

Hi-Rez "The City"

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Whats Up!
Yeah
Yeah!

[Verse 1 Hi-Rez]

Kickin' back with a joint and a Heineken
Homies knockin' at the door ill invite em in
My boy Cash got the daily dose of vitamins
Thinkin' kinda straight, so lets roll it and get high again
Fuck a chick the next day we don't text them
But in a week we get a text from they best friend
Say they heard my music playing up on XM then we got
they legs spread like the symbol less than
Just know you now rockin' wit a gentleman
Ask Mr. Webster i'm a synonym for genuine
Youngest in the game but i'm feeling like a veteran
Haters causing headaches time to pop a few excedrin
Real talk, always got thew dopest gear on
Rarely see me out i'm in the booth, fuck beer pong
You didn't hear wrong, thats what I says trick,
People call me resolution, now its Hi-Rez bitch

[Chorus]

We in the city and we never gon stop
We in the city and we feelin' on top
So light an L up, hit the pizza shop
Little bit of weed and some beer all we needa rock

We in the...
We in the...
We in the city!
We gettin'
We gettin'
We gettin' busy!
Taxi cabs black smoke and some bitties (uhh)
Cheap ass headphones listening to Biggie

[Verse 2 Triple J]

You trippin' cause i be on my grind ya'll know that
The style in the pockets both lookin' so fat
Hopped of the dream, hopped in the cab
Presidential suite hotel room, swag

Not to brag but my city is the illest, for really, there ain't
no competition just kill it
I'm chillin' up in Time Square (time square), everybody
stare (everybody stare)
I do a show downtown, did some dimes there
Rezzy hit me up on the jack at the back
Told him I just need a six pack then I got his back, its a
fact
That when I rap Triple gon rip it, I take the six and get
there in a New York Minute

Yeah, we just set the bar higher, what others do you
know its a fuckin' empire (empire)
Never talk cause the city don't sleep, we just let the
Knicks ball, and then watch the Yanks sweep

[Chorus]

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[Verse 3 Hi-Rez]

You ain't flyin' wit me, pick another airline
So far gone like Bruce Willis hairline
Haters say my music wouldn't get airtime, but they gon
see like the Chicago Bears sign
There I, continue with this rap shit
Check the damn world as I fuck up earths axis
Hold it up like atlas, incredible rappin' tactics
High Resolution puttin' browin on the mat BIOTCH!
And its lights, camera, action
Who's that white boy rappin with that awesome sense
of fash-ion
Grabbin' asses, no sexual harassment
Couldn't stop my flow with a box of Tampax-es
And I keep on flowin', energizer bunny should I keep on
goin, goin
My fan base growin', my lyrics stupid dumb, no blonde
moments

[Chorus]

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