

50 Cent "High All The Time"

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I don't need Dom Perignon, I don't need Cris
Tanqueray and Alize, I don't need shit
Nigga, I'm high all the time, I smoke that good shit
I stay high all the time, man I'm on some hood shit

Give me some dro, purple haze and some chocolate
Give me a dutch and a lighter, I'll spark shit
And stay high all the time, I smoke that good shit
I'm high all the time, man I'm on some hood shit

Everytime I roll up, niggas holla roll up and I tell 'em
hold up
You ain't gettin' money, you ain't smoking
In my Benzo, 20 inch Lorenzos, smoking on indo
High as a motherfucker
I be on them backstreets, niggas know I clap heat
Only if you got beef, man you better holla at me
Niggas get locked up, stabbed up, shot up
Everytime I pop up, a lot going on in my hood

I shoot the dice, I holler get 'em girls
Daddy need new shoes, daddy need Perelli's
They look mean on 22's
Stash box, Xbox, laptop, fax machine, phone
Bulletproof this bitch and I'm gone
2003 Suburban swerving, too many sips of Henny
The D's sick, they searched the whip and they can't find
the semis
They was just harassing me 'cause they know who I was
Spent the night in Central Booking for smoking some
bud

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Now if you heard I done started some shit
It ain't because I be high, I be high, I be high
And if you heard I done let off a clip
It ain't because I be high, I be high, I be high
But I- twist that la, la, la, la

I get high as I wanna nigga
Go against me, fa sho, you's a goner nigga
I don't smoke to calm my nerves but I got beef
Finna crush my enemies like I crush the hashish
If you love me, tell me you love me, don't stare at me
man
I'd hate to be in the Benz clapping one of my fans

Let me show you how to greet me
When you meet me, when you see me
If you real my nigga, you know how to holla 'G-Unit'
There's no competition, it's just me
50 Cent, motherfucker, I'm hot on these streets
If David could go against, Goliath with a stone
I can go at Nas and Jigga, both for the throne

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Now who you know besides me who write lines and
squeeze nines
And have hoes in the hood sniffin' on white lines
You don't want me to be your kid's role model
I'll teach them how to buck them 380's and load up
them hollows
Have shorty fresh off the stoop, ready to shoot
Big blunt in his mouth, deuce deuce in his boot
Sit in the crib, sippin' Guinness, watching Menace
Then Oh Lord, have a young nigga bucking shit like he
O-Dog

My team, they depend on me when it's crunch time
I eat a nigga food in broad day like it's lunchtime
You feeling brave nigga, go ahead get gully
See if I won't leave your brains leaking up out your
skully
I done made myself hot, so ain't shit you can tell me
Now niggas calling me to feature, man fuck your

money

I ain't hurting, am I, nigga, I'm doing good
I ain't got to write rhymes, I got bricks in the hood

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G-Unit, are you ready?
G-Unit, are you ready?
G-Unit, are you ready?

Nigga, ready or not
Here I come, come, come

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