Highed Up

Curren$y

Rest in peace Pimp C (fool)(L)
Uh yeah, Some of my joints be tightSome of my joints be fucked up,
But all my joints gon' smoke
So g's gon get highed upFuck all that shit you was talking,
You ain't got no byzantine chain.
Shoes and ladder Chevy candy cane,
Bitches tangled in my slang.
Pilot language, we assassinate them lames.
Flash my high beams get the fuck up out our lane.
Stay straight,
I swear this shit goin how we planned it.
Left a couple niggas tho,
I ain't really trippin tho.
See em when we see em,
Send em bottles and a couple hoes.
Spread love its the jet way all day,
Me and my bitch ridin' to that biggie,
Up to texas choppin' with them,
Bun up buy a meal ticket.
Real niggas from my set know I still kick it,
Others be like I don't fuck wit em,
That's why why I don't fuck wit em.
I don't know why tho,
I ain't never fucked wit em.
Would never do that to em,
If I came up wit em. But fuck niggas,
We roll up bigger than you use to seeing,
Smokin' em in places you ain't use to being.
This is trill nigga season,
Real niggas eating scraps,
Get the scraps if we leave em. L...Some of my joints be tight,
Some of my joints be fucked up,
But all my joints gon' smoke,
So g's gon' get highed up.
Uh,
Some of my joints be tight,
Some of my joints be fucked up,
But all my joints gon' smoke,

So my bitches get highed up.

Songwriters
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