

Notorious B.I.G. F/ Craig Mack, G-Dep, Missy Ellio "High With The Blanksta"

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Verse One:

PSK scooped me up now it's time to roll
Creepin through South Park on a beama patrol
I got the hoes in the wind just lost my beeper at the flick
Damn, fuck it I guess none of my hoes won't be pagin
me
But it's friday and I'm tight tryin to find some mo drugs
(Wreckless pay for tongue red) Man they be hatin me at
the club
But I'ma roll wit the click
'Cuz they might get in some shit
Another night another fight
Especially fuckin around wit this site
But it's all good 'cuz I'm down for whatever and I mean
it
To the one's that don't know it asks the one's that done
seen it
You'll respect me I'ma respect you
That's that ain't nothin new
Black and red's the set I claim I even got homies that's
down wit blue
So watch yourself in that zone
When it's time to get it on
The blanksta in the house creepin up on a come up
(gotta make that
money man) like Bone
You wanna get blow
Don't be scared to scream (holla at me boy)
'Cuz everybody in the parklot be askin me

Chorus:

I wanna get high wit the blanksta pleeease
Just chillin hit the sweet young gs
We just blowin big killa wit my niggas (oh yeah)
Blowin big killa wit my niggas[x2]

Verse Two:

After the club what's the haps

Stop n go to rob the japs
Bitches jammed in the car
I even have two hoes on my lap
Blowin big
Takin swigs
Drinkin serve smokin sticks (oh shit)
I just hope we don't go to jail for rapin one of these
bitches
Lights out it's quiet now
Somebody yell SWITCH
I heard a glass hit the floor
And out screamed a BIATCH (ouuuuuch)
.38 just couldn't wait
They would've locked his ass back up (why you say that
blank?)
Ya should've seen how I had that hoe bagged up
It's the bigga here banging on the wall
I'm fried out jammin my screwed tape
Tellin myself "I'm fuckin all of yall"
Everybody nigga walkin dicks already wrecked it
I don't give a fuck what yall doin just as long yall don't
break shit

-Chorus-

Verse Three:

Just in case you ain't know
I fuck all dem stupid hoes
Everybody get cha clothes
Nigga it's time to hit the door
And before I go out wanna send a shout out to my baby
freaks
I'm fuckin all yall next week (same time)
We gone hook up 'bout twelve on the P.M. tip
Rollin dip fried out
Jammin that slip into a coma
Everybody crummed now oh yeah
Especially since I got sounds in the trunk
Now bumpin
Everybody jumpin, blowed
I won't stop and the Compton swat patrol
Niggas hatin the click hate when we roll in
Knowin damn well if it go down OH SHIT there they go
again
Drama, niggas strictly drama
Fool we sippin on serve chill codeine straight blowin up
the set
It's yo boy 13
Screw rollin stinkin green
Let's ride

I wanna get high - with the Blanksta

-Chorus-

Outro:

Yo, just though all these muthafuckas just tripped out
and get down tonic or chronic comin to a town near you
you know what I'm sayin, PSK the whole screwed up
click,
so get that killa and betta have ya business ya know
what
I'm sayin, Smoke one

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