

## Gavin Rossdale

### "Highlife"

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[B-Real]

I rolled you up like my Rizla  
Cut you up, with my sisters  
You wanna get us - yeah, the venom spitters  
Your style's trash: don't litter  
You got the jitters the hardhitters  
No quitters your soul quivers  
When you see the gats blazin, get out the street now  
There ain't no use for you beggin to turn the heat down  
You label me coldblooded  
You wanna warm me up with hot lead the gat thudded  
You can't cut it  
You wack, but it's - no use your mouth shut it  
Shootin arrows diamond-studded, and still budded  
You got to love it, you better chase the paper all day  
So you can walk down the long platinum hallway  
But now the fools are minutemade;  
they get played for a minute  
then played out they never get back in it  
Gun park I bring chalk for your body outlined on the  
floor  
You got hit by the 4-4!

Chorus: B-Real

You're in the game called life, son - how you're livin it  
Street corner kids growin up blowin up  
You chase dreams you want the highlife, with the  
skylights  
But in the end your soul's lost, you lost the shine right  
Never turn your back ever, on niggaz true to you  
Stand alone for the cheddar - and they'll be through  
with you  
The highlife; yeah, the highlife  
The highlife; yeah, the highlife

[B-Real]

You gotta hang out with B. Reezzy, and take it easy  
It's gettin greasy, I had to learn how to beat me  
That's when you go for dolo, and get your meal ticket  
And still kick it hardcore I'm runnin real with it

Niggaz getting softcore, the people want more  
hardcore shit that's why I give them an encore  
Curtains opened, you see the people applaud feelin it  
You can't figure out the formula so you're stealin it  
Can't stand unoriginal cats with minimal  
skills that's criminal - you fake bitches!  
You're lookin for riches, in the wrong places  
The faces of death look you in the eye cut off your  
breath  
When you fall feel your knees shatter  
The bones breakin with your weak blatter  
Pissin on yourself it don't matter  
Dead weight, the bed waits for you on the set date  
Dreams gone instead fate didn't hesitate  
to put you away, close the gates now you're locked out  
Your life: cable, with all the porn channels blocked out  
(damn!)  
What you good for? Nothin, so be gone suckers  
Have a nice trip see you motherfuckers!

Chorus

[Sen Dog]

I live for the highlife, get my mind right  
Fuck the fame, the game and the limelights  
Fools that be out there tryin to duplicate  
But they can't match the aura, can't impersonate  
See the first things that comes to pass, is the blast  
of the Cypress Hill weed funk blazin up a path  
You can't help, but inhale and get strong  
You need that good shit all up in your lungs  
I live fast, and keep energy in motion  
Jah bless, so I feel I been chosen  
But I know, (?) of he who conquers  
You gotta come strong and sound off like thunder  
I check myself and make sure I'm comin real tight  
Rhyme for my fam, the G's and the highlife

[B-Real]

The highlife - hah, hah  
The highlife yeah

Chorus

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