

## **Redman & Method Man "How High (Remix)"**

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I, I get so high  
Yo ladies and gentlemen we got Toni Braxton up in the  
house  
So high that I can kiss the sky bitch  
We live up in here y'all, let's get high  
Motherfucker get high

High (Let's Get)  
High (Let's Get)  
High (Let's Get)  
High (Let's Get)

Tical shittin again, spittin to win  
Load they guns clip in the end none sicker than him  
Yes indeed, I'm ill as any STD's or sex disease  
These dirty rats want extra cheese  
On that piece of the pie now ask me how high  
Until ya reach for the sky blame the crooked letter I  
That's my home, 23's wrapped in chrome  
Not only snap on y'all niggas but I'll snap dem bones  
Slap your dome, make you leave that crack alone  
You got the, key to the city but the latch is on  
I got's it locked, bringin the noise bringin the Funk  
Doctor Spock  
Bringin my boys bringin you lungs  
Pop the glock but only if you feel this shit  
Jack The Ripper, don't make me have to kill this bitch  
Back to get'cha put it in check that's the lishdawg  
With his wood on your neck, shut your lips up

I, I get so high (Smoke cheeba cheeba smoke cheeba  
cheeba)  
I, can touch the sky (You so high that I can kiss the sky  
sky)  
I, I get, so high (Brick City and The Crooked Letter I)  
High (Let's Get)  
High (Let's Get)  
High (Let's Get)  
High (Let's Get)

You can, call on the man when the party is borin  
I'll have these hoes strippin till it's part of the mornin

I love a fat chick with a body enormous  
It ain't about the weight yo it's how they performin  
My dash is 180, my weed half a pound  
With the smoke in the air my nose like basset hounds  
I don't stash the draw, nigga divide  
I'm that nigga that ride with trigga to give a supply  
High, is how I stay all the time  
Niggas close your doors)  
Yo bitches shut all your blinds  
If I'm, hard to find take two puffs and pass  
I'd stay back but my benz moved up a class  
It's Dock and Meth the format is real sickenin  
Contagious, we out for Mista Biggs women  
You better shut your trap when my dogs around  
We pissin on fire hydrents, so walk around bitch

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Mista Method Man puttin in work foot in the dirt  
Like it's all good roll thru your hood pushin a hearst  
I wish y'all would, come aruond like Clint Eastwood  
As if your, reppin your hood in my neck of the woods  
Street gorillas in the PJ's, grimy bitch  
I wear the same shit for 3 days, find me lit  
Blunt sparks like Felipe fuck the he say she say  
Yo shut the mic on plus the DJ

Yo, call me the Bob Backlin I'll break backs on hoes  
Who look like Toni Braxton, come run with these boney  
masked men  
I'm out the gutter, I'm to send your baby mother 4  
rubbers  
We fuckin tonight, bitches wanna croud around I'm  
coughin the mic  
I'm a gorilla, leave a banana stuck in your pipe  
Cause I'm a real block winner, the Doc inna  
Bitch one of my balls bigger than the Epcot Center

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