

Gittin' High

Trae

I'm still in it homie, yeah I ain't never left
A couple more problems under my belt, got me pacin my steps
This year alone enough to feel like my life ain't the same
Everybody watchin cause these haters keep callin my name
I thought it'd get greater when it come to fame
But all this roachin shit they put me thru'll have you smokin ya life away m
ayne
Still I don't blow at all - I choose to maintain
Cause whether I get high or not, my stress gon'be the same thing
Lord knows it ain't easy bein me, it ain't easy keepin it G
Knowin less then a day from now you ain't promised to see
I never light or roll it up, cause I can fight the pressure
Feelin'I was next watchin my brother H.A.W.K.lay on the stretcher
They same I'm crazy cause I never let my strain out
Everything stuck in my brain, done made it hard to take the stain out
Shit I do a song to take the pain out
And if I wasn't me I'd probably get a sack and try to blow my brains out

Lord knows if I couldn't maintain
And I wasn't use to goin head up with pain
Then I'd probably be gettin high
If they ain't never introduce me to fame
Or send my ass to live my life in the rain
Then I'd probably be gettin high
Stress got a nigga sittin low
And if I ain't know what I was livin fo'
Homie I'd probably be gettin high
Lord knows I'd probably be gettin high

I'm in my zone now, everything feel wrong now
For the first time in a long time I'm on my own now
My life gon'always be realer then most of these folks
They never understand what I be watchin inside of these locs
It's hard to determine why people around ya
Knowin the real reason they come around, ain't for love or to kick it around
ya
I take it slow and live it one day at a time
And blow my thoughts out with this pen, instead of dro to ease a nigga mind
That ain't no knock on gettin high homie
But I choose to live my life and kick it sober, checkin niggas who get fly h
omie
I watch my surroundings like my surroundings watchin me
Stayin fo'steps ahead of e'm, and drop e'm if they blockin me
Yeah it ain't easy but I'm known to hold it down
I seen my partna Shy brother leave home and he still ain't been found
It's been two years but still we fight to never lay it down
And pray he don't get caught, or have to put his people underground

Lord knows if I couldn't maintain
And I wasn't use to goin head up with pain
Then I'd probably be gettin high
If they ain't never introduce me to fame
Or send my ass to live my life in the rain
Then I'd probably be gettin high
Stress got a nigga sittin low
And if I ain't know what I was livin fo'
Homie I'd probably be gettin high

Lord knows I'd probably be gettin high