

Get High

Lil' Keke

O.G. Don Ke, the legend Devin the Dude
Riding high, this for your mind man
Brain food, (feeling like I always should)

R:

I ride, and get high
I get by with the thangs I got, I smoke and I drink a lot
But I try, to maintain
And slow down, but I end up doing the same thang

I'm in the baking soda Benz, with the gold rag
Just left the coffee shop, blowing on a whole bag
I'm on some other shit, maintain and keep it hood
Smoking California, riding by and feeling good
You know that drank high, but niggaz still buy
I'm on some money shit, reaching for the whole sky
I'm in the lab, writing rhymes with a tall cup
The speakers banging, the whole room fogged up
Sour diesel in the morning, for my stress ways
Get a sip of O.G., for my best days
Cloud nine, on the stage homie start the show
I hear them voices in my head, saying please let go
Slow it down, put my habits on cruise control
But I'm hustling, need something to sooth the soul
Rest in peace, to them boys who got a lullaby
God forgive me, I'm still here riding high

R:

I creep you by death slow, I got weed in my whip so
I'm constantly rolling and smoking, but I seldom slip though
Inside fresh, like the plans for my future
Don't have my hands on a ruger, I'm not a man that'll shoot ya
I'd rather get the party crunk, fuck it bring the drinks in
Call up some hoes, and hmm tell em bring friends
Light up an insect, but the weed gon' blast through
Cause everybody got a different, kind of what have you
We hitting it getting it in, shit's in the wind
When you try to give up, somebody fire up again
And you can't pretend, when the weight is on your shoulder
And you start getting older, and feel you need to hold up
You can grow up, but never grow old
And let go, when you ain't having fun no mo'
Nigga chill, better live until you die
That's why, I'm riding high

R:

Chasing down that money
Days ain't always sunny, I get by
Trying to stay in the zone
In a lane on my own, I get high