Mr. Shadow, 4:20

Get High, Get High
Smoke, Smoke, Smoke that weed
Get High, Get High
Smoke, Smoke, Smoke that weed

(Mr. Shadow)
I feelin Irry come and try me
You can look all around but you can't find me
With my shadow right behind me, blowin it up
Every where that I go Gs givin me love
Smoke a dub in a blunt cause it ain't no thing
How can you be a playa if you got no game, put you to shame
Around here we maintain, if you wanna sport platinum and roll wit some wood grey
If you can't hang, then stop botherin
Bitch my kind of weed will have you fallin and slobberin
Me and Maddness, smokin I ain't jokin
Come in the studio and peep the bong that I'm holdin
Rollin in a V12, you can't blame me and Big Jess for lovin wealth
Oh hell, I'm bout to mix it
With canibuseteva straight f**kin me up

(Chorus)
It's about 4:20, got plenty weed
Stayin high as can be, f**kin wit the T-H-C
You know me, bomb weed smokin til I D-I-E

(Maddness)
it's Maddness with a bomb tweet alert
It's 4:20 on the clock, Shadow's on the glock
So you know we bomb smokin, Chron Don blowin
Rich Line stolen, we residental rollin
Shadow got the bomb after twistin, I'm the Don
High off the bomb bay, Madness representin the Chron smokers
909 way 619 days and nights, got my eyes tight
Surely stack and don't hate
Madness down wit Shadow from a thug's place
My versatility a different page and different state
Street light stays green and I'm thinkin trees
A roll a J, call Fingaz it's time to spit heat
It's 4:20 on the clock, blunt's lit so I feel top notch
Cheif rollin til my life stops, bomb smokin just the same
Shadow, Maddness mad blaze

(Chorus)

(Mr. Shadow)
Ah shit, me and Maddness
Stay hella high, man take a little X
Never stress on you twenty bag slangers
And I never sell yay to a stranger, danger danger
F**kin wit a fool you don't know, specially comin from D-I-E-G-O
So Cal, peep out my Vocal (Why)
In America's finest we gettin loked out

Get High, Get High, Get High, Get High
Smoke, Smoke, Smoke that weed

(Chorus)