

We Get High

Kankan

(Keep it up, Sharkboy)
(Ha, yeah, uh-huh)
Yeah, ha, ayy (Uh, uh-huh)
Yeah, uh (Uh-huh)
Yeah, uh-huh

Yeah, Chanel, not no Chrome Hearts, my bitch, she rock Number N
ine
Ayy, nigga try to run down, draco hit him in his spine (Yeah)
Nigga tried to test his luck, like why would you try? (Damn)
He a dead guy (Yeah), put him in the sky (Yeah)
We get high as fuck, yeah, we get stupid high
Uh, we get super high, yeah, we get super fly (Yeah)
Yeah, they like, "How he did that?" (Yeah)
Ran up all that money up, forgot to pay my damn taxes (Ha)
Ride around with them sticks when we in Texas (Yeah)
Your ho on my dick, so stop that damn flexing (Ha)
Yeah, bitch I keep that- ain't no damn wrestling (Yeah)
Still fucking on my ex-ho, ain't learn my damn lesson (Yeah)
And my mama know I'm up as fuck, know they thought this shit wa
s luck (Ha)
Nigga what I look like? Dropping a damn deluxe (Yeah)
And I got extended mag, that bitch in my tux' (Yeah)
Copped my ho some new Rick (Yeah), he copped his ho some Chucks
And she like, "What the fuck?"
I could fuck his bitch 'cause he lame as fuck (Lame as fuck)
I could take his ho 'cause he broke as fuck (Broke as fuck)
Nigga, he broke as fuck 'cause he don't do enough (Do enough)
Nigga, I'm up as fuck, yeah, 'cause I do enough (Do enough)
And I'm in that Trackhawk with that Uzi tucked
Rino in that Trackhawk with a groupie ho

Ha, uh, yeah, huh, groupie ho
Huh, yeah, groupie ho
Ha, Trackhawk, nigga with a groupie ho