

High (Kris Bowers Remix)

Christian Rich

Verse 1
She tried to run some game on me
She tried to turn me on
Even when my game was off
She was hardheaded
But her brain was soft I came clean
But I stained the cloth
No chain to the bed
Moving slow as sloth
Nickleback rock-n-roll track
In the backgrounds
Not my choice
Snow bunnies love that sound
Around like the Mary go
Like the ferris
Take a day off like Ferris Bueller, nigga
Lay up inside the Paris Hilton
Executive deluxe suites
Smackin' on her butt cheeks
If you listen close
You can hear her butt speak
Squeak squeak squeak Fuck thee, motherfucker
They can't touch me
Chorus
Simple Simon called the pie man
Said he wanted to hear some rhyming
BONG BONG
Here I am
Shazaam, nigga
Supaman
God damn
Verse 2
The crew consists of lifers
Three time strikers
Niggas
Spend weekend vacations in Rikers
Our bitches they could fuck
Through forty vipers
Skateboarders and hypers
No crew is like us
Try to imitate
Try to assimilate
Their words don't penetrate
Their heads don't stimulate
A hundred Gs for the whip
Hundred Bs in the clip

Hundred thugs in my clip
Hundred hoes on the strip
Hundred things around the world
Five, one hundred ways Did i tell ya I love my girl
A hundred shots before I Earl
A hundred rocks surround the pearl
Money can't stop the referral
A hundred blocks in my hood, I'm thorough Escaping great perils and pit stops
Our wristwatch keeps mind's health dispensed Chorus High Christian Rich

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

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