

School High

Pro Era

I'm on my XXL freshmen shit
These folks know what I'm smoking on
And a nigga smoking on that strong
My niggas smoke so long we like Cheech and Chong nigga
In these bars tell me one thing we do wrong nigga
CJ, you ugly nigga
Dessy not eating nigga
This nigga ugly nigga
I'm high as shit

To blaze or not to blaze that is the question
First day of school late, already in suspension
Shit, my principal a hater, mad
Cause I'm a great debater and my principles are greater
Sorry hater, catch me later
No need to be loud and obnoxious
Know the loud in pockets ain't allowed
But I watched it open up my mind and my chakras
So my conscience could block this topic
So drop it
I'mma make my way to first class
Got to keep a blunt though, I always pass
Seen hunnies in the hallway pass
They all got class
So they get high grades for ass
Gas, got it in the bag
Something serious
Know it's gonna last nigga
Fuck an eighth, period
We smoking every ounce til we permanently delirious
Sorry teachers with reefer
I can't take this serious

Y'all went to high school
I went to school high
Y'all went to high school
I went to school high
Y'all went to high school
But I went to school high nigga
My empire burning on fire

We see nothing with open eyes
I'm smoking lies
I vocalize just to close these riffs, these broken tides
Oh my, he's over the skies
I'm so high
Feel like heaven is mine
Don't blow my h-i-g-h
T-H-C, don't it feel great?
Feel like I'm living that dream state
Your purpose - are you a blessing or a curse?
Curse these demons
I spit like furnace to ward them off
I walk this surface alone
Lone wolf, super slacker
Dyemond Lewis - yeah he a packer
Caught a punch when these rappers

Talk shit and try to act up
Master do this freely, See slacker
Don't hop on tracks unless I feel that they need me
See I need her
My knees be easy, been there before &
Temptation constantly tease me
Back in murrow classrooms I got brain to get me through school
See, I went to school high
Cruiser in the morning to get me to where I'm going
But now the Era crew poppin
But now we chop it up when we touring

As I astro in the hallways of Brooklyn Coll-ahge
Is now an image of a pot head that's just about to
Blow when he hit the microphone man you gotta
Hear the rhymes and shots I lost in a sauce of pasta
My green thumb touch a leaf beyond a cigarillo
Put me in a coma for days, as a sleeping willow
I was never blind my nigga
I been open the window too much smoke whipping here
Like willow, mine is still on the pillow, shit, got damn
Just to think, Hot 97 and there is still roaches all in my sink
As the clock tick, too much hours I'll be in glorious pink
And I was aware my nigga that's what I fuckin' did
We on the same page just to get a heading
And now I got my head in, and now I'm just ahead and
I never came in second, steady gettin' my blessings nigga

Look, yo assertive with this earth that keep me turbulent
Curve a chick when I see this teacher who observing him
Mama bickering about my eight signs,
Said if I keep my grades high, then I'm living safely
So I take five years to build a family
Nine to five is the grind, I'm trying eat
Man its always lunch time when I rhyme
Munster cheese, bankin' honor rollin' and my mind is out to think
But I'm in this damn seat with the teacher watching
I hear the speaker poppin, I think that they have found my skrilla
In this locker now they callin' up my mama and
My girl outside my motherfuckin' class with this drama
Like, "Jesse, I know you got a lot of things to do,
But I wanna see you freaquently and I dont really do
Like only me and you" ,bitch! I'm with my fuckin crew
Do what Ima fuckin do, fuck a class and some loose leaf
Someone pass me the doobie and I'm out,
Life is but a movie