

Termanology

"We Stay High"

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[Hook]

My block stay high, guap stay high
You could tell I'm high, by the look in my eyes
Ever since a teen, I fiend to get high
I sell coke and sell weed to get by

Round stay fly, b steak fine
All over the scene, and scream and get live
You know me, got them blood shot eyes
No reason to keep a disguise I get high

I'm a skyrider, no airplanes,
I'm a fly rider, skype sex rotten neck roll
Futuristic sci fi
Big boy cabs, like moms and alcoholic type rider
Turn bitches on, no cuts, I'm a wildfire
West side of californication, I'm a best sider
Pissed on your bitch, adam's apple, now it's just cider
In wider, static wise thrown, it's classic
We create hip hop word to mister magic
I'm from doctor jekyl to mister hyde
So mister hide he thinks to ride
My papi feel like hip hop got too flossy
I put a rapper in a wheel chair like the grassi
Animal, cannibal, hannibal lector
Mechanic inorganic, coronical congection
Listen, when god speak, you mean tormented
Fuck studio thugs, I'm a skinny jeans biggen nigga

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A pimp since I mount everest
I treat a bitch pussy like a transecest

Diamonds and furs, rubies
Overseas money, indian rupees
Lady squares with the truth, that's my fucking duty
Lizard on my shoulder, snake through my belt loose
And I ain't talking snakeskin I got alive
Cobra tile, let the tongue slit a break glass cut you with
the sliffer
Mix martial arts, poison partial darts
Kill you all for hard, stop your hearts
Your blood pressure's the only way, you top the charts
Flow voga, dick crime, beat the case, white border
Got away clean, feling sunder
Or maybe, call me casey, anthony, antropologist
Acknowledge this, I went solo dave hollister
Polisher, abolish you with the silencer
Put holes in you like a calendar
Any date on the calendar

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Hey yo, my dog 7 30, whip 7 40
Sold 40000 records, still sippin 40's
Money can't change me, chain still goldy
I shut down every club, call me 40-40
Got 40 shorties, down to get naughty
Life of the party, in everybody story
Cake standtee, got trees in my leaves
Got trees like the leaves, blowin piff in the breeze
wise came in the mink, rise in the low low
With a couple white girls, looking like coco
Took a couple kims, brought them to my dojo
Slammed them on the mat, then put them in the cho
cold
Ladies call me a freak, fellows call me awesome
Cause I write records bout menages and foursomes
Lebrons and the forces, jayz man I got em all
That's why the crib stay looking like the mall

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