

# So High

## Alp / Alp

[Intro - Trey Songz]Trick Daddy Dollaz  
Eightball, Trey Songz  
We high

[Trick Daddy - Intro continued]Good evening ladies and gentleman  
This is you're captain speakin' to ya  
I'd like to welcome all of you aboard my flight  
A flight that's promised to take you high

Way high up in the sky  
So get out'cha blunts  
Ya Dutchmasters and ya Backwoods  
And I'll turn ya seatbelt signs off

[Verse 1 - Trick Daddy]I only smoke the best bud  
Jamaica and Bahamas got the best herb, yes sir  
I could smoke, toke after toke

Won't give a triple choke  
And it won't hurt my throat, nope!  
Chinky eyed, just ridin' n vibin'  
On that real fire

Be high for two-three hours  
And I'm cool wit' A-I, but hey  
I ain't too much into Phillie's  
But split a Dutch and I'll re-fill it  
And I ain't friendly, so nope, ya can't hit it  
I smoke good trees  
Yo collard-greens full of reefer seeds  
You use too many chemicals

Too much added stuff, fool, it ain't real kush!  
One joint of that G-14

Will have you higher than your highest dreams, just floa-ting  
Not knowin' if you're comin' or goin'  
But when it's partly-cloudy, be prepared for the storm  
And get high

[Hook - Trey Songz]Roll up and feel the vibe  
Lay back, enjoy the ride  
Inhale, deep inside  
Exhale, we so high  
Roll up and feel the vibe  
Lay back, enjoy the ride  
Inhale, deep inside

Exhale, we so high (High)

[Trick Daddy - talking through-out hook] Love your stewardist coming through

With snacks and drinks

Everybody got cotton-mouth, or the munchies

So y'all keep smokin' that good-good

Help ya fly along, high

High in the sky

[Verse 2 - Eightball] Roll a Cigarillo, fire it up n' hit it

Feels so good man, it's hard for me to quit it

M-I-A, land of the palm trees

T double D came through with the bomb trees

And when a nigga inhale this

I had to put my shades on, get behind tint

In the clouds, lookin' down on the ground

Eightball, big black playa from the mound

Remember when, I used to have them dime-sacks

Lil ma circle by my house wit' the weed trap

Now my Zip-Lock's be full of bubble-kush

Spark it like a broads bush when she's on douche

Fruit cocktail, you could tell, by the smell

Burn one, let the whole club know I'm here (Heeey!)

Let's fly tonight

Come ride wit'cha boy and get high tonight

[Intermission - Trick Daddy (Trey Songz)] (Feel the vibe)

Ain't nothin' like bein' able to smoke-smoke good-good

(Enjoy the ride)

(Deep insiide)

And be waaay up here in the air

(We so high)

Away from all the troubles

(Feel the vibe)

And problems that's goin on down there in the real world

(Enjoy the ride)

Ohh, it feel good, don't it?

(Deep inside)

(We so high)

[Hook - Trey Songz] Roll up and feel the vibe

Lay back, enjoy the ride

Inhale, deep inside

Exhale, we so high

Inhale, deep inside

Exhale, we so high (Up in the Himalayas)

Roll up and feel the vibe (Gettin' money, we out)

Lay back, enjoy the ride (Smoke on, smoke on)

[Verse 3 - Trick Daddy] The only people I know, who don't smoke  
Is Jesus, C-O, and my last P-O  
Yo, but I ain't on papers no mo'  
Ain't gotta creep and sneak  
At least not to blow (Not to blow)  
I spent my first two years gettin' high  
By smokin' dollar joints rolled outta 1.5's  
That was 'round '84, '85  
Smoke all week for the dimes  
Now nigga that's live (Nigga that's live)  
Visine to help clear my eyes (My eyes)  
Sprayed cologne on, when it was time for me to go home  
I been doin' this for twenty years (Twenty years)  
Ain't never seen or heard of one man that weed done killed  
So just chill (Just chill, take puff here, puff there)  
Take a puff here, there  
To bring ya down a lil' off ya pills  
After that, go and eat'cha a meal  
But'chu gon' have to bathe ya ass to get the smell out'cha hair, yeah

[Hook - Trey Songz] Roll up and feel the vibe  
Lay back, enjoy the ride  
Inhale, deep inside (Inside)  
Exhale, we so high (We so high)  
Roll up and feel the vibe (Feel the vibe)  
Lay back, enjoy the ride (Enjoy the ride)  
Inhale, deep inside  
Exhale, we so high

[Trick Daddy - talking] Sad enough, yours truly  
The booger-man himself  
Bout to take you all across the world  
Take ya everywhere wit' the electric chair  
Gon' let'cha see anything wit' the wind  
But then again...  
You'll never get high like this again  
Come again my friends!  
Ha-haaa

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlrics.com/>