

# 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