

Spm "I Must Be High"

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I'm damned if i do and damned if i dont holla fuck the world with my chest fulla smoke. I choke on my breakfast the end of my necklace says Dopehouse Records,Screwston Texas. The diamonds on my emblem is cut like a princess you can keep the lexus 'cuz i got two benzes. I'm in your girlfriend's hot intestines cuz i bought her 2 dresses and some contact lenses. Got a message in the bottle hit the throttle in my carro click and clack my semi-auto cuz im tryna see tommorrow. Bought a condo for my top hoe cuz she's working that taco it's the top selling vato,twenty-threes on the tahoe TV screens, margarita machines with street marines got love for the crips,and bloods,and latin kings If it means anything this for all my g's i'm in jail 'cuz i forgot my fuckin abc's Another D.W.I drunk and fuckin high i'll be out before the mothefuckin sun can touch the sky They call young Thurston Howell the third and dats my word ima swang ima swerve ima park and scrape the curve

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Why when I'm not high does my life
Feel like it's missing something
I know that I must be high
So that I can function

I'm a use my three wishes, I'm very superstitious
No matter where I go I meet a bunch of horny bitches
Burn a few bridges, feed a few pigeons
Fuck em so good they wake up and wash dishes
The food was delicious, bacon, eggs, and biscuits
No French kisses and no hippopotamuses
I'm picky, if you strictly dickly, you can't get with me
As I represent Houston like the damn Whitney
I'm a get em when I get em I loved em and I fed em
Lived in peace, I ain't gonna let em when I see em I'm
gonna wet
em
Shut em down like D-Town and the homie Ackavelie
Peace to Happareli and my nigga John Freddy
My drink is thick as jelly, I love my shit muddy
Four of us in this bitch and we gonna do them boys

ugly
Ready for the rumble, leave em lying in a puddle
Y'all don't really want no trouble with the lord of the
jungle

[Chorus: repeat 2X]
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I walks in the club, a grabbing on my dick
As the police officers patting down my click
They say my bandana breaks the dress code
Every fine fucking bitch I see is my ex ho
I'm hogging and I'm dogging creeping and I'm
crawling
Believe me this my calling it's time to do you all in
Everybody jump jump, boys trip what what
Let my double barrel shotty go barump-pa-pump-pum
Slangin slab motor rocks up in no man's land
Burnin off in my "Smokey and the Bandit" Trans Am
The rope around my neck is just dangling and jangling
Sometime I smoke the rain, it get wetter than a penguin
Aunt Jemima sipper, hoes like Jack Tripper
Peace to Big Dipper, what the deal my nigga
Hook like Johnny Topy, it's Dopehouse living
prosperous
I tip my waitress and she can't stop saying 'Gracias'

[Chorus: repeat 2X]
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