

So Damn High

Sol

I'm so damn high
I'm so damn high
I stay so high... high...
I could touch the sky
I'm so damn high
Check it out

I'm so damn high blow blunts with the gods
Momma told me not to smoke, why not?
I move quick, do shit at a faster rate
Than the rest of these new school kids
I was ten when I first got high
Smoke weed out of sprite cans, fuck your pipe
Seventeen when I first started dealing
But I quit in college dumb snitch was squealing
I was so damn high, no lie
When I recorded the ride I was on flight
Red eye, get it?
And if you don't smoke more weed get lifted
So much THC in my system
I'll probably never be clean
Except once they flush out my body when I'm dead
Take a spliff to the head while your chick gives me head

Should have seen me last night
I couldn't even open my eyes I was so damn high
Everybody let trees in your life
Put the weed in your pipe
Yes so damn high ya find your zone
Kick rocks if you don't like my song
I'm so damn high
This is a love song said this is a love song
I'm so damn high

Ya, I'm so high I don't even know the time
Because it could be dusk it could be dawn
I should be right but I could be wrong
Na I'm just playing I'm on top of mine...
Smoke but don't let it blow dollar signs
Clean shave but I'm on my grind
So high that the stars align, stay blunted yo
Clear headed so I'm under the smoke
But never that pot head whos the but of the joke
No I bet not just because of the 'dro
I stay sharp because the haters stay cutting your throat
The game ain't nothing to be fucked with
Slow down Sol roll up spliff
Now the young kid, wise man and the mind
Your not in my lane, I'm so damn high

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Roll a another Swisher, blow another bleeze
So high I float to the beat
Kush from the O to the G
If I'm low hit a bowl full of kief, ya know me
Even the president smokes weed
He's got to he has the hardest role to complete
Keep it low key, I used to smoke green
Five times a day seven days a week
Lifted... so spliffded
I kept the trees but the grinch steal christmas
White girls blows kisses
But I blow the 'dro 'n stay close to the kitchen
Got food to eat, moves to make
Stash rat roaches in the doobie tray
Got Zig-Zag pape's, purple dank
I'm Seattles prince, call me Purple Rain

(Let's go...)

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