

# Birdman "High"

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{Lil' Wayne}

We back  
Yeah..  
The flow's on me and i promise baby  
I'm in my zone  
Wizzle, come on..

Verse 1 {Lil' Wayne}

One 90 proof  
Subline in my shiny coop  
Uptown is inside the pool  
Shot down anybody who  
Come round with a loli gat  
Leave around with the body bag  
Legs stiff, toes green  
Give him a title tag  
Flossy niggaz but realize  
Hes a killa behind the flash  
Bossy nigga  
So presidential, thanks to my dad  
Gotta ask how i got 4 takes to call me bad  
I'm mad as a mothafucka, why im rich  
Brought a bag, brought a nigga that's high im with  
I'm bad, hit you in your eye and your bitch  
Hit u when youre high, now you it, now you sit  
Hardcore baby, yeah  
Hot cars  
Stop call  
Rockstar  
What you know about it  
It's not for a baby, unless you weezy f baby  
And please say the baby when you say it mothafucka  
Chorus {Lil' Wayne}

Come on,  
Ridin' in my wheel  
Late night  
Left palm on my steering wheel  
Red light  
Cops in my rearview

But fuck them cuz im high  
Yeah, baby im so high  
Again,  
Ridin' in my wheel  
Late night  
Left palm on my steering wheel  
Red light  
Cops in my rearview  
But fuck them cuz im high  
Baby, im so, high

Verse 2 {Birdman}

See, we ride for flames nigga  
A g to my name nigga  
I dos thing nigga  
I'm gettin the change nigga  
So whos to blame nigga  
About the game nigga  
They say i did it  
So fuck them niggaz  
I gave the plan nigga  
I gave the game nigga  
Im doin my thangs  
Still fuck them niggaz  
I know the lane nigga  
I know the pain nigga  
I know the famoust  
Still fuck them niggaz  
Shh.. nigga  
Yeeah, we chillin with them bithces on us  
Riide the nigga, while we countin down our hood riches  
Thinking about aaaall the hood niggaz  
Never got the chance to hit licks before them 6 fingers  
Nigga  
And if youve done it how we done it  
Nigga watch for the law  
Cuz we knew when they were commin.  
Nigga haaands up!  
And every summer, i had hummers nigga  
Spent a million dollars like it was nothin nigga

Chorus {Lil' Wayne}

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Verse 3 {Lil' Wayne}

Check it  
And no fisher can  
And no nigga want  
Fuck with me  
Play with me, no  
Cuz I  
Got meet, fo sho,  
And I, got these,  
To blow, fo sho,  
Come up  
Now if you feel me, put your guns in the air  
Pull 'em out and let the playa hate us before he stare  
Bang, that, mothafucka  
Pop, that, mothafucka  
Yeah! fall back young man who  
Weezy baby, a hundred gran, you understand  
Your wife would be fittin me perfect, exactly  
Change fallin' off my ass  
Pocket cash showin',  
Rock 'n' roll  
We can rock to my bed, yeah  
Clothes have you shoppin  
Patrone, have a glass yeah  
Wow, now she hot  
Not its on, now shes bad  
I let her clothes strap  
While she gone to my bed  
And I'm gone to my bed, right behind her  
Got a couple questions and that pussy  
I tend to go and find it and  
I might find her if i hit her right behind her  
I get her how i got her  
Now she diggin my piscana  
Shit, like a virgin  
But like, madonna  
I dont, believe her at all  
Im just tryna roger  
Until, things fall off  
But we good

This is cash money, young money  
Get it understood

Chorus {Lil' Wayne}

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