

## High Definition

Snow Tha Product

I'm just saying I mean, you can take a picture it'll last longer  
Cause I'm in high definition right in front of your face

How to keep it 100, I wrote the book  
So even if I'm rolling by myself, I know I'm good  
Haters all staring, feel free to take a look  
Haters all staring, feel free to take a look  
I'm in high definition, I'm in high definition  
I'm in high definition, I'm in high definition

My swag is high def, my aura high tech  
My charisma on fresh, my paint is on wet  
Man I feel like I gotta confess, I ain't caring 'bout shit  
All I see is broke bitches, all I really say is "Bleh"  
They think that I'm suicidal cause I keep it fresh to death  
Plus it really don't help that I got cuts up on my neck  
Little hot spitter young but I'm a vet  
Yeah, I've been killin' them when I rap  
Never did a motherfucking thing, I get this hot in the game  
Fuck, bitch I'm next  
Let me run up in the middle of the club like "What"  
Haters stare at this  
And if they hate then let them hate man, I don't care a bit  
Cause all you broke bitches suck and you don't pay my rent  
So long as you ain't a fan, I'm a act so arrogant  
Cause boy it's evident they hating 'cause of my glaring wrist, the where I've  
e been, and the bread I get  
Like Ozzy, I've been sharing it  
Ain't another chick wearing this, so cherish it  
Bitches get mad when they don't even compare to this  
Boy, I got hellacious swag and I'm wearing it

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I'm out here hurtin' feelings and I'm bringing back what's real again  
Most likely on the Zelian, and I'm on couple pills in this  
An' what you take to chill and shit, I'm bout to get belligerent  
Cause fuck the blue and red, I took both, and oh my god I'm feeling it  
And the DJ said I'm in the building and I'm killin' it  
I will offend you silly bitches sittin' in the background, hatin' staring an  
,

Oh bitch, you said you hearing shit 'bout me, well come here let me clear it  
then

I've been kickin' it with killas and you fuck with me you get killed for it  
My chopper goin' rrr-appa, a la madre, motherfucker  
Who am I? No, who are you? cause oh my god bitch, I'm your mama  
And you know about to bring that drama, that Gangsta Grillz shit  
It's run up or shut up and it's 'bout to get real bitch  
Someone hit the kill switch, you'll trip or we'll trip  
I'm in high definition, so real that you feel it  
Call me [?] up in the hood cause all of it feel me  
And you bitches keep staring cause I'm real as real get

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