

B.G. F/ Big Tymers

"The Ultimate High"

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[Nature]

Do you see what I see?
Do you smoke what I smoke?
Do you wanna smoke?
Do you wanna ride?

Yeah aiyyo aiyyo
When I walk into a room, niggas feel a slight breeze
Stay a little while till they feel they might freeze
Never understood why they never liked me
Cuz when I locked the door, they turned into to Icees
Starin at my feet all you see is Nikes
Bet you never seen a ill pair like these
Size ten, never find me in a tight squeeze
At the airport, minutes before my flight leaves
Round trip tickets to who knows where
Stay boarding, never at least a day's warning
Previous plans, they spoiling
A dollar and a dream, the theme to New York, stay
Torrance
>From St. John's to Wake Forest, wait for us
Straight ballers, you hearin it first
Nate flawless in almost every event
Puttin up point, while niggas like ya'll stay scoreless

[Chorus]

All my niggas from the projects, light one up
To my bitches from the projects, light one up
And stay high, high
And pass me a cup of that good shit (so high),
we on some hood shit (so high)
Niggas from the projects, light one up
To my bitches from the projects, light one up
And stay high, high
And pass me a cup of that good shit (so high),
we on some hood shit (so high)

[Nas]

What's me without the hood?
A tree without wood, a dutch wit no bud
A cut wit no blood

A fuck but don't nut, I be incomplete
If me and the street wasn't in between the sheets
I'm a product of hard luck, the money and murder
game
Here's Nature, kill a faker, man you heard of the name
>From the cold streets of QB, old beef to new beef
No peace, through the song, what I see you see

[Nature]

Mad bitches wanna smoke wit me
Niggas wanna roll wit me
Usually in my hood, find me in yo' city
Grimy-ette so pretty, it's like there's two me's
Wit no favorites, I try to love both of me
Thinkin of a way where I can better myself
Sometimes I get a head of myself
Holdin weed wit intention, frontin like I got it prescribed
So high I must be outta my mind

Chorus

[Nature]

It's like hoppin in a glass pool, half full
Niggas only hit the bottom when they crash through
Mash fools out like they fast food
Bon' appetit, platinum or not, it ain't no match for me
I sum niggas whole careers up, scared tough niggas
Bluff niggas into thinkin that their year's up
It ain't a game, took six months off, the shit jumps off
Mini-Me's are gettin punched in they jaw
My dunn call this shit Animal Rap
Me, I call it dumbin
My near-sighted niggas saw it comin
More stunnin, brand new flows to toy wit
Neck flooded on some Hurricane Floyd shit
Back and forth to St. Crouix kid, same plan
Playin Sega Dreamcast till the plane lands
A changed man, niggas don't know, they never will
And if they don't understand, then they ain't fam,
simple as that

Chorus 2x

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