

# 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