

High Tunes

Curren\$y

Up getting high round 7 am
And my girl start bitching about my friends
Because last niggas was going to fuck in
I stumbled through the door cloud 9, cloud 10
Yeah that was round 4, say 3 hours ago
Now im smoking out the crib
picking out clothes
What im most comfortable in
My khaki cargos,
monte carlo
When I think of somewhere to go
I scan barcodes trying to see what its hitting for
Slamming my car door too hard you cant ride with me no more
I dont need a chain or a whip to get with these hoes
Word to the homie whacko, ain't fucking with me natural
Factual, studies show your bitches go, hannibal
Trying to eat a nigga alive, thats what this rap shit do
Them police is after you, niggas getting mad at you
Jet life from this high cant see shit unless that matter to you
You trying to be the boy they wonder what had happened to
I try to be the man I did more then I plan to do
I did my thing I snatched it before they could hand it to
Earthquake motor the road im doing damage to
The pain, the murder, the doors is suicide fool
You may die no lie, and this is very true
Im online like a dot com
Constructing these bars like im building a prison
Locked in though I gotta be out of my mind
Im parked, im sparked, im chillin u can burn with me
But them niggas gotta stay outside
Diamond in the back, sunroof
Counting up a stack in the drive thru
Bass slapping, what the gs ride to
Wonder what this is, its high tunes
Diamond in the back, sunroof
Countin up a stack... when I ride through
Got a fifty stack in my shoe

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