

Sarah Brightman % Sir John Gielgud

"Now I'm High Pt. 3"

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Chorus

Triple 6

Triple triple 6 smoked out

Now im high

Feelin' high

Mained on my doggy style

(Playa Fly)

Fly so high in funkytown

Mega blunts I gotta smoke

snowin', sneezin', coughin', chiefin'

Blowin' heavy holy dope

Playa fuckin' rest

By that funk

Crunk by onion weed

Don't you think you higher than Lil Fly

Till you snote that P

P-funk got me goin'

Hoe blowin' on montana pack

Blunt just put me under

But that snizote put me back on track

Bustas blinded by my smoke

How you like my smokin' screen

Playa got that evil grin and tonin' got me lookin' mean

Fly got swishers full of blink

Time to snort a white hoe bitch

Next she tell me Fly dont need it but Fly say

Mane fuck that shit

Suckers fill my atmosphere

Hoe you should know open your ear

Groupie bitches hypnotized by devil shit you hate to hear

Standin in the shower full of powder coca fuckin' cain

Hour by the hour ain't no coward cause I'm blowin' man

If you say I'm sprung

Body numb

Triple 6 and Fly

Funkytown Fly bound and now I know you know im really high

Chorus

(Gangsta Boo)

Smoked out loced out killas
Aint takin' nothin' from you niggas
So back the fuck up before the devil daughter click a
On you lemons just like a muthafuckin' trigger hoe
Hoe its on this shit is on its on now hit the fuckin' floor
Oh my god I hear some voices tellin' me to kill
Is it them Triple 6 niggas mane is that shit for real
Tha Jason mask
On your ass
When I'm gonna blast
Your soul I'll take
The ground will shake as I begin to laugh
I light the candle sticks a crucifix about to take place
The Devils Daughter
Gangsta Boo is out to catch a case
Niggas be talkin' about the gangsta hoe
I must be on your mind
Stupid bitch
I have to thank you with a loaded glizzock nine
You know Im comin'
Don't you go runnin' to your fuckin' nigga
A trigger happy bitch the mind of a fuckin' killa
You think I'm shakin' hell naw bitch
You wanna test
My fuckin' pimpin' if you want to filla
Some hollow points up in your chest

Chorus

(Lord Infamous)

Spooky midnight has fallen and now the moon is like lit
up
Like much of the herb
The indos creating illusion my thoughts of confusion
My vision is blurred
The aroma of the marijuana
The black of the smoke changing into black clouds
Deep down in the dungeons
My darkness of demonic secrets finally aroused
Your soul is horrified
It's falling from the sky
The Three 6 anti-christ
Bloody seven seas
The blackness in my eyes
I hear an angel crie
Now I lay down to die
Come and burn with me
In Scarecrows passed life
I feel kinks an I ruled by the spilling of blood fleshing

guts
Now I'm back and im more murderous
And I'm known as that mad nigga named Lord
Infamous
The Scarecrow could never come deeper
The flow if I wasn't so full of that dope you know
Triple 6 blowin' that weed and we keepin'
The scene and the sterile all in us
And the lights of the dim and we grab the
We pappin' the bone and
We take all that smoke to our lungs
A nigga got love for the bud
And I'm smokin it up until ?
When I'm getting crushed by the shotgun and smokin'
Like it until da break of dawn
Seriously circulating while the devil was takin'
The souls of my sinister wand

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