

Get High To This

Lil Wyte

[Intro: DJ Paul]

yea-yea Chuch ya'khamsayn

Once again it's on baby, y'all know what time it is

I know it's a shame ya'khamsayn,

You gatta actually killa a mothafucka out here

Just ta let a nigga now you ain't playin' with him

And you ain't bullshittin' - yea that's some knowledge fa y'all

Na'...we gon' get y'all into this new artist

His new ass - Lil' Wyte, this boy raw...[Chorus 8x - (DJ Paul) plays in the background]

Get high to this shit - I'm high as a mothafucka [DJ Paul]

Alotta rappers rap gangsta shit but they ain't did nothing

DJ Paul - Lord Inf'...Crunchy Blac fa real bussen

We done rolled down on niggaz, we done let them gats burst

We done seen niggaz blood leak clean through they shirt

I ain't lying too ya boys when I said that cha'll get did

Man I keep me some hungry niggaz ready ta spit the wig

Of a fake solid nigga, hoes lying in they wraps

'cause they never shot guns and they never had ta scrap [Juicy J]

He wore a vest so we shot him in the neck

Made his body cold left from red and wet

Body curved up like a cornrow

Police on the set, I'm a vet from the North - North

Pack a rusty tec in the Lex' plus a sawed-off

Hard makin' money when you watching for the ro-bbe-rers

Narcotics and these hoodrats - nut go-ba-lers

They'd take a shot at 'cha, put you in tha hospita'

Leave you left fa dead, and they tell ya I'ma halla at ya [Crunchy Blac]

Here I go again, try'na keep my mothafuckin' ass thin

Niggaz halla friends, but they fake friends

I'ma nigga halla "mothafuck friends"

Torn up in my mothafuckin' right hand

I'ma 'bouta go and fuckin' rob a man

Just so I can keep my fuckin' family fed

Fuck what'cha heard this is what I said

Bust out some shots at ya fuckin' head [LaChat]

I'ma meet you pockin' bitches, whoppin' niggaz wit' my pistol

In my yard they discovered, dead I'm out here out makin' missles

This is war when you fuckin' wit' LaChat - bitch y'aint know

Get 'cho posee out be'cause we comin' 20 deep hoe

Didn't you need ta know that all that talk can get you fucked up
Hoe this ain't no game - that you playing you get bucked up
I'ont give a fuck who you is, who you in too
You wont touch a bitch, ha who me bitch - but I'll kill you[Frayser Boy]
A crooked as a barrell of snakes
Fuck with the real not fake
I represent the Bay - so ain't no need ta hate
I'm counting tones and spray
I'll blow your crean away
This HCP don't play - won't see anotha day
Y'kno we Hyp-notize, can see it in your eyes
This Frayser Boy - no lie
Inhalin' dro - so fine
Y'kno we toppin' a poun'
And still we stompin' your smile
No need ta copy our styles
What chain't been popped in a while[Lil' Wyte]
No more fuckin' around by now I'm fed up
I see your face has a frown - gatta keep your head up
'cause when you fuck wit' this camp - let's say you messed up
They told you in the beginning - don't try ta test us
The day Lil' Wyte hooked up with the 6 - the shit was all she wrote
Y'kno these lyrics be burnin' - blisters deep in my throat
This shit be hotter than lava laying a hault in yo saga
Adding some Pippen ta bitches get at me weaker than water
This is the start of a problem thats lackin' a solution
You graduated with honors - ta sell out institution
And this for all the rappers that got kicked up out this camp
I stole your plate when back fa seconds - +How U Luvin' That?+
This is my mothafuckin' posee song - Wheres Jerome?
Instead of gettin' up out yo shit - you stayed ya ass at home
Potential lurking fa certain - I know you feel it hurt
If they knew bitchin' came wit' ya - you coulda kept ya verse
Bitch doubt me now[Chorus 8x - (DJ Paul)]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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