

High

Birdman

Ohhhwe, ten mins classic daddy, what you know about that?
Cash Money, Young Money, haha, Weezy Wee, where ya at wit' it daddy?
Shit, please believe it

We back
Yea, the flow won't leave him
I promise baby, I'm in my song
Wizzle, c'mon, wha

One-ninety proof, sub-nine in a shiny coupe
Up-towners inside the booth, shut down anybody who
Come 'round with a lolly gag, leave found in a body bag
Legs stiff, toes green, give him a title tag
Flossy nigga, but there lies a killer behind the flesh
Bossy nigga, so presidential thanks to my dad
Gotta add, how I got four states to call a pad
I'm mad as a mothafucker, why? I'm rich!
Buy a bag brotha, get a nigga high, I'm lit
I'm bad, I, hit'chu in ya eye and ya bitch
I, hit'cha where ya hide, now ya it, ah, now ya sick
Hot Boy baby, yea, hot cars, stock car, rock star
What'cha know about it? It's not four baby's
Unless ya Weezy F Baby
And, please say the Baby when say it, mothafucker

Ridin' in my wheels, late nite
Left arm on the steerin' wheel
Red light, cops in my rear-view
But fuck them cause I'm high
Yeah, yeah, baby I'm so high
Uh huh, again

Ridin' in my wheels, late nite
Left arm on the steerin' wheel
Red light, cops in my rear-view
But fuck them cause I'm high
That's right, baby I'm so high

Yeah nigga, yeah, one hundred, one hundred
Yeah

See we ride for flame nigga, a G to my name nigga
I do's my thang nigga, I'm gettin' this change nigga
So who's to blame nigga, about the game nigga
They said I did it, so fuck them niggas
I gave the plan nigga, I gave the game nigga
I'm doin my thang, and still, fuck them niggas
I know the lane nigga, I know the pain nigga
I know the fame, and still, fuck them niggas
Nigga, yeah we chillin' with them bitches on us
Holla nigga, while we countin' our hood riches
Thinkin' bout all the hood niggas

Never got a chance to hit lic's for them six figures
Nigga, and if you doin' it how we done it nigga
Watch for the law, cause we knew when it was comin' nigga
And every summer had Hummer's nigga
Spent a million dollars like it wasn't nothin' nigga

C'mon
Ridin' in my wheels, late nite
Left arm on the steerin' wheel
Red light, cops in my rear-view
But fuck them cause I'm high
Yeah, yeah, baby I'm so high
Uh huh, again

Ridin' in my wheels, late nite
Left arm on the steerin' wheel
Red light, cops in my rear-view
But fuck them cause I'm high
That's right, baby I'm so high

Yo, check it
And no bitch can't, and no nigga won't
Fuck with me, play with me, no
Cause I got me fo' sho'
And I got D's to blow, fo' sho'
Come on, now if ya feel me put'cha guns in the air
Pull 'em out, and let the playa haters know that it's there
Bang that mothafucker, and pop that mothafucker

Yeah, fall back young man, who?
Weezy Baby, a hundred grand, ya understand?
Yeah, wife beater fittin' me perfect, exactly
Jeans fallin' off my ass, pocket cash showin'
Rock n' roll, we can rock to my pad, yeah
Cold Saki shots, chilled Petrone, half a glass, yeah
Whoa, now she hot, now it's on, now she bent
I let her clothes drop, while she goin' to my bed
And I'm goin to my bed right behind her
Got a couple questions in her pussy
I picked the night to find 'em
And, I might define 'em if, I hit from right behind her
And get her how I got her, now she diggin' my persona
She, like a virgin, but, like Madonna
I don't believe her at all, I'm just tryna ride ya
Until the seats fall off, but we good
This is Cash Money, Young Money, get it understood

C'mon
Ridin' in my wheels, late nite
Left arm on the steerin' wheel
Red light, cops in my rear-view
But fuck them cause I'm high
Yeah, yeah, baby I'm so high
Yeah, again

Ridin' in my wheels, late nite
Left arm on the steerin' wheel
Red light, cops in my rear-view
But fuck them cause I'm high
That's right, baby I'm so high