

High

Birdman

{Lil' Wayne}

We back

Yeah..

The flow's on me and i promise baby

I'm in my zone

Wizzle, come on..

Verse 1 {Lil' Wayne}

One 90 proof

Subline in my shiny coop

Uptown is inside the pool

Shot down anybody who

Come round with a loli gat

Leave around with the body bag

Legs stiff, toes green

Give him a title tag

Flossy niggaz but realize

Hes a killa behind the flash

Bossy nigga

So presidential, thanks to my dad

Gotta ask how i got 4 takes to call me bad

I'm mad as a mothafucka, why im rich

Brought a bag, brought a nigga that's high im with

I'm bad, hit you in your eye and your bitch

Hit u when youre high, now you it, now you sit

Hardcore baby, yeah

Hot cars

Stop call

Rockstar

What you know about it

It's not for a baby, unless you weezy f baby

And please say the baby when you say it mothafucka

Chorus {Lil' Wayne}

Come on,

Ridin' in my wheel

Late night

Left palm on my steering wheel

Red light

Cops in my rearview

But fuck them cuz im high

Yeah, baby im so high
Again,
Ridin' in my wheel
Late night
Left palm on my steering wheel
Red light

Cops in my rearview
But fuck them cuz im high
Baby, im so, high

Verse 2 {Birdman}
See, we ride for flames nigga
A g to my name nigga
I dos thing nigga
I'm gettin the change nigga
So whos to blame nigga
About the game nigga
They say i did it
So fuck them niggaz
I gave the plan nigga
I gave the game nigga
Im doin my thangs
Still fuck them niggaz
I know the lane nigga
I know the pain nigga
I know the famoust
Still fuck them niggaz
Shh.. nigga

Yeeah, we chillin with them bithces on us
Riiide the nigga, while we countin down our hood riches
Thinking about aaaall the hood niggaz
Never got the chance to hit licks before them 6 fingers
Nigga

And if youve done it how we done it
Nigga watch for the law
Cuz we knew when they were commin.
Nigga haaands up!
And every summer, i had hummers nigga

Spent a million dollars like it was nothin nigga
Chorus {Lil' Wayne}

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Verse 3 {Lil' Wayne}

Check it
And no fisher can
And no nigga want
Fuck with me
Play with me, no
Cuz I
Got meet, fo sho,
And I, got these,
To blow, fo sho,
Come up

Now if you feel me, put your guns in the air
Pull 'em out and let the playa hate us before he stare

Bang, that, mothafucka
Pop, that, mothafucka
Yeah! fall back young man who
Weezy baby, a hundred gran, you understand
Your wife would be fittin me perfect, exactly

Change fallin' off my ass
Pocket cash showin',
Rock 'n' roll
We can rock to my bed, yeah
Clothes have you shoppin
Patrone, have a glass yeah
Wow, now she hot
Not its on, now shes bad
I let her clothes strap
While she gone to my bed
And I'm gone to my bed, right behind her
Got a couple questions and that pussy
I tend to go and find it and
I might find her if i hit her right behind her
I get her how i got her
Now she diggin my piscana

Shit, like a virgin
But like, madonna
I dont, believe her at all
Im just tryna roger
Until, things fall off
But we good
This is cash money, young money
Get it understood
Chorus {Lil' Wayne}
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