

Z-Ro f/ H.A.W.K., Mr. 3-2, Ben, Dez "So High"

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(*talking*)

Southside, the land of milk and honey baby
Real niggaz getting money baby, respect that

[Hook: Z-Ro]

I'm so high, (weed in my lungs
Switchblades and guns, niggaz don't want none)
I'm so high, cause I got a sack of that shit
Flipping and tripping, 15's beating in the back of that
bitch
I'm so high, (nigga that's what's up
I'm strolling the cut, Dickie suits and all black Chuck's)
I'm so high, I'm on a money making mission
Navigating a Expedition, side panels full of chickens

[H.A.W.K.]

Money by the tons, weed in my lungs
Switchblades and guns, niggaz don't want none
This is the Thirty, the land of the birdy
Hustlers up early, getting they hands dirty
You heard me, yeah we get that do'
Sell out and resco', and then get some mo'
And also, we spit that amazing flow
Ask me what I'm hitting fo', I want ten a show

[Hook]

[Mr. 3-2]

I'm so high so gone, floating up in a zone
Discombobulated, I barely made it to my home
I'm known to po' up, and blow funky tobacco'
Packing a click-clacker, just in case somebody act up
Back up and give me space, cause I can't concentrate
If I ain't blowing sticky, or sipping some skee taste
Chasing that dollar bill, in this life that's too beautiful
Niggaz that got killed, they dreams'll be fulfilled
Still I can't cope, without finding some of that dope
On the hottest block of my town, hollin' fuck the po-po
On 4-4's I'm still swanging, banging up out the lot
Heated with plastic glocks, what you boys talking bout
It don't stop till I'm gone, and my heart stop beating

Until then I'm thugging, here bobbing and weaving
Beating and getting money, supporting my own habit
So bitch stay out my bidness, or I'ma let you have it

[Hook]

[Ben]

I'm out here slanging caine, trying to get major pay
Like razor blades I'll make a cut, any way I post up
I got the pyrex clicking, whipping these hoes up
Call me the come back kid, these fiends go nuts
Fo' years I done that bid, yeah I'm back on track
I re'd up, spend a stack on crack
I'm V'd up, you see the Lac on black rims
My styrofoam cup, filled up rolling bats off sacks
I'm on the grind, getting scratch all day
But the mack'll make em get back, I'm squeezing
aiming at bald fades
Money longer than Snoop Dogg braids, that's what I'm
after man
This residue, inside the glass for grams
Hit the pavement, then I stash the grands
I'm thinking of owning a big house, copping massive
land
I done pulled the trigga once, and I'll blast again
I'm all for the do' I'm hauling the snow, I get it and go

[Hook]

(*Dez*)

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