

## Ice Berg

### "Super High / Perfect Joint"

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feat. 64 Chris

I prolly be high in about 10 minutes so listen  
Niggas see shit getting big so now they beginning to  
stress  
I got my eye one in the head

Every day I wake, I run in the bread  
I could give a fuck what none of them said  
Suck my dick they bitch ass need to find a hustle  
instead

[Hood]

My bitch roll my weed up, my bitch is like 3 somes  
I'm too god damn fly for y'all, what you think I rock  
these wings for?  
We g'd up like red and green, always strapped, never  
scared to squeeze  
Live house motherfucking weed burners  
All they smelled was kush after we left the scene  
Nigga I'm super high, nigga I'm super high  
Nigga I'm super high, nigga I'm super high  
Nigga I'm super high, nigga I'm super high  
Nigga I'm super high, nigga I'm super high

In the bluest skies, please don't shoot us down  
Any hoe who ain't let me fuck in the past  
I bet she will do it now  
Stupid loud, it's hard to see us through the clouds  
And they can't turn around, if it ain't a group of 2 cute  
groupies now  
Game tight, I could persuade a bitch that the sky blue,  
aruma now  
And they loose they mind when it's over  
Cause real shit bitches can't do without  
Playalistic, stupid south, swaggerific bitch I shine no  
matter who around  
All I need is my crew around, live house, 64, this love  
paper ain't shit  
Cause we about to get more  
The only reason they hate is cause they really don't get

dough

And I can't go nowhere without my motherfucking pistol  
Cause I'm not just anybody, I'm that nigga bitch  
And you would never meet a young nigga as real as  
chris

This a experience, hex mode, I rock that burberry shit  
like it's some polo

These sucker nigga bitches still fucking the crew

The only thing new is they favorite excuses

Screaming yolo, fuck the popo

Cause we commit crimes, I don't care how you get  
yours

Don't worry bout how I get mine

Fuck the whole world, except my own girl

For like the 5th or the 6th

And if your bitch say we used to fuck around and I hit

But she never suck dick, dumb ass nigga, that bitch  
lying!

[Hood]

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I'm too god damn fly for y'all, what you think I rock  
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Nigga I'm super high, nigga I'm super high

Nigga I'm super high, nigga I'm super high

Nigga I'm super high, nigga I'm super high

Nigga I'm super high, nigga I'm super high

I'm good as long as my weed good

I'm good as long as my weed good

I'm good as long as my weed good

I say I'm good as long as my weed good

Damn right I'm on my high horse

I know I'm just a die for

Them niggas know they ain't really fucking with me

Every time I leave the house I'm just a sight to see

And bitch I be that nigga, when it come to money and  
bitches

I'm pretty sure you know I got plenty

And all the bad bitches already know we live

And we don't take a lot of energy to get it

And if she came fucking nothing, I'ma send her bout  
her bizness, oho

She's fine, last thang you wanna do is blow my high

9 times out of 10 I got money on my mind

Tryina stack them god damn hundreds baby, I ain't got  
no time

[Hook]

Baby this might be the perfect joint  
I'm good as long as my weed good  
I'm good as long as my weed good  
Baby this might be the perfect joint  
I'm good as long as my weed good  
I'm good as long as my weed good  
I say I'm good as long as my weed good  
Baby this might be the perfect joint

High as fuck in a perfect world  
And if she do it all and got long hair  
In my book she the perfect girl  
And since them broke niggas shitted on the  
Baby girl got them most love for me  
Cause I cut a check every now and then  
Even though I fuck for free and being shown don't  
really mean nothing  
Cause I like how I just can't love em  
And if she is in a real relationship,  
Most likely the nigga sucker  
Getting high, we can never get enough of  
What for, we just live it  
We don't fuck around with the tard drugs  
We just roll up and get trippy  
Put her up on that g pin, dabbing all on the go  
Experimenting with different hashes, that sure to have  
her on the floor  
Like fuck stress, fuck worries, we zoned out lost in  
paradise  
Matter fact when we finished with this billion purp  
Let's smoke again some barry white, real talk  
Hah, but shit, telling me this, telling me that  
Since she smoke with me, she don't wanna go back  
I got a lesson that I like to teach  
And here it is baby, don't waste my weed  
But you remember how barry would have said it,  
though  
He would have said it with a deep fly voice  
You wanna sing it how barry said this shit

I'm good as long as my weed good  
I'm good as long as my weed good.

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