

# Twista "Higher"

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Yeah, you know it's about to go down right?

Yeah

Gotta let them know who is this

Ludacris

And who else nigga?

Twista nigga

Check it out

Sometimes I think that I gotta see a little bit of brighter days

'Cause I confine myself to a city near you in a solid cage

An' you could look to the left or the right but

I'm trapped on center stage

An' I could rap to the beat

But I don't know how to change my ways

I still hear a fool and I track 'em, distract 'em, and whack 'em

Jack a nigga for the day to days

An' I yak 'em, attack 'em, and sack 'em

Get a weapon and I crack his brain 'cause I'm a hustler, baller, pro

An' it wouldn't be right for me

To be around busters, and crawlers, and hoes

But I'm a pimp at night, so talk shit

And I'm a lift them up off of they toes

With a street sweeper regulating quarters, and Ki's, and O's

In a two-seater, Ludacris and Twista with bags of dro Smokin', chokin', get them open, croakin'

It's so potent, I'm hoping to keep on floating

I'm soaking wet and you can bet, people I'm high

I'm seeing lions, and tigers and bears, oh my

And I can't hide it or keep it hidden, good riddance I'm feelin' good

I'm weapon-concealin', stealin' my neighborhood

Would, could, and should break a nigga off

They'll see you later, go to the doctor, hold my balls and

You caught the vapors

And I caught the throne, brain blown, honey I'm home  
Give me the microphone, and fools is like, "Leave me  
alone"

Throw it up if you get high, get blow, get drunk  
If you want what I'm on, come on and kick it  
Let's ride, smoke dro, beat the trunk  
All the bad ass bitches that wanna party  
Just shake it, great players get pumped  
Me and my thugs, and hustlers in the party  
Get money fuck hoes, get crunk

Look out I put a little bit of hash  
On some motherfuckin' purple haze  
I feel it all over my body, adrenaline with the Bacardi  
Got me up and then ripping shit in a rage  
In the Netti confetti he by the belly, Gucci  
Timberland stepping on the petal up in the Cadillac  
truck  
Want to get me for the wood  
Better get the whole motherfuckin' hood  
To come and give you some back up

We can get into it and if you want to do it  
I'm leakin' the fluids out of the bodies that want to  
come at this  
If they got buckets of blood for fuckin' with thugs that I  
bury  
My adversaries better not want none of Twis'  
Represent for my city, anybody that different with me  
Got to get him for thinkin' it's a game  
And whether you from my city or not, talk shit  
I'ma kill him especially if he say my name

I've been up on him, I handle my business  
And I'm a stick him up for the scrilla  
From K-Tilla, smoking on a fat piller  
Murder haters that don't feel a  
Niggaz claiming they want to bring it, but really don't  
be killers  
Balling out so hard  
The size of my rims grow to a hellafied sight-scene  
When the dough become no bigger  
I'm going to drop that 2003 on 19"

Throw it up if you get high, get blow, get drunk  
If you want what I'm on, come on and kick it  
Let's ride, smoke dro, beat the trunk  
All the bad ass bitches that wanna party  
Just shake it, great players get pumped  
Me and my thugs, and hustlers in the party

Get money fuck hoes, get crunk

We balling out of control, I floss on, play on, pimp on  
A speed daemon, pedal to the metal when I'm in the  
zone

Hang on 'cause here I'm gone  
In the motherfuckin' wind when I'm sippin' on Henn'  
I got paper, you owe something  
And now that I came a long way  
From letting me hold somethin', to roll somethin'  
Find a victim, then fill him up with venom and with  
some adrenaline  
And then kill him and send him to the cemetery  
With a flow for the whole world like a poet  
[Incomprehensible]

Shit, and when it come to shippin' good nigga  
Who that? Who that?, I got the sack open  
And the herb got the flow so strong  
[Incomprehensible]  
Never come up with it unwise, and he  
Nigga you ain't untouchable now when I spark the heat  
Comin' at you like sharks to meat  
The blood is softly, I can tell when a mark is hard as we  
Come fully loaded 'cause I'm hard to beat  
Always screamin' where the drug and the dro at?  
You know we love that cut up  
In the back of the club with purple in the back cryin'  
Twis' and Ludacris get fucked up

Throw it up if you get high, get blow, get drunk  
If you want what I'm on, come on and kick it  
Let's ride, smoke dro, beat the trunk  
All the bad ass bitches that wanna party  
Just shake it, great players get pumped  
Me and my thugs, and hustlers in the party  
Get money fuck hoes, get crunk

Pass me the  
Let me smoke my  
Yeah  
This a Wildstyle production  
Twista and Ludacris collabo, get it, get it, get it, yeah

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