

**Ekv****"Get High to This"**Visit "[Get High to This](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Intro: DJ Paul]

yea-yea Chuch ya'khamsayn  
Once again it's on baby, y'all know what time it is  
I know it's a shame ya'khamsayn,  
You gatta actually killa a mothafucka out here  
Just ta let a nigga now you ain't playin' with him  
And you ain't bullshittin' - yea that's some knowledge  
fa y'all  
Na'...we gon' get y'all into this new artist  
His new ass - Lil' Wyte, this boy raw...

[Chorus 8x - [DJ Paul]] \*plays in the background\*  
Get high to this shit - I'm high as a mothafucka

[DJ Paul]

Alotta rappers rap gangsta shit but they ain't did  
nothing  
DJ Paul - Lord Inf'...Crunchy Blac fa real bussen  
We done rolled down on niggaz, we done let them gats  
burst  
We done seen niggaz blood leak clean through they  
shirt  
I ain't lying too ya boys when I said that cha'll get did  
Man I keep me some hungry niggaz ready ta spit the  
wig  
Of a fake solid nigga, hoes lying in they wraps  
Cuz they never shot guns and they never had ta scrap

[Juicy J]

He wore a vest so we shot him in the neck  
Made his body cold left from red and wet  
Body curved up like a cornrow  
Police on the set, I'm a vet from the North - North  
Pack a rusty tec in the Lex' plus a sawed-off  
Hard makin' money when you watching for the ro-bbe-  
rers  
Narcotics and these hoodrats - nut go-ba-lers  
They'd take a shot at 'cha, put you in tha hospita'  
Leave you left fa dead, and they tell ya I'ma halla at ya

[Crunchy Blac]

Here I go again, try'na keep my mothafuckin' ass thin  
Niggaz halla friends, but they fake friends  
I'ma nigga halla "mothafuck friends"  
Torn up in my mothafuckin' right hand  
I'ma 'bouta go and fuckin' rob a man  
Just so I can keep my fuckin' family fed  
Fuck what'cha heard this is what I said  
Bust out some shots at ya fuckin' head

[LaChat]

I'ma meet you pockin' bitches, whoppin' niggaz wit' my  
pistol  
In my yard they discovered, dead I'm out here out  
makin' missles  
This is war when you fuckin' wit' LaChat - bitch y'aint  
know  
Get 'cho posee out becuz we comin' 20 deep hoe  
Didn't you need ta know that all that talk can get you  
fucked up  
Hoe this ain't no game - that you playing you get  
bucked up  
I'ont give a fuck who you is, who you in too  
You wont touch a bitch, ha who me bitch - but I'll kill you

[Frayser Boy]

A crooked as a barrell of snakes  
Fuck with the real not fake  
I represent the Bay - so ain't no need ta hate  
I'm counting tones and spray  
I'll blow your crean away  
This HCP don't play - won't see anotha day  
Y'kno we Hyp-notize, can see it in your eyes  
This Frayser Boy - no lie  
Inhalin' dro - so fine  
Y'kno we toppin' a poun'  
And still we stompin' your smile  
No need ta copy our styles  
What chain't been popped in a while

[Lil' Wyte]

No more fuckin' around by now I'm fed up  
I see your face has a frown - gatta keep your head up  
Cuz when you fuck wit' this camp - let's say you messed  
up  
They told you in the beginning - don't try ta test us  
The day Lil' Wyte hooked up with the 6 - the shit was all  
she wrote  
Y'kno these lyrics be burnin' - blisters deep in my throat  
This shit be hotter than lava laying a halt in yo saga  
Adding some Pippen ta bitches get at me weaker than  
water

This is the start of a problem thats lackin' a solution  
You graduated with honors - ta sell out institution  
And this for all the rappers that got kicked up out this  
camp  
I stole your plate when back fa seconds - +How U Luvin'  
That?+  
This is my mothafuckin' posee song - Wheres Jerome?  
Instead of gettin' up out yo shit - you stayed ya ass at  
home  
Potential lurking fa certain - I know you feel it hurt  
If they knew bitchin' came wit' ya - you coulda kept ya  
verse  
Bitch doubt me now

[Chorus 8x - [D] Paul])

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