

## Killa Wali

### "I Must Be High"

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Know what I'm sayin? It's goin down, roll that blunt up  
dis is all for my niggas who get  
High, roll the blunt up.  
(South Park Mexican)

I'm damned if I do and damned if I don't  
Holla fuck the world with my chest full of smoke  
I choke on my breakfast, the end of my necklace  
Say Dopehouse Records, Screwston, Texas

The diamonds in my emblem is cut like a princess  
You can keep the Lexus, cause I got two Benzes  
I'm in your girlfriends' hot intestines  
Cause I bought her two dresses and some contact  
lenses  
Got a message in a bottle, hit the throttle in my carro  
Click and clack my semi auto cause I'm trying to see  
tomorrow  
Bought a condo for my top ho cause she 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 cause I forgot my fucking ABC's  
Another DWI, drunk and fucking high  
I'll be out before the motherfucking sun can touch the  
sky  
They call me young Thurston Howell the Third  
And that's my word  
I'm a swang, I'm a swerve  
I'm a park and scrape the curve

[Chorus/Hook: 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

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  
We get high and pull the trigga, cause I'm a nigga, so  
fuk ya'll hataz when I'm high I feel fly!

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