

South Park "High So High"

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f/ Marilyn Rylander

I'ma roll 84's til' them hoes start clackin

First Verse: [SPM]

Put 'em on they back and got 'em askin' "What happened?"

Homie was crackin', it's good to be back

See me on the slab with a beautiful 'llac

If you wanna jack, I got somethin for you

Got a fine chick that look just like LaToya

Caught another case, so I gotta call my lawyer

Tryin' to stay free with the loot they pay me

And I bet fifty G's on my boy De La Hoya

Boy I'ma vet and you still a trainee

Ballin' daily with my green lady

She asked what have I done for her lately?

I'ma dog like Scrappy, my girl tried to slap me

Caught her by the hand and told her "Don't get happy"

Still sport khakis, got the Savvy Yola

Mr. High-Roller movin Coca-Cola

While I stay...

Chorus (Marilyn Rylander)

High so high.....reachin' for the sky

High so high.....please don't blow my high

Second Verse (SPM):

I feel off the wagon, dickies still saggin

Blow more smoke than Puff the Dragon

Choppin' big things, but you never hear me braggin

Pick your chick up and it's gonna be a stabbin

Haters get mad and they want my autograph

Let me hear you rap, man I promise not to laugh

Sold out on the cut, now it's time to call a cab

Walked the wrong path when I went and bought a half

Stop at Chimmy Changs for the wings and rice

Then to the store, I need a forty and some dice

What they hittin' for? Come out with Little Joe

Can you play five-hundred on a what? Ten or four?

Let'em go, let'em go, boys start leavin

Hillwood Hustla, never caught sleepin

Ain't gonna quit til' you haters stop breathin'
Bobbin' and weavin', still block bleedin'
And I stay

Chorus

Third Verse (SPM):

I came up slangin' them coca leaves
Who said money didn't grow on trees?
At the Dopehouse, we don't call the Police
Feel a cold breeze when I get below freeze
Many stories about territories
Got no love for you studio G's
I buy four Jeeps and I got a gold leash
But what the Hell is money if you got no peace?
And we don't go to clubs where you can't wear your hat
Homies in the back and they ready to attack
Land of Dum-Dum where you don't dare to come
Homie where you at? Represent, where you from?
All you jealous boys is tryin' to destroy us
Run you out my city like the Tennessee Oilers
While I sit back and blaze a damned forest
Got nothin' for us, listen to my chorus
Stayin' so...

Chorus (2x)

(SPM)

Mr. S-P-M

And you know it don't stop...

Dopehouse baby,

For all my playa partners

We don't quit...we ain't goin' nowhere,

MAN

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