

Highed Up

Curren\$y

Uhh. Yeahh.

Rest In Peace Pimp C

Fool

Yeah, Uh

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 Fuck all that shit you talk,

you ain't got no Byzantine chain,

Chutes & Ladders, Chevy's - candy canes

bitches tangled in my slang - pilot language

We assassinate them lames

flash my high beams

get the fuck up out our lane

say Trade, I swear this shit going how we planned it,
less a couple niggas though, I ain't really trippin' though

see 'em when we see 'em

send 'em bottles and a couple hos

spread love is the Jet way,

all day, me and my bitch ridin' to that Biggie
up to Texas choppin' wit big Bun up out a meal ticket

real niggas from my set know i still kick it

others be like i don't fuck with 'em,

that's why i don't fuck with 'em

I don't know why though, i ain't ever fuck with 'em

would never do that to 'em, if i came up with 'em

well fuck niggas.

We roll up bigger than you used to seein'

smokin' em in places you ain't used to bein'

this is trill nigga season,

real niggas eatin', scrap,

get the scraps if we leave em.

Yeah 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

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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>