

Big Syke "Highdollaz"

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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
Cause they covered by white sheets,
Can't compete wid you scandalous politicians
So every fuckin' night, I'm on a mission
Highdolla gangbangin'

Chorus

Verse 3:

Still caught between my woman and my pistol and my
chips,
I'm surrounded by blood and crips, will I trip?
I need money disjunction, so I'm wild can't function
Ain't that something for nothing?
Who the fuck do I look like?
To go from Lil Syke to Big Syke overnight
Bangin' tights in '79 rollin' perimeters
From January to December, can you remember?
Big homies puttin' in work, 6-4s in the dirt
Going body wid your Gs till ya knuckles hurt
In the land of the lost where it cost to bang
So I made it off the street fame fuck the rap game
It's a shame so much pressure and pain
Niggas can't maintain cause on the streets they got
bustas scandalous
Now you a killin' apparatus nigga come now,
Vow to stay a hog till the day I die
While busta niggas wanna try,
This highdolla gangbangin'

Chorus (2x)

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