

# How High (Remix)

## Method Man & Redman

Takin' it from the top?  
Tippy  
Oh, my people  
Sing it daddy  
How high, high  
Take my mind  
Where it never gone before  
[Incomprehensible]  
[Incomprehensible] the ultimate high, baby  
The ultimate highExcuse me as I kiss the sky  
Sing a song of six pence, a pocket full a rye  
Who the fuck wanna die for their culture  
Stalk the dead body like a vulture, Tical get  
Blacker than your blackest stallion hit your house  
Projects I represent the Shaolin' my nigga  
Hell yes, Apocalypse now, the gun blow  
It be goin' down, diggy diggy down diggy down downWhile the planets and the stars and the moons collapse  
When I raise my trigga finga all y'all niggaz hit the decks  
'Cause ain't no need for that, hustlers and hardcore  
Raw to the floor raw like Reservoir Dogs  
The Green-Eyed Bandit can't stand it  
With more Fruitier Loops then that Toucan Sam Bitch  
Plus, the Bombazee got me wild  
Fuckin' with us is just straight suicide10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2 murder 1 lyric at your door  
Tical bring it to that ass raw breakin' all the rules like glass jaws  
Nigga, you got to get mine to get yours  
Fucka, we don't need no rap tour  
I'd rather kick the facts and catch you with the rap-true  
More than you bargained for  
Tical, that stays open like an all nite store  
For real, I keeps it ill like a piece of blue steel  
Pointed at your temple with the intent to kill  
And end your existence, M E T  
Ain't no use for resistance, H O DI bees the ultimate rush to any nigga on dust  
The Egyptian Musk use to have me pull mad sluts  
I shift like a clutch with the Ruck  
Examine my nuts, I don't stop till I get enough  
Your shit broke down, light your flare  
Since the dark side tears you into Hollywood Squares

6 million ways to die, so I chose  
 Made it 6 million and 1 with your eyes closed  
 The blindfold, cold, so you can feel the rap  
 And shatter the glass and second half on your monkey ass  
 And yo my man, Tical hit me now  
 Bitches use to play me now they cant forget me now  
 Forget me not, I rock the spot, check glock  
 Empty off a lickin' off a hip hop  
 Fuck the billboard, I'm a bullet on my block  
 How you dope when you payed for your billboard spot?  
 Look up in the sky, it's a bird, it's a plane  
 It's the funk doctor Spock smokin' Buddha on a train  
 How high? So high that I can kiss the sky  
 How sick? So sick that you can suck my dick  
 Look up in the sky it's a bird it's a plane  
 Recognize, Johnny Blaze, ain't a damn thing changed  
 How high? So high that I can kiss the sky  
 How sick? So sick that you can suck my dick  
 Till my man Raider Ruckus come home  
 It ain't really on till the Ruckus get, home  
 Puff a meth bone, now I'm off to the red zone  
 We don't need your dirt weed we got our fuckin' own  
 Check it, I brings havoc with my hectic  
 Bring the Pain lyrics screamin' for the antiseptic  
 Movin' on your left kid, and I'm method, out my fuckin' dome piece  
 Plus I got no love for the beast, hailin' from the big East Coast  
 Where niggaz pack toast home of the drug kingpins and cut throats  
 Hey boy, your's the rude boy on the block  
 You try and stop the bum rush you will get popped  
 As I run around with a racist  
 My style was born in the 50 stair cases  
 Dig it, ff a rap critic he talk about it while I live it  
 If Red got the blunt, I'm the second one to hit it  
 Look up in the, I got the verbs, nouns and glocks in ya  
 Enter the cent, lyrics bang like Nico-chet  
 Rabbit, I brings havoc with an A-K matic  
 Rollin blunts an all day habit I get it on like Smif'n'Wes  
 Who clicks the best punks take a sip and test  
 Who split your vest the funk phenomenon  
 I'm bombin' you like Lebanon blow canals of Panama  
 Just off stamina  
 Styles not to be fucked with, or played with  
 Fuck the pretty hoes, I love those Section A Bit-ches  
 Hittin' switches, Twistin' wigs with  
 Fat radical mathematical type scriptures  
 I dig up in your planets like Diga  
 Boo, scared you, blew you to smithe-reens  
 Fuck the marines, I got machines  
 To light the spliff, and read Mad magazine  
 I fly more heads than Continental  
 Wreck ya 5 times like US Air off an instrumental  
 Look I'm not a half way crook with bad looks  
 But I may murder your case like your name was Cal Brooks

I breaks em up proppa ask Biggie Smalls 'Who Shot Ya'  
Funk doctor, with the 12 Gauge Mossberg  
Look, I got the tools like Rickle to make your mind tickle  
For the nine nickleYo Red, yo Red  
Punk ass pussy ass  
You ain't gotta say no more man, that's it  
Word up Tical, We Out  
It's over

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