

Big Syke

"Highdollar"

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Verse 1:

I'm high till I die,
Drunk till I'm gone
Everybody wanna talk but leave me alone
Homies sayz about the feds, little brothers dead
And all I see is murder and trouble always ahead
So I'm trapped in pain, cause momma won't stop cryin'
Got nothin' to gain in the game forever tryin'
Will I lose so I choose to be a killa
So when you mention Syke they say, fuck that nigga
But I don't give a fuck I'm drivin' buckets,
stackin' duckets, tryna get my mail,
Constantly warned about death in jail
So I'm high why even try, glocks to the sky
It's either me or the enemy somebody gonna die
But nobody cares the world is so ungrateful,
It ain't fair my woman dropped me after being faithful
I can't take it I smoke a pack a day
It's like I'm goin' cracked away,
What you say...

Chorus:

Time's revolvin' can you see the change?
Never solvin' things will always stay the same,
Time's revolvin' can you feel the pain?
Never solvin' things will always stay the same

Verse 2:

Dear mister president I represent the ghetto
Tell ya wife hello, I'll be brief wid this kinda grief
Niggas is locked up set blocked up penitentiary lies
Mo' niggas in jail than baptised,
For centuries my loyalty family pockets stay lackin'
Homie's stretch is overcrowded and you still taxin'
Homies dyin' now who got the clout, not me,
You get more time for 5 grammes and a half a ki
Blacks poppin' rocks, whites on the powder grind
You wanna test mine, rather die than let you see me cry
So I'm lost what's the cost for a crime boss

It depends on the color of the sauce
Democrats Republicans stumblin' to the concrete-acapo

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