

High

Freddie Gibbs

How's everybody doin tonight?
(Alright) Ha ha right? I like that...

"Just play our tape, cause.. live for the whole block.. right now"
"Cause we get all that.."

Indo, kushed out
Trillest nigga livin ever pushed out
Never finished college like my brother or my sister
I was in the crib layin on a kush cloud
Getting zoned out, eyes red
Momma and my daddy said my mind dead
They said I never had a clue, said the bills past due
Fuck you nigga, you gotta remind Fred
Cause I'm car-free, sucker-free
Remember when these niggaz wouldn't fuck with me
But now I'm on the screen and these magazines
they be tryin to stop a nigga like "Smoke somethin G"
and "Can we get a couple grams?" Nigga hell naw
Unless you come in with the cash, tryin to tell y'all
I got you motherfuckers gassed on the smell, dog
So go 'head and take a hit of what I'm 'bout to sell y'all
I gets high

I get high, I get high, I get high
(I-I-I gets high)

I get so, blowed I can't stand up
I'm in the bed with Elise and Amanda
Cause in my shows I make them hoes put they hands up
So they came into my room, they gettin rammed up
We trying to slam or what? Because I'm tryin to smoke
So when I finish with these Swishers I'll be down your throat
And two of y'all, one of me, three of us, should I hit my niggaz up?
Hell naw, I'ma pound them both
Cause this a one man job, ain't no need for the crew
Two snow bunnies on the East what it do?
White snow in the crib if you need that too
Got some bitches and some bud, nigga bring that through
I gets high

Early in the mornin gettin high with crusty eyes
Rubbin on her mother, well you know it's do or die
Hoppin off the porch, had to get on my grind
All because the trouble just copped to my nine
Back in the Caddy smokin Swishers with my nigga
Make a store run, 'bout to cop out some liquor
Burning down basements, face it
Run a bus stop, I'm tradin hoes and you know we ain't payin
Midwest, lovin all the dopin in the kitchen
Heatin up the house where your shit could come up missin
Dope fiend trippin cause he just copped a nick
But he say he can't find it, but it's right in his pocket
All day long, gotta get my guap'
Just put a deuce and I'm smokin on the tropic
On another subject, lights is the topic

Cause he talkin money so nigga just stop it
All day long gettin high on the low
Bitch snow bunny be sniffin that snow
Twerkin that summer, I really don't know
Cause me, Freddie Gibbs, Madlib stay blowed

Hey, are you okay?
You slobbin, you okay?
Is he okay? Are you okay?

He shouldn't have smoked that dipper for real
You aight? Oh my Gawwd [moaning]
God bless, man