

## 50 Cent Tribute Band "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

Every time I roll up, niggas holla roll up and I tell 'em  
hold up  
You ain't getting money you ain't smoking  
In my Benzo, 20 inch Lorenzos, smoking on indo  
High as a motherfucker

I be on them backstreet's, niggas know I clap heat  
Only if you got beef, man, you better holla at me  
Niggas get locked up, stabbed up, shot up  
Every time 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 to look mean on 22s  
Stash box, X-box, 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  
But I twist that la, la, la

I get high as I wanna nigga  
Go against me, for sure, yous 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 sniffing on white lines  
You don't want me to be your kids role model  
I'll teach them how to buck them 380s and load up  
them hollows, yeah

Have shorty fresh off the stoop, ready to shoot  
Big blunt in his mouth, deuce deuce in his boot  
Sit in the crib, sipping 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 right? 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

Are you ready?  
Said, "Are you ready"  
Said, "Are you ready"  
Ready or not, here I come

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