Lloyd Banks, Can I Get High

(feat. 50 Cent, Snoop Dogg)

[Lloyd Banks]

I know, I ain't supposed to smoke in here
But Mr. Bouncer Man, don't put your motherfuckin hands on me
(Can I get high) - without you botherin me
Everybody you see in here tonight's
doin the same thing, so why you keep player hatin on me?
(Can I get high) - without you botherin me

[50] Ay, did you hit this shit?

[Chorus: G-Unit - repeat 2X]
That la lah-lah, I be smokin
Be gettin me right, I be loc'n
Them bullshit trees, you be rollin
barely gives you a buzz, me I get HIGH!

[Lloyd Banks]

I admit I got a problem, I keep comin back for these doe-doe bags, and not your 'gnac or your sack of seeds I chill, sit back on the sofa and relax my knees And roll one up loose enough to make the backwards breathe I blow a heavy load, you can subtract some G's cause I'm a smoker, too much of this to choke ya I don't mean to provoke ya, but I'm a bad influence A musician can't operate without his instruments My recent success rapidly got your bitch convinced Haters mad they can't look inside cause I pitched the tints I enter the club with baggies of that chocolate The secondhand smoke'll make a nigga wanna start shit Sometimes I think bout where the niggaz from the start went Raise up a lighter and fuck up the whole apartment It's just one of them things that I do with my spare time My bad habits ain't private, so I'ma share mine

[Chorus]

[Lloyd Banks]

Now they put they hands out, cause of the way shit bend So you niggaz ain't smokin if you don't chip in Listen, I waited long for these rocks to glisten From that one-room pad without a pot to piss in Overt betrayal is not forgiven, I do this for my niggaz locked up that's comin home to lobster livin Helpin the cop's forbidden, bout to buy momma her own mansion Just so I can see her pop the ribbon That Cali bud special, so special I held the blunt so long Snoop had to tell me, "Pass the weed nephew!" Fuck rap, I'm the wrong one to get pissed off Cause the pump'll make you " Jump" like Kris Kross My nigga dead and it's hard to let go So I'm blowin on that wet doe, same color as Gecko We follow hood codes and everybody in the set know We gas 'em, fuck 'em and pass 'em, what you expect ho?

[Chorus]

[Snoop Dogg]

Say 'gain won't you blow it with the best of them
Yes yes I blessted them, blazed up the purple palm trees
I told dem don't mess wit dem, I hold dem no testament
Do you want to smoke wit me?
Weed rollin, G-strollin, bad-mouthin muh'fucker

Law breakin, pimp slappin niggaz for the fuck of it Hip-Hoppin, ziplockin, riprockin gangbanger " Thought you was an actor, " thought I was a singer Thought about ridin if you say you wanna hang tough D.P.G. unit sounds like danger You might wanna manage your anger Hang with us and stop smokin on the same stuff Now lay back on the law This new weed that I got I call it face off Cause it'll blow your face off and that's a figure of speech My niggaz a beast, on me, from the West to the East, preach!

[Chorus]