

Music Makes Me High

Canibus

One time
We bless the track
Rush to the back
It's the lb fam dogg pound we attack
One time for the lp, lb
My family come through
This who we do
Group home, universal bounce one

Power moves to be made
Rap game is paid
Clown niggaz gettin paid
It's gettin, jumpin some babes
The mind state steady thinkin
One dutch burnin
I'm already thinkin
Here to lay the real
I know to kill
I feel the envy
But those that try to bind me
Right behind me wit my members
to see right here through the violence strap
But keep this hennessey and my main man's rap
Caught up in the game black can't explain that
But longevity that's what I aim at
You wanna come through
And test yo fuckin skill
Kid I go the shit that pray the rams plus the bills
Sent your clown niggaz back and touch a fuckin hill
Me and my fam givin competition chills
For from the east to the west
Lp all of lb now who's the best
Break your wins down like a pronoun
On the phone touch me and my click tha dogg pound
Throw your hands up you wanna fuckin toss
I'm that guy land of the lost
Listen up, special wit a style
Come wit and you'll love bein' high
One 4 pound and my brotha freaky tah
Music makes me high

Yo combination of mr. cheeks, canibus & kurupt
Is enough to make the reels on cassette tapes bust
Cause none of you fools is capable
My lyrical 'll knock you on the floor like a mechanical bull
Rhymes ricochet off the inner walls of my lungs
To past the tongue faster then bullets come out of guns
Who wants to be the one to get struck first
I bury they body on any planet except the earth
I rip up, swell your lip up, it's a stick up
Make put your hands up on your head like you was doin sit-ups
Lost boyz nad dpg causin trouble
We out of control like inter-voluntary hustle
Kid nobody else smokes more then my team
20 grams of weed and a gallon of visine
Yaknahme, I fly the friendly sky's when ever music makes me high

I'm so high, this music makes me high (4x)

Kurupt in your game, what's ya know, where ya at
I'm comin through wit a mack, I'm out to get my paper back
You can't harm me even if lip was froze
Get incinerated from verbal inferno
Born created get physical castrated
I'm so glad I made in a world where I'm hated
Big time gama got the game orcastrated
Correct me mashin in jags and benzes
Imitatin cause youse an imitater punk
Jump wit kurupt and get slumped cause I dump
With no question or no hesitation I'm bussin
End discussion as my adrenaline's rushin
Or your mr. cash for the capital
Was actual, fact I use tactical skill
Get popped like girls tryin ta jump at the real

I'm so high, this music makes me high

Can I ride, can I rock my broads
Cause rhymes and leathal last rhyme lines
Time after time I beat the hell out of a track
Most definitely I gets busy when we attack
dialogues and formats
Be on some I'll type streets raps from way back
As a child I got wilder styles
I used to shine all day and a rocked the crowd
I destroy and completely evaporize my opponents
Be on it like a hornet kickin dat in your stomach
Dogg gone it tell my why they wanna kill daz
Cause daz gets the killin and buillin cash rounds
So get tell me I'll come around
So get down lost boyz and dogg pound
I bet ya get see me now tell whatcha gonna do
A tough guy can be a dead guy when fuckin wit my crew
So fasten your seat belt and see a hornets trip
Well me stay hardcore for whatever, whtever

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