

## Nate Dogg

### "High Come Down"

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(Nate Dogg )  
Ooh you make my high come down  
(Chico & Coolwadda)  
Ooh you make my high come down  
(This from that Sudden Impact number 5)  
(Wild in the motherfuckin' West comin' at ya real soon)  
You make my high come all the way down  
(That Chico & Coolwadda shit)  
Ooh you make my high come down  
(For the homey DJ A.P.)

Hit the coast with a sudden impact  
Royals in the eight-pack, zip in the zip-pack  
Heat packed for the whole trip  
Niggas don't emcee, they just say they do until I spit  
Shit, get lifted with blunts, snap once  
Pssh, limit the bounce like bad bungee jumps  
Parallel on the hunt for the chips  
Flash, make 'em walk with it pointed on ya hip  
Fuck it though, that's me, who is you?  
I'm down with Dirty Jerks and R.C. and A.P.  
But who's you? (?) and (?) to the rest  
Niggas seem to have a vendetta on the West  
Serve ya Ghost Rider cause ya not versin'  
The scouting report says hot person  
So watch who you fuckin' with  
You fuckin' up my high little bitch

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Gotta slang this cause I'm a carry out my due  
Chico hood's the chipper, chip with chrome buster  
Fucked for pickin' up the phone  
Brothers used to smoke that blunt  
But now they choke that blunt  
Like a bonerback fuckin' bitches and hos(?)  
See me in the breeze underneath the palm trees  
Holla at you now please spit it from the throat

This Westside neighborhood I'm a low  
Now A.P. if you ever need some get back  
Call me, I'll make sure it get back  
Catch a flight, pssh catch 'em in the night  
Parallel double barrels, smoke it right  
In fact the impact gon' be sudden  
Five times bloke all through his buttons  
Please believe said trip you'll receive  
An exit out the universe on me

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My Bible wouldn't a been preached  
I been the beast, I been the prey  
Parallel park in here and get towed away  
Stowed away in the back of the trunk where the tool be  
Fools be actin' like I won't bust this uzi  
Cool he proves me, over yonder  
In that little white Honda Civic  
They thought that street shit  
Well then I can get delirious  
Let me know here, pivot post  
Them chipper niggas end up close

I bust the uzi, you can bust one  
Must've brought your high to get you on one  
Chico so you know I'm on one  
And when they scatter and roll  
Hop out the cut with the pump shotgun  
Just in case I got to come on y'all like eight minutes  
Ride for the chips parallel 'til we finish  
Rearrange rap with the rare raw flow  
Not feelin' y'all bringin' down my hydro

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Just hit the Eastside, fuckin' up the LBC  
I don't associate with haters, my motherfuckin'  
gangstas be  
Just hit the dope spot, just picked up some bomb-ass  
weed  
Man I'll holla at you later, I'm about to hit these trees  
As sure as my game is tight, just spotted a real dime  
piece  
I thought my day could not be greater, that's about the

time I peeped  
There go Mister John-in-law all in my rear view  
The next thing I heard was sirens, tell me what am I to  
do?

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