

I Must Be High

South Park Mexican

I'm damned if I do and damned if I don't
Holla fuck the world with my chest full of smoke
I choke on my breakfast, the end of my necklace
Say Dopehouse Records, Screwston, Texas
The diamonds in my emblem is cut like a princess
You can keep the Lexus, cause I got two Benzes
I'm in your girlfriends' hot intestines
Cause I bought her two dresses and some contact lenses
Got a message in a bottle, hit the throttle in my carro
Click and clack my semi auto cause I'm trying to see tomorrow
Bought a condo for my top ho cause she working that taco
It's the top selling vato, twenty threes on the Tahoe
TV screens, margarita machines with street marines
Got love for the Crips, and Bloods, and Latin Kings
If it means anything this for all my G's
I'm in jail cause I forgot my fucking ABC's
Another DWI, drunk and fucking high
I'll be out before the motherfucking sun can touch the sky
They call me young Thurston Howell the Third
And that's my word
I'm a swang, I'm a swerve
I'm a park and scrape the curve

Why when I'm not high does my life
Feel like it's missing something
I know that I must be high
So that I can function
(2x)

I'm a use my three wishes, I'm very superstitious
No matter where I go I meet a bunch of horny bitches
Burn a few bridges, feed a few pigeons
Fuck em so good they wake up and wash dishes
The food was delicious, bacon, eggs, and biscuits
No French kisses and no hippopotamuses
I'm picky, if you strictly dickly, you can't get with me
As I represent Houston like the damn Whitney
I'm a get em when I get em I loved em and I fed em
Lived in peace, I ain't gonna let em when I see em I'm gonna wet em
Shut em down like D-Town and the homie Ackavelie
Peace to Happareli and my nigga John Freddy
My drink is thick as jelly, I love my shit muddy
Four of us in this bitch and we gonna do them boys ugly
Ready for the rumble, leave em lying in a puddle
Y'all don't really want no trouble with the lord of the jungle

I walks in the club, a grabbing on my dick
As the police officers patting down my click
They say my bandana breaks the dress code
Every fine fucking bitch I see is my ex ho
I'm hogging and I'm dogging creeping and I'm crawling
Believe me this my calling it's time to do you all in
Everybody jump jump, boys trip what what
Let my double barrel shotty go barump-pa-pump-pum
Slangin slab motor rocks up in no man's land
Burnin off in my "Smokey and the Bandit" Trans Am
The rope around my neck is just dangling and jangling

Sometime I smoke the rain, it get wetter than a penguin
Aunt Jemima sipper, hoes like Jack Tripper
Peace to Big Dipper, what the deal my nigga
Hook like Johnny Topy, it's Dopehouse living prosperous
I tip my waitress and she can't stop saying 'Gracias'