Natural "High Rydaz"

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[Chorus]
We Da'
High Ridaz
Holdin mad green
Got our pocket and pipes filled
ya know what I mean

You know the
High Ridaz
D-loc and Johnny Richt
step in any session
You know we'll end it quick

Who's a
High rida
who's down with a squad
Who's down to smoke an ounce
they go chill at the bar

If you a High Rida Throw em up real high Put your drinks in the air Raise your joints in the sky

[Loc]

Back in the day when I was young growin up I always toked buds and I never gave a fuck Rolled around in a bug always had my pants saggin Sold a little weed and had a spray can for taggin But now day's have changed I've rearranged my whole scene

I've made a little cash bought a house with my green I still sag my pants, smoke a lot more weed I stopped taggin -sshhhshshhhs- ya kno what I mean? We da'
High Ridaz
always down to smoke
My homie Johnny Richter and the mothafuckin D-loc We ain't no joke
We be blazin up the weed

Dazin people in the industry
blazin up the scene Kingspade, thats the brand new
clique
D-loc and Johnny Richter on some real ill shit
We ain't fakin'
so fuck fakers and liars
Fuck every hater
cuz we
the High Ridaz

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[Richter] Take it back to the days when I was just a young scrub Growin up in the game of slangin' bud Roll around my town utilizing backstreets cuz I always had a pound in my backseats See I'm a, High rida, since about '92 I got my start buyin Q's of this dude named Lou Now I'm slangin lyrically puttin joints on beat Smoke on stages like I'm smokin on the Hindusply* ?! Cruzin' up and down ya blocks we got this shit on lock D-loc and Johnny Richter, we on fire, we Hot Watchin jaws drop as soon as we step into the room Causin' quakes fuck we hittin you with sonic Booms My tomb will say

He went out in a blaze
Puffin bowls of green crack mixed with purple haze
Cuz in my last days I'm gonna be stoned as fuck
drunk as a skunk
gettin head from your girl, Whats up?

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