Drunk & High

Statik Selektah

Lord, I got something that your money can't buy

I know dudes that catch your body like a stage dive
Cross over, move the work like they A.I
Wolf on wall street, get high on bass side
Still drinking tiger bone like consistently
I'm still smelling like weed shopping at Tiffany's
I don't commit no problems, I just had an epiphany
I used to fuck a Spanish bitch and her friend bad
And when she went to work I got some friend head
I never asked about her man cause he been dead
You see I still communicate through a star text
Star Trek, flip phone, I eject
The process, focus on the project
Yeah, so they was humble when they broke
But now they getting rap money acting like it's dope
I remember when you sold soap acting like it's gold
You niggas'll sell your souls just to sell records
Niggas robbed you then sold back your necklace
Throw you off the roof, niggas living reckless
It's cause

My lungs might go black, I stand from the Pakistan
Afghani kush, Amsterdam, packing jam
Throw a drink in my palm like it's my catcher's hand
I take a hundred shots then I throw up in the street
Drink Champs, drink Lager on the beach
Fortunate alcoholic, Gucci wallet is brolic
Gin and Tonic, Vodka, cranberry, getting bodied
Marijuana, purp, 30 Xannies and them Oxy's
Mix a Klonopin pill with a shot of Brigade
I drive drunk home, Jesus take the wheel from me
Save my soul, the one that Satan trying to steal from me
I get drunk 'til everything sound real funny
My still stomach only thing to kill or steal from me
I be wilding in the club like I'm still 20
Wilding out, getting locked, who got some bail for me?

Shit fuck it, show up
Always I sip some shit, lyrics that lick his ears
Anonymous, we're syndicate, drink Champs in this bitch
Give me a fifth of Rémy Martin, nigga
Nuh-uh, you don't want no fucking problem, nigga
'Bout time me and compadres went all day
With models to this motel, now we're seeing the world sideways
Pissing alleys and hallways, you be spitting that blaze
We be spitting the John Blaze, please give me besos mami
Can see the preacher Sundays, saturday was a blur
A bunch of bottles and bitches holla if this is your
Prefered type of weekend on the world tour thinking
With Q-Tip, Phife D, Young G, Alisha E and
Skeet, skeeting like it's 1993 again
Might just hit the tree again, will we ever see you in
Show off CNN? Focus like the poachers
I'm tipsy off the potion, mixing absent devotion
To the Henny minus Coke'll leave you slained like homie from La Nostra
Straight, no chaser with the soda, word up

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