

Lucky Boys Confusion "What Gets Me High"

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Well, freedom of expression and elation is my state
True, true, I'm a lucky boy but I don't believe in fate

Cause I'm simply, standing strongly on the shoulders
of giants

And hoping they'd be proud if they were in the
audience

When the lights go out my adrenaline starts pumping

The lyrics kick up and crowd starts jumping

All the lovely honey's getting down to Stubbystyle

Is what gets me high, it's what gets me high

If you don't know what gets you high, pimp out
motherfucker

Let me take you for a ride, but you might not end up
where you started from

So think twice before you take my advice

Pimpin in Tommy's Jeep bumping to my 311

Yo, I get a page 5447

He says Cockboy's Caddy ain't starting for a week

So I'm gonna get a ride with a 420 Geek

I says come over about 10 O'clock

Cause I got to go reinvest in some green stock,
shocked!

Well, that's the shit that keeps my pocket getting fatter

It's what gets me high and nothing else matters

It's a bit of the air in the night that always gets me high

Thinking, I might given the right opportunity I

In the basement cool, we don't care

If the Sublime's spinning on the record player

I want an O E 40 800 Ice

Chilling in the fridge so cool and nice

Bringing the dough, dropping the flow, cause the scale
won't lie

It's what gets me high, it's what gets me high

Oh, I'm in ecstasy

Life's easier with a 40, but please don't follow me

Oh, I'm in ecstasy

A girl can get you higher than any drug do you agree

Oh, I'm in ecstasy

So proud that I'm smiling, didn't turn out like daddy

Oh, I'm in ecstasy

Sex in Carson's dressing room, holding on to
memories

I'm not gonna say I'm sorryâ€¦!

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