

High Def

Russ

It's that super slow mo music for those nights that you lose it
Where you might become clueless, cause your life might seem useless
So you keep on chuggin' down that bottle of Henny
And you keep on runnin' round till that bottle is empty so
OK it's Grey Goose, fake druce, lookin' for a savior, Jesus
Save who, save me, I've been getting fucked up lately
I don't wanna slow down, wanna go fast
It's my town, this my cash
Sip this brown, kiss my ass
This my sound, tip my glass

We fly high if you come and let me know
If not you gotta go, just watch us as we blow
See high life, keep on runnin' towards the show
The lights won't let me go, just watch us as we blow

OK I see so many lights I think I'm blinded, blinded
I think I lost my mind cause I can't find it
Two chiefters in my two seater, new buddha that's new reefer
I got new heaters, couple new speakers
And a drop-top crook that's new features
I'm ridin' round with your bitch
Your ho know to keep my blunt lit
And she blow my bone while I blow my zone
By the end of the night I'm goin' home alone
Cause I'm on my own, I don't know y'all
I did it on my own I don't owe y'all
I smoke back to back, I go track to track
Until there's platinum plaques on my goal wall
Bugus!

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Couple shots with the herb
Got my brain in a blur
Where the pain in ya girl? Talk to me now do ya wanna be heard?
But little time for that, earn this cash get ya money back
Remember that time we were in the 'Lac?
We were fucked up but you handled that
You asked me can I handle it?
While we sat and smoked this spliff
Call me up and we took the whip
Told you that it was it
I'm a miracle memory, lyrical felony now in the industry
How did you get to me? I don't care I will be rapper of the century
You will remember me, fuck all my enemies

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We all get high, cause we all get low
Do you wanna drink it down? Or do you wanna take it slow?

Percoces, blue pills, purple trees, too trill
I don't do pills cause I'm too real
But I know I know how you feel

I'm fucked up, sleepin' with ya bitch
Blunt in one hand, I'm just sittin' in the whip
Phantom in that phantom lit like glancin' I bet she gon' strip
I hit 6 blunts I don't hit bunts
I hit home runs, we got next up
I'm so on, so gone, so numb, so drunk
I got five flows, one song
Four bowls, all strong
Three bitches with me, two back seats, only one get poked on
Call my rose a mobile home, you don't know how it feels
Shit every time I leave the house I hop in half a mill

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