

## **Terror Squad F/ Big Punisher**

### **"High as Hell"**

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#### Phase one

I grab the Henny and twist the top  
Guzzle it that's when the reaction starts  
I split the chalk with the dutch  
Had the hash in the greenery, then the L get sparked  
Keith Murray's never smokin on babith  
Niggas give me dirt and I throw it in the garbage  
Actual facts, writin exact, sacks of African Black  
I smoke two back to back  
I smoke so much I choke out fire alarms  
With the towel under the door feel the effect of the bar  
Put Visine in my eyes so no one can tell  
Looked in the mirror, said to myself yo you high as hell  
I inhale a gray smoke full of tram  
Get 3-Dimensional visions like CD-ROM  
Inhale it through your mouth, freeze like you froze  
Then \*blowing sound\*, blow it out yo nose

CHORUS: Repeat lines 11-14 2X

Me and the Funk Doctor Spot up top on the hop  
Block two big jig hot shots coppin mots  
Seasons slice precise, ice 'n' tights  
Chickenheads that circle the block twice  
If you chokin then pass cuz it's not a game  
Bitches hit my blunts and never feel the same  
They start actin strange and kinda erotic  
I try to tell her you aint nothin bout no chronic  
Ahh drats I think I'll take a long walk  
And light a fat one up for the sargeant general of New York  
Who determine gettin lifted kill brain cells maybe  
If it wasn't for weed, niggas would be goin crazy  
So smell it from afar, comin from the bar  
Or rushin out when I open up the car door  
Whether home or party in a bag or a jar  
Put that lah in the air and represent with a stand form

CHORUS 2X

I'm not sayin I'ma a pothead, cuz I'm not  
I'm just sayin that I smoke alot  
Catch me in V.I.P. smokin with Dennis Scott  
Or after the show in the parkin lot  
I only buy weed from a selective few  
Cuz niggas is wicked and they will get you  
I ran outta blunts got some paper from your mother  
She had extra weed so we rolled another  
No doubt, I hear you out  
Before I roll my L, I think the cancer part out  
I'ma kite cuz I missed the buddah spot before the flight  
And damn we gon be away for like 12 nights  
So here I am in Amsterdam gettin high again  
You know what, come to think of it, yo, I'd love a  
Heineken  
Inhale it through your mouth, freeze like you froze  
Then \*blowing sound\* blow it out yo nose

#### CHORUS

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