

Weed is knowledge, cause it makes me think

I pick anatomy and hem reality like Jah

Rastas read the bible, after puffin sensimillia

And the seeds it gets me high to fly, I ain't bullshittin

You can ask Bill Clinton, he could verify that

[chorus]

Step into this intersection and take this rap

I got a vicious plot but first take me by the weed spot

I do this for my niggaz locked down runnin capers

Smokin herb, and the bible papers

But how does it feel when you got no fire?

And kyant pass fi dutchie pon de leffhand side

What the fuck? Who the fuck wanna fuck

with the six shot shooter, I murder you over buddha

What I discuss'll bust a rhyme style nucleus

And roast them ghostes, puffin hocus pocus

So kid, pass that bomb trom word bond

So I can toke it with more wins than a python

Different Strokes for different folks

He like the chocolate thai

you like to float with the green skunky smoke
Roll up a fat one and pass it around
Laid back hypnotized to the funky sound, word

[chorus x2]

"Yo man, what's that guy's name, the Green Eyed Bandit?
He worked with Redman, Redman, whatever the fuck his name is..."