

# Highlife

## Malente

I rolled you up like my rizla  
Cut you up, with my sisters  
You wanna get us yeah, the venom splitters  
Your style's trash, don't litter  
You got the jitters the hard hitters  
No quitters your soul quivers  
When you see the gats blazin', get out the street now  
There ain't no use for you beggin' to turn the heat down You label me coldblooded  
You wanna warm me up with hot lead the gat thudded  
You can't cut it  
You wack, but it's no use your mouth shut it  
Shootin' arrows diamond-studded, and still budded  
You got to love it, you better chase the paper all day  
So you can walk down the long platinum hallway  
But now the fools are minute made They get played for a minute  
Then played out they never get back in it  
Gun park I bring chalk for your body outlined on the floor  
You got hit by the 4-4 You're in the game called life, son how you're livin' it  
Street corner kids growin' up blowin' up  
You chase dreams you want the highlife, with the skylights  
But in the end your soul's lost, you lost the shine right  
Never turn your back ever, on niggaz true to you  
Stand alone for the cheddar and they'll be through with you  
The highlife yeah, the highlife  
The highlife yeah, the highlife You gotta hang out with B. Reezy, and take it easy  
It's gettin' greasy, I had to learn how to beat me  
That's when you go for dolo, and get your meal ticket  
And still kick it hardcore I'm runnin' real with it  
Niggaz getting soft core, the people want more  
Hardcore shit that's why I give them an encore  
Curtains opened, you see the people applaud feelin' it  
You can't figure out the formula so you're stealin' it Can't stand unoriginal cats with minimal  
Skills that's criminal you fake bitches  
You're lookin' for riches, in the wrong places  
The faces of death look you in the eye cut off your breath  
When you fall feel your knees shatter  
The bones breakin' with your weak blatter  
Pissin' on yourself it don't matter  
Dead weight, the bed waits for you on the set date Dreams gone instead fate didn't hesitate

To put you away, close the gates now you're locked out  
Your life cable, with all the porn channels blocked out  
(Damn!)

What you good for? Nothin', so be gone suckers  
Have a nice trip see you motherfuckers You're in the game called life, son how you're livin' it

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You chase dreams you want the highlife, with the skylights  
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The highlife yeah, the highlife  
The highlife yeah, the highlife I live for the highlife, get my mind right

Fuck the fame, the game and the limelights  
Fools that be out there tryin' to duplicate  
But they can't match the aura, can't impersonate  
See the first things that comes to pass, is the blast  
Of the cypress hill weed funk blazin' up a path  
You can't help, but inhale and get strong  
You need that good shit all up in your lungs I live fast, and keep energy in motion

Jah bless, so I feel I been chosen  
But I know, these of he who conquers  
You gotta come strong and sound off like thunder  
I check myself and make sure I'm comin' real tight  
Rhyme for my fam, the G's and the highlife  
The highlife, hah hah

The highlife, yeah You're in the game called life, son how you're livin' it

Street corner kids growin' up blowin' up  
You chase dreams you want the highlife, with the skylights  
But in the end your soul's lost, you lost the shine right  
Never turn your back ever, on niggaz true to you  
Stand alone for the cheddar and they'll be through with you

The highlife hah, the highlife  
The highlife yeah, the highlife

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