

Good Times - Styles P Lyrics

This Lyrics is downloaded from Showthelyrics.com check out for more lyrics

"Good Times"

"I get high, I get high, I get high, I get high
I get high, I get high, I get high, I get high
I get high on your memory, high on your memory
High on your memory..."

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

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

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

"High-ighhhhhhh..."

Everyday I need an ounce and a half, S.P.

The only flower that you know, with a bounce and a half

Listen kid, I need a mountain of cash so I could roll up

Hop in the whip and like, bounce to the ave

I get high cause I'm in the hood, the guns is around

It take a blunt, just to ease the pain that humbled me now (whew)

And I'd rather roll somethin' up; cause if I'm sober dog

I just might flip, grab my guns and hold somethin' up

I get high as a kite; I'm in the zone all alone

Motherfucker case I'm dyin' tonight (it happen tonight)

So I roll 'em up, back to back, fat as I could (uh-huh)

You got beef with Styles P, I come to splatter the hood

"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 day)

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

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

"High-ighhhhhhh..."

Aiyyo I

Smoke like a chim-in-ney [inhaling], matter fact I

Smoke like a gun, when a killer see his enemy

I smoke like Bob Marley did; add to that

That I smoke like the hippies did, back in the 70's

Spit with the finishin' touch - get this, that

I'ma finish you before I finish the dutch

I get high like the birds and the planes, I get high when

Bullets hit faces after words exchanged

I get a rush, off the blood on the walls, you understand?

Like the m-5 pedal when it's touchin' the floor

I get high cause fuck it, what's better to do?

And i'mma never give a fuck (that's right) cause I'm better than you

"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 day)

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

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

"High-ighhhhhhh..."

I'mma smoke till my lungs collapse; I'm from a era where

Niggas cause terror over guns and crack

Where a dollar bill is powerful; I smoke weed cause

Time seem precious and I know what a hour do (I know dat)

High for a livin', gots ta ride for a livin'

With my real gangsta niggas that'll die for a livin' (die my niggas)

Shit I get as high as I could; cause if you see things

Like I see things, that i'mma die in the hood (right here)

Motherfucker understand it's full service to you
I don't smoke the weed if it ain't purple or blue
And you could name any rapper, if you want he could die (anybody)
This is S.P., dump it in you bitch, I get high

"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" (I am the ghost)
"I get high - high - high - high" (float with me)
"I get high on your memory, high on your memory
I get high on your memory" (I get high like birds to planes)
"I get high on your memory, high on your memory"
I get high on your memory" (I get high like, smokin' dubs to the head)
"I get high - high - high - high"
"High-ighhhhhhh..."

For any correction please mail us at showthelyrics1@gmail.com
