

## Quannum MC's F/ Jurassic 5 "The Ultimate High"

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[Nature]

Do you see what I see?  
Do you smoke what I smoke?  
Do you wanna smoke?  
Do you wanna ride?

Yeah ayyo ayyo

When I walk into a room, niggas feel a slight breeze  
Stay a little while till they feel they might freeze  
Never understood why they never liked me  
Cuz when I locked the door, they turned into to Icees  
Starin at my feet all you see is Nikes  
Bet you never seen a ill pair like these  
Size ten, never find me in a tight squeeze  
At the airport, minutes before my flight leaves  
Round trip tickets to who knows where  
Stay boarding, never at least a day's warning  
Previous plans, they spoiling  
A dollar and a dream, the theme to New York, stay  
Torrance  
>From St. John's to Wake Forest, wait for us  
Straight ballers, you hearin it first  
Nate flawless in almost every event  
Puttin up point, while niggas like ya'll stay scoreless

[Chorus]

All my niggas from the projects, light one up  
To my bitches from the projects, light one up  
And stay high, high  
And pass me a cup of that good shit (so high),  
we on some hood shit (so high)  
Niggas from the projects, light one up  
To my bitches from the projects, light one up  
And stay high, high  
And pass me a cup of that good shit (so high),  
we on some hood shit (so high)

[Nas]

What's me without the hood?  
A tree without wood, a dutch wit no bud  
A cut wit no blood

A fuck but don't nut, I be incomplete  
If me and the street wasn't in between the sheets  
I'm a product of hard luck, the money and murder  
game  
Here's Nature, kill a faker, man you heard of the name  
>From the cold streets of QB, old beef to new beef  
No peace, through the song, what I see you see

[Nature]

Mad bitches wanna smoke wit me  
Niggas wanna roll wit me  
Usually in my hood, find me in yo' city  
Grimy-ette so pretty, it's like there's two me's  
Wit no favorites, I try to love both of me  
Thinkin of a way where I can better myself  
Sometimes I get a head of myself  
Holdin weed wit intention, frontin like I got it prescribed  
So high I must be outta my mind

Chorus

[Nature]

It's like hoppin in a glass pool, half full  
Niggas only hit the bottom when they crash through  
Mash fools out like they fast food  
Bon' appetit, platinum or not, it ain't no match for me  
I sum niggas whole careers up, scared tough niggas  
Bluff niggas into thinkin that their year's up  
It ain't a game, took six months off, the shit jumps off  
Mini-Me's are gettin punched in they jaw  
My dunn call this shit Animal Rap  
Me, I call it dumbin  
My near-sighted niggas saw it comin  
More stunnin, brand new flows to toy wit  
Neck flooded on some Hurricane Floyd shit  
Back and forth to St. Crouix kid, same plan  
Playin Sega Dreamcast till the plane lands  
A changed man, niggas don't know, they never will  
And if they don't understand, then they ain't fam,  
simple as that

Chorus 2x

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