

RZA

"So High"

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{*sampled woman singing "So High" in background throughout whole track*}

[Intro: ??? (RZA)]

Yeah son, 36 dirty

(Smoked out.. oh.. smokin.. smokin)

Oh, yeah man, It's Not a Game son

Yo Ra man (Smokin) Yo Ra man, bring it back

We gotta bring them ten of them, nahl'msayin?

And don't forget that Remy with the.. (Smokin) that

Henny, knowlmean?

And that big booty bitches with it ripped off

With the jiggles on, knowl'msayin?

Yeah bring some big women and smoke it

Get high over here, knowl'msayin? (Smokin)

Straight like that baby

Let them niggaz know what's up Ra

[RZA]

BZZZZ..

Killa Bee will sting, blitz from the sticky green

I had the chocolate thai mixed with the G-13

From the supercali-fragalistic twisted

Throat dry as brownies, I had to sip a Mystic

Called up Johnny Blaze 'cause I know he like to smoke

He said for migraine headaches weed be the anti-dote

Brown bags got more seeds than a cantaloupe

Northern Lights have you runnin like wild antelopes

Seen through a microscope, crystallized T.H.C.

I mix mine with the Digi soaked in minty leaf

And I puff.. puff and I smoke the smoke

{*coughs three times*} ..but I didn't choke

[Timbo King]

Blaze up, and let's smoke 'til we hazed up

What you drinkin? Lemonade or Henny straight up?

Super-high motherfucker, nigga, Wake Up

And cop a bag of that good shit

Eh-yo, dip that shit, nigga, one pull and pass

Smoke 'til ya lungs collapse and hit ya ass

'Dro, evergreen, ever seen seeds?

No, you never seen trees like these

Budded, with the crystal studded
I'm blunted with the pistol, shut it
Keep smokin.. {*inhales*} super-high nigga
I'm whino real, fifty sack of that good shit
From the hood shit
Got the Remy on my side 'til death do us
Eyes low, breath smellin like hydro
I'm high yo, up in the Tahoe bumpin Faith
Keep gats like G's son, just in case
Blackjack Las Vegas, we puff God shivegas
High outta my mind, forgot what today is
It's Bo King blunted, chokin on the Arizona
Smoke scream effects, smell the green marijuana
{*inhales*}

[Outro: ??? (Timbo King)]

So High girl, Ohwee (Uh, good shit, good shit)
So High, So High, uh
(We got yo nostrils flaired smokin on the chocolate)
Ah.. Killa Bee drama.. look at the chick yo she high..
Yeah.. I'm gettin all that baby
I'm only gon' get ya high one time
Seen? Yeah, we gon' get you high over here
Nahl'msayin? Mix some of this Cognac
Mix it back baby, get some realy tonic here
Straight up G mackin up in here baby
Black dust on the road with this.. flow
Goin on and on, didn't I try to tell ya?
Yeah, straight up Wu-Tang baby
Nigga, knowl'msayin? Umm-hmm
This is what you need, I'm So High girl
I just wanna lay a little guerilla back on a sweetback
baby
That's what I'm tryin to tell ya, umm-hmm

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