

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 closedThe 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 dickLook 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 dickTill 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 throatsHey 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 itLook 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 staminaStyles 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 magazineI 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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