

# Gittin High

## Trae

Gittin High

[Gittin gittin gittin gittin high high high high]

[Smokin smokin killa smokin big killa] [Repeated]

I'm still in it homie yeah I aint' never left  
A couple mo problems under my belt got me pacing my steps  
This year alone been enough to make me feel like my life aint the same  
Everybody keep watchin' cause these haters keep callin' my name  
I thought it be greater when it come to fame  
But all this roach shit they put you through have you smokin' your life away maine  
Still I don't blow at all, I choose to maintain  
Cause wether I get high or not my stress gon be the same thang  
Lord knows it aint easy being me, it aint easy keepin it g  
Knowin' less than a day from now you aint promised to see  
I never light or roll it up cause i never let my strain out  
Feelin' I was next watchin' my brother HAWK lay on the stretcher  
They say I;m crazy cause I never let my stain out  
Everything stuck in my brain, it made it hard to take the stain out  
[Shiiit]  
I do a song to take the pain out  
And if I wasn't me I'd probly get a sac and try to blow my brains out

[Chorus]

Lord knows if i couldn't maintain and I wasn't used to goin' in with pain  
Then I'd probly be gittin high  
If they ain't never introduced me to fame or set my ass to live my life in the rain  
Then I'd probly be gittin high  
Stress got a ni\*\*a sittin' low and if I aint' know what I was livin' fo homie  
I'd probly be gittin high  
Smokin' big killa smokin' smokin' big killa  
Lord knows I'd probly be gittin' high

I'm in my zone now everything feel wrong now  
For the first time in a long time I'm on my own now  
My life gon always be realer than most of these folks  
They never understand what I be watchin' inside of these locs

It's hard to determine why people around ya  
Knowin' the real reason they come around aint for love while they kick it around ya  
I take it slow and live it one day at a time  
And blow my thoughts out with this pen instead of dro to ease a nigga mind  
They aint no knock on gittin' high homie  
But I choose to live my life kickin' it sober checkin' niggas who get fly homie  
I watch my surroundings like my surroundings watchin' me  
Stayin' four steps ahead of them and drop em if they blockin' me  
Yeah it aint easy but I'm known to hold it down  
I seen my patna shop brotha leave home and he still aint been found  
It's been two years but still we fight to never lay him down  
And pray he don't get called and have to put his people under ground

[Chorus]

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Lyrics submitted by yesenia.

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