

Toni Braxton

"Part II"

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[Intro: Toni Braxton (Redman/Method Man)]
I, I get so high

(Redman: Yo ladies and gentlemen.. we got Toni Braxton up in the house)
(Method Man: So high that I can kiss the sky bitch)
(Redman: We live up in here y'all, let's get high)
(Method Man: Motherfucker get high)

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

[Method Man]
Tical shittin again -- spittin to win
Loaded 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 niggaz 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 gots 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 Mista
Meth with his wood on your neck, shut your lips up

[Chorus - Toni Braxton (Redman & Method Man)]
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)

[Redman]

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
When the smoke in the air my nose like basset hounds
I don't stash the dro', nigga divide
I'm that nigga that ride with trigga to give a supply
High, is how I stay all the time
(Method Man: Niggaz close your doors)
Yo bitches shut all your blinds
If I'm, hard to find take two puffs and pass
I stay back but my Benz moved up a class
It's Doc and Meth the format is real sickenin
Contagious, we out for Mr. Biggs women
You better shut your trap when my dogs around
We pissin on fire hydrants, so walk around bitch!

[Chorus: Toni Braxton (Redman & Method Man)]

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cheeba)
I, can touch the sky (You so high that I can kiss the sky
sky)
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High (Let's Get)

[Method Man]

Mista Method Man, puttin in work, foot in the dirt
Like it's all good, roll through yo' hood, pushin a hearse
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 three days, find me lit
Blunt sparks like Felipe - fuck the he say, the she say
Adjust the microphone, plus the cliché

[Redman]

Yo, call me the Bob Backlund, I'll break backs on hoes
that look like Toni Braxton, come run with these boney
masked men
I'm out the gutter, I'm to send your baby mother
out for rubbers, we fuckin tonight
Bitches wanna crowd around, how I'm cuffin 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!

[Chorus: Toni Braxton (Redman & Method Man)]

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