

Stacie Orrico

"Natural High"

Visit "[Natural High](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Killah Priest]

In the Beginning, no different from the ending
It's the Killah Priest, Iron Sheik from the middle east
Lacing it Sunz Of Man, you know what Im sayin
Big Moe up in the house
Ty G and Dreddy Kruger representin

[Chorus x2: Trebag, (Hell Razah)]

We make that music, that moves your body (natural high, natural high)
We make that music, that moves your body (natural high, natural high)
We got the fire, that gets you higher (natural high, natural high)
We got the fire, that gets you higher (natural high, natural high)

[Killah Priest]

Roamin in the 4-runner all summer
Laid back, state maps and 8-tracks
Its great that, I laugh at competition
I'm champion nigga, I can't be sunned
Check the royal posture, by the way where's my oscar
Crack your legs like a lobster, break your arms
Beat you to death, snap your neck
Crack your chest, lay you to rest
Then confess, I judge wisely
All spys, tryin to size me
If you phony, I leave you lonely with your
Sony headphones, layin stiff in the dead zone

[Hell Razah]

In the dead zone they lay, King Nostradamos
With Golden Armless, teachin hartlets
That be strippin for they garments
Searchin for a broken promise, regardless though
You godless, still feed you full for your conscience
Red Ant now launch this, rockets
>From where her projects, come to street
Profit a Lisha, to fish ya, roll wit a militia
Mr. Military, now, roll with a team of Jim Kelly's

Send my hoes to your telly
Sprayin holes through your belly, you ain't ready
For the deadly, gently MC's
There ain't a school boy to test me
East coast to wesley strite
Those who stress me, we streit
Fuck you with the fight, fight, fight, fight

[Chorus]

[Prodigal Sunn]

A young king at the age of 15, caught up in things
The golden scorpio, sportin material diamond rings
Physical, historical, mystical, shinin, crystal-like
Stackin, packin pistols, FA and they brought the crystal
meth
To Crown heights, where the fiends get high
Cross Atlantic avenue, bone down through the Sty
What we do or die unite the kingdom
Multiply, I sick of seein his mother's cry
It's time to purify

[Trebag]

Like an Alaskan breeze, I blow through your april's
stuck to your mentals like thumb-tacks and staples
Been to temples, learned egyptian time-tables
My trade marks on labels and biblic-oohs from mavel's
give life to trapped ex-cons and expedites
You can't escape my prison, I'ma livin Israelite
Killin more trabatites and build my paradise
Green grass grows, the white house is wiped out
Keep your red meat, I'll be fishin for trout
That means I'm the mouse, I'll figure my way out
pinky and the brain had to find another house
Wherabouts, go walk and frolic in the forest
Next time you lie, think about bein honest
I bomb this

[Hell Razah]

We kill with calmness, words come forth like a savior
A wicked man's heaven is the hell for the Razah
Raised up in Brooklyn, two decades of meetin slaves
from Grenada to the grave, from the cradle to the cage
State-pens be like play-pens, the government in-slavin
Inside a science project with no escapin, unless
they die for us, you for the cream so you lie for us
While other thieves already spy for it
I watch snake eyes everywhere around me
Devils try to drown me in the water and the town built
for slaughter
without order you got chaos, player haters

who play us, death-bed layers, who forgot to pay us,
now they
covered up with layers, it's too deep for you rap
duplicators
who's packs be betrayers

[Chorus to fade]

Visit [Stacie Orrico](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.