

## Dont Get 2 High

YN Jay

(Ayy, K, naw, naw, come on, man)  
(Thank you, GC)

Stack in the winter, I grind 'til the summer end  
Stackin' paper, stackin' that paper  
Beginning of the year 'til the end  
Sometimes, I need to be alone  
Bitch, don't get too high, bitch, don't get too high  
Say she on her way, I think she two hours away  
She askin' me to pass my weed, she brought a cup, she want some  
drank  
I told her, "Please don't get too high, bitch, don't get too high"  
Bitch, don't get too high, bitch, don't get too high

Damn, I said don't get too high  
I get so high, my plane left, I forget to fly  
I just bust on her face, how I miss your eyes?  
Say she seen this shit comin', how you been surprised?  
I cussed a worker out at McDonalds, you forget my fries  
Somebody brought some old shit up, how I forget my lie?  
Bitch pulled up with some D'USSÉ, she tryna get drunk  
Bitch pulled up with her ass out, she tryna get fucked  
I put the Prada boots on, they made me 6'1"  
Four-three for the five-two, it was six-one  
I was shootin' dice  
They say I live a wrong life, but I'm livin' right  
When you die, you can't come back, ain't no livin' twice  
My diamonds shine even harder with the kitchen lights  
2004 at the Palace, this a Pistons fight  
I know a nigga say he Muslim, live a Christian life  
Bitch, I'm Scottie and Jordan, call me Pippen Mike  
I drink my lean 'til it's gone, then I sip the ice  
How you pull up to the brawl and forget to fight?  
Bro locked up, I send letters, can't forget to write  
Nowadays, kids buyin' cars, they forget the bikes  
I was drivin' in the dark fast, I forget the light  
Fell in love with designer shoes, I forget the Mikes