

Twista Feat. Ludacris "Higher"

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Yeah, you know it's about to go down right?
Gotta let them know who is this?
Ludacris!
And who else nigga?
Twista nigga
Check it out

Sometimes I think that I got to see a little bit of brighter
days
'Cause I confine myself to a city near you in a solid
cage
And you could look to the left or the right
But I'm trapped on center stage
And 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
And I yak 'em, attack 'em, and sack 'em
Get a weapon and I crack his brain
'Cause I'm a hustler, baller, pro
And 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
Smoking, choking, get them open, croaking
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 feeling good
I'm weapon-concealing, stealing 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 want to party
Just shake it, great players get pumped
Me and my thugs, and hustlers in the party
Get money fuck hoes, get crunk

I put a little bit of hash on some motherfucking 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 with a belly, Gucci
Timberland stepping on the petal up in the Cadillac
truck
Want to get me for the wood
Better get the whole motherfucking hood
To come and give you some back up

We can get into it and if you want to do it
I'm leaking the fluids out of the bodies that want to
come at this
If they all get some blood for fucking 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 thinking 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 be killers
Balling out so hard the size of my rims grow to a
hellafied sight-scene
When the dough become no bigger I'ma flip drop that
2003 on 19

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We balling out of control, I floss on, play on, pimp on
A speed demon, pedal to the metal when I'm in the
zone
Hang on 'cause here I'm gone
In the motherfucking wind when I'm sippin' on henn'
I got paper, you owe something
And I done came a long way from letting me
Hold something, to roll something
Find a body, then fill him up with some adrenaline

And then kill him and send him to the cemetery
With a flow for the whole world like a poet
Check icy cold, your pop's so hungry, he mends a berry
Shit, and when it come to shipping good
Who that? Who that? I got the sack open
And the herb got the flow so strong
Hot them on crack, the track is for back-to-back
smoking
Never come up with it unwise, and he

Nigga you ain't untouchable when I spark the heat
Coming 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 screaming where a beat and the dro at
You know we love that cut up
In the back of the club with purple in the back crying
Twis' and Ludacris get fucked up

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Pass me the
Let me smoke my
Yeah, this a wildstyle production
Twista and Ludacris collabo
Get it, get it, get it, uh, yeah!

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