

Get High

AZ

Lord knows I try
get high, get high, get high

I got haze blue and strawberry dro and diesel
I got kush and cannabis and all shades are lethal
Enough to puff with all my people
Chunks in the truck like the stuff was legal
Nothin but dutches I'm amoungst the evils
Bongs to breathe through my first time was preeschool

Get high, Get fly, Get lye

I got tons of guns but I love that mac
Automatics love to tug those back
Snubnoses for my hoes that pack
Big toys like them boys in Iraq
Click clacks'll put your brains in your lap
Open on that's the first time I blacked

I got Gucci, Pradas, Louis and all
I got it for the spring, the summer, the winter, fall
I got Bagarvy shades, Chrichendiors
Tims and hoodies just for war
Suits and hardbottoms respect no law
Open in the mall the first time I Balled

I got chicks that's all thick and in shape, and love it
Flicks and videos, shit, I does it
Some that cry, cum, and some that's rugged
One that's sprung when she done she hum it
One home body and one I run with
Ménage, massage, and word to God

Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha
Lord knows I did

I got cribs in the suburbs, the hood, and the city
A low crib with the wiz that's pretty
A crew crib where niggas bring biddies
A crib out mid, that's hid like Diddy's
A tropic spot out in the Caymans
A Cali spot the first time I copped

I got love for thugs and hustlers period
Hate for snakes I take that serious
Respect for ballers and those that stack
Appreciation for broads with back
Death for losers that snitch and tell
My homie homes first day on bail

I got 5 albums out 4 to go
A paper fetish I love the dough
Love for V's that speed and blow
Knowledge of self if you need to know
Patrone, Crissy, even Cleeko
Bitch so big I had to a pimp
Haha

I tried, I tried