

# High All the Time

50 Cent

I don't need Dom Perignon, I don't need Cris  
Tanqueray and Alize, I don't need shit  
Nigga I'm high all the time, I smoke that good shit  
I stay high all the time, man I'm on some hood shit

Give me some dro, purple haze, and some chocolate  
Give me a dutch and a lighter I'll spark shit  
And stay high all the time, I smoke that good shit  
I'm high all the time, man I'm on some hood shit

Everytime I ROLL up, niggas holla ROLL up, and I tell'em HOLD up,  
You ain't gettin money you ain't smoking  
In my Benzo, 20 inch Lorenzos, smoking on indo  
Hiigh as a motherfucker  
I be on them backstreets, niggas know I clap heat, only if you got beef  
Man you better holla at me  
Niggas get locked up, stabbed up, shot up  
Everytime I pop up, a lot going on in my hood

I shoot the dice, I holler get'em girls  
Daddy need new shoes  
Daddy need Perelli's to look mean on 22s  
Stash box, Xbox, laptop, fax machine, phone  
Bulletproof this bitch and I'm gone  
2003 Suburban swerving, too many sips of Henny  
The D's sick, they searched the whip and they can't find the semis  
They was just harassing me cause they know who I was  
Spent the night in Central Booking for smoking some bud

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Now if you heard I done started some shit  
It ain't because I be high (I be high, I be high)  
And if you heard I done let off a clip  
It ain't because I be high (I be high, I be high)  
But I- twist that la, la, la, la

I get high as I wanna nigga  
Go against me, fa sho, you's a goner nigga  
I don't smoke to calm my nerves but I got beef  
Finna crush my enemies like I crush the hashish  
If you love me, tell me you love me, don't stare at me man  
I'd hate to be in the Benz clapping one of my fans  
Let me show you how to greet me, when you meet me, when you see me  
If you real my nigga, you know how to holla "G-Unit!"  
There's no competition, it's just me,  
50 Cent, motherfucker, I'm hot on these streets  
If David could go against Goliath with a stone  
I can go at Nas and Jigga, both for the throne

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Now who you know besides me who write lines and squeeze nines  
And have hoes in the hood sniffin on white lines  
You don't want me to be your kid's role model  
I'll teach them how to buck them 380s and load up them hollows  
Have shorty fresh off the stoop, ready to shoot  
Big blunt in his mouth, deuce deuce in his boot  
Sit in the crib, sippin Guinness, watching Menace  
Then Oh Lord, have a young nigga bucking shit like he O-Dog  
My team they depend on me when it's crunch time  
I eat a nigga food in broad day like it's lunchtime  
You feeling brave nigga, go ahead get gully  
See if I won't leave your brains leaking up out your skully  
I done made myself hot, so ain't shit you can tell me  
Niggas calling me to feature, man fuck your money  
I ain't hurtin, I'm aight, nigga I'm doin good  
I ain't got to write rhymes, I got bricks in the hood

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G-Unit, are you ready  
G-Unit, are you ready  
G-Unit, are you ready  
Nigga, ready or not, here I come, come, come