

## Ya Boy "Get Her High"

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[Chorus]

I pull up on that girl like baby you like my wheels  
Come, hop up in my car, lets take a ride through the  
hills

She's addicted to me because I get her high  
I get her high, I get her high

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[Ya Boy]

Fast Living, fast women

They like to dive in that money, look she back  
swimming

She back grinning

I'm cash spending (?) Rodeo Drive, 5th Ave'n it

I'm not your average I'm well established

And I can introduce you to good living and lavishness

Establishments, flashy whips

The baddest bitch, baby the man's a pimp

Why me, rockstar in the flesh

She never knew she had rockstars in the west

I never knew Marciano could make a perfect dress

How do you make it look like that, your the best

J12 Chanel baby, that watch nice

You know I'm famous, I put her in the spotlight

Lets hit the night spot then I hit the spot right

Get her in that thing and just go, no stop lights

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[Ya boy]

I do my thing from the Range to the planes  
I can't say that since I got money I've been the same  
Sushi dinners, Miami summers  
New York Winters, I'm a big spender

I get Louie delivered, Gucci flown in  
We flew out, got our iPhone roaming  
You knew how I did her, n-gga just check her twitter  
I bet a million she say the rockstar with her  
Yeah, lets hit Sunset before the sun sets  
She ask what's next, well, baby I love sex  
Rough sex, Wild sex, hot sex, 'bout sex  
We in the bedroom banging like gunplay  
Girl you taste like an ice cream sundae  
We can wake up in the morning, do it all over  
We in the fast lane until they pull the car over

[Chorus]

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[Wiz Khalifa]

Got her choice of any drug, she said I'm her favourite  
though  
(?) enough to go around, said she like to face it though  
Just like a lady, drive Mercedes, got your own  
So how can I be a bad influence, Miss we grown  
You sending me pics with nothing but them Vicky's on  
Sidekick sex, we iPhone bone  
Butter taste it so she take it all the way down her throat  
I'll make you famous, call you Miss but not an Oh, oh,  
ooh  
And if ya n-gga got a problem, tell him see us, see us  
She smell our aroma, sweet as California  
Calling me her medicine, higher than she ever been  
It was better than the weekend with the stars  
Well, rou can have it all, get the dream house with the  
car

You and your girls, day spa, getting foot massages  
Lot of rock n roll, sex and the drugs...

[Chorus]

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