(High riders)
(High riders)

We the high riders, holdin mad green
Got our pocket and pipes filled, Ya know what I mean
You know the, high riders, D-loc and Johnny Richt
Step in any session, you know we'll end it quick
Who's a high rider? Who's down with the squad?
Who's down to smoke an ounce? Then go chill at the bar
If you a high rider, throw em up real high
Put your drinks in the air raise your joints in the sky

(High riders)

Back in the day when I was young growin' up I always toked buds and I never gave a fuck Rolled around in a bug always had my pants saggin Sold a little weed and had a spray can for taggin But now day's have changed I've rearranged my whole scene I've made a little cash, bought a house with my green I still sag my pants, smoke a lot more weed I stopped taggin' -sshhhshshhhs- ya kno what I mean? We the high riders always down to smoke My homie Johnny Richter and the mothafuckin D-loc We ain't no joke, we be blazin' up the weed Dazin people in the industry, blazin up the scene Kingspade, that's the brand new clique D-loc and Johnny Richter on some real ill shit We ain't fakin, So fuck fakers and liars Fuck every hater cause we the high riders

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(High riders)

Take it back to the days when I was just a young scrub Growin up in the game of slangin' bud Roll around my town utilizing backstreets Cause I always had a pound in my backseats See I'm a, High rider, since about '92 I got my start buyin Q's off this dude named Lou Now I'm slangin lyrically puttin joints on beat Smoke on stages like I'm smokin on the Hindu spleef Cruzin up and down ya blocks we got this shit on lock D-loc and Johnny Richter, we on fire, we hot Watchin jaws drop as soon as we step into the room Causin' quakes, fuck, we hittin you with sonic Booms My tomb will say He went out in a blaze Puffin bowls of green crack mixed with purple haze Cause in my last days I'm gonna be stoned as fuck Drunk as a skunk, gettin head from your girl, Whats up?

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