

The Ultimate High

Nature & Nas

[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

'cause when I locked the door, they turned into 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 y'all 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 mindChorus[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 thatChorus 2x
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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