Highlife

Cypress Hill

I rolled you up like my Rizla Cut you up, with my sisters You wanna get us - yeah, the venom spitters Your style's trash: don't litter You got the jitters the hardhitters No quitters your soul quivers When you see the gats blazin, get out the street now There ain't no use for you beggin to turn the heat down You label me coldblooded You wanna warm me up with hot lead the gat thudded You can't cut it You wack, but it's - no use your mouth shut it Shootin arrows diamond-studded, and still budded You got to love it, you better chase the paper all day So you can walk down the long platinum hallway But now the fools are minutemade; they get played for a minute then played out they never get back in it Gun park I bring chalk for your body outlined on the floor You got hit by the 4-4!

R: You're in the game called life, son - how you're livin it Street corner kids growin up blowin up You chase dreams you want the highlife, with the skylights But in the end your soul's lost, you lost the shine right Never turn your back ever, on niggaz true to you Stand alone for the cheddar - and they'll be through with you The highlife; yeah, the highlife The highlife; yeah, the highlife

You gotta hang out with B. Reezy, and take it easy It's gettin greasy, I had to learn how to beat me That's when you go for dolo, and get your meal ticket And still kick it hardcore I'm runnin real with it Niggaz getting softcore, the people want more hardcore shit that's why I give them an encore Curtains opened, you see the people applaud feelin it You can't figure out the formula so you're stealin it Can't stand unoriginal cats with minimal skills that's criminal - you fake bitches! You're lookin for riches, in the wrong places The faces of death look you in the eye cut off your breath When you fall feel your knees shatter The bones breakin with your weak blatter Pissin on yourself it don't matter Dead weight, the bed waits for you on the set date Dreams gone instead fate didn't hesitate to put you away, close the gates now you're locked out Your life: cable, with all the porn channels blocked out (damn!) What you good for? Nothin, so be gone suckers Have a nice trip see you motherfuckers!

R:

I live for the highlife, get my mind right Fuck the fame, the game and the limelights Fools that be out there tryin to duplicate But they can't match the aura, can't impersonate See the first things that comes to pass, is the blast of the Cypress Hill weed funk blazin up a path You can't help, but inhale and get strong You need that good shit all up in your lungs I live fast, and keep energy in motion Jah bless, so I feel I been chosen But I know, (?) of he who conquers You gotta come strong and sound off like thunder I check myself and make sure I'm comin real tight Rhyme for my fam, the G's and the highlife

The highlife - hah, hah The highlife yeah

R: