

Mad High

21 Savage & Metro Boomin

On me, I be mad high
Narcotics on me, I be mad high
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Dressed in Bathing Ape, I be mad fly
Savage sending hits like a wise guy
I'ma sit in front the judge and tell a damn lie
Nigga I be mad high, mad high, mad high
Mad high, mad high, mad high, mad high
Nigga I get mad fly, mad fly, mad fly, mad fly
Mad fly, mad fly, mad fly, mad fly
Ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh
Why you drop that dirty in that Mountain Dew?
Why you go and chop the brains off that coupe?
So I can shoot a pussy nigga out the roof
I feel like Bishop young nigga, I got the juice
I'm 'bout my check lil nigga like swoosh
Yeah I rap but I'm still chopping shit
Pull up on your block and shit
Extendos in them Glocks and shit
21, we poppin' shit
Lord forgive me, lord forgive me, cause I'm sinning
I spent two thousand at the dentist
This a foreign lil nigga, not no hemi
We drinking Actavis, ain't drinkin' on no Remy
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Mad high, mad high, mad high, mad high
Nigga I get mad fly, mad fly, mad fly, mad fly
Mad fly, mad fly, mad fly, mad fly
Pull up on a back street, roll the window down
Pull up on a back street, another nigga down
That AK47 turn your smile into a frown
Bitch I'm from the street, I turn a seven to a pound
I left my baby mama and I went and got a model
You can't get no guala if you don't know how to swallow

What the bombaclot, I feel like oscar cause I'm a shotta
You say you gettin' money what you using as your product?
I hit my first lick and I spent that shit on Prada
Nigga sneak dissin', I got shots for all your partners
Bitch I'm from the six, I eat soul food, not Benihanas
I keep that 223, I knock your head out of your Honda
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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