

Joy Drop

"Get High With Me"

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(Hook)

To all my niggas that get high with me
Are ya'll really down to die with me?
Catch a bullet if it fly for me?
Walk by or drive by with me?

(Souljah Slim)

I got niggas that committed that'd die for me
Catch a bullet if that motherfucker fly for me
You see only real niggas ride with me in the back
In the front sippin' on Coniac
I'm blowin big dubs
Rest in peace to all the niggas that I ran wit'
Feel like I'm the last man standing with my gun in hand
Watching my back spooking like I'm on that coke again
Knowing these niggas all in my face ain't my friends
They backstabbers, moneygrabbers
Trying to get what I got
They want my jingles and my pops I think not
I'm getting shot behind mines I thought I told you
I'ma trained for combat soldier
You gone respect Magnolia
Only aiming for the piece above your shoulder
And knock it off with the quickness
I'm all about my business
Murda one, Murda two
If I gotta kill a whole clique I'll kill them motherfuckers
too
Nigga who that be's in the darkness
It be me Souljah Slim aiming at his target
Blam-Blam Bodyslam go the victim
Check em partner we killed him
That's how I lick em' a shot

(Hook)

(Trinity)

Point ignorance, vigilance, it be's the prospect
Trinity, cut-throater, Magnolia projects
Flex, respects, that checks better recognize
Don't come with that bullshit Trinity pull shit

A hell upon us to smoke, get a full shit
Nigga let's do this
For Souljah Slim G lock cock murder them
Nigga put em' in the wind then
I'ma hit your set and KaBoom it's sin then
Nigga just sin then to the Pit of Less Prophet
with hot shit we send them
Gotta hit from hell, Thought I caught ya'
Nigger Knockers finna chop us we bend them
On the street that it's cut-throat
Them niggas don't know that we lay
Souljah Slim if you say so, rock-a-bye them bitches
don't play hoe

(Hook)

(Mystikal)

Up, Up, Up come fly with me
Puff, Puff, Puff come get high with me
Buck, Buck put em' up this is a robbery
Come on nigga get in, I'ma drive just ride with me
But when the shit go down nigga you better be ready to
die with me
I see past around the corner come on follow me
I'm drillin' and killin' these bitches until they get tired of
me
Old fake dick-in-the-booty-ass niggas don't bother me
Bitch I'm bout' to retire like I hit the lottery
The man wrote it down like that so that's how it's gotta
be
I see through you bitches like cheap tint don't lie to me
All in my face showing ivory

(Hook)

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