

High Art (feat. Jay-Z)

The-Dream

I'm tired of talkin' 'bout it, let's do it
Girl I'm missin' you like bitches miss my music
And I swear I can't wait to drop yah, hit your body with that yoppa
Hit your body with that yoppa then get high I make love to my girl, then I get high with my niggas
I make love to my girl, then I get high with my niggas
I make love to my girl, then I get high with my niggas
I make love to my girl, then I get high with my niggas My niggas, my niggas, hit my man, he got that purp
My niggas, this dry ass blunt, we gon' make that work
My niggas, who got that fire, who got that fire?
My niggas, stop playin' nigga, pass that lighter
My niggas, he got hundreds, we got hundreds
My niggas, half a B, we got money
My niggas, 2 Live Crew, shawty get it, get it
Too high crew, shawty hit it, hit it I make love to my girl, then I get high with my niggas
I make love to my girl, then I get high with my niggas
I make love to my girl, then I get high with my niggas
I make love to my girl, and I get high with my niggas
Burnt up, burn up, burn up
Turnt up, turn up, turn up
I make love to my girl, then I get high with my niggas
I make love to my girl and I get high with my niggas My niggas, they on that lean, they on that lean
My niggas, bitch better not put that in my green
My niggas, let it blow
Stop cuffin', let it go
My niggas, he got hundreds, we got hundreds
My niggas, Masta P, we got money
My niggas, Two Live Crew, shawty get it, get it
Too high crew, hit it, hit it I make love to my girl, then I get high with my niggas
I make love to my girl, then I get high with my niggas
I make love to my girl, then I get high with my niggas
I make love to my girl, and I get high with my niggas
Burnt up, burn up, burn up
Turnt up, turn up, turn up
I make love to my girl, then I get high with my niggas
I make love to my girl and I get high with my niggas Sky high with Ty Ty, G feezy's with Jay Breezy
Castro to Cabo with OG, then I'm back home to my Bey-Bey
Police escorts at the All Star, and the Super Bowl, I don't need a horn
Horn - beep beep, I'm too on
My niggas don't do traffic

How ironic, all we used to do is traffic
Then it was drop me off at my girl's house
At one o'clock, pick me back up
You know she gon' try to train a nigga, before I step up in the club
Would've drove my own V
She be tryna take a nigga's keys
She know them hoes be on a nigga
She ain't even tryin' let nigga leave
You just wanna be around them nasty bitches, she said
Fuck them hoes, I'm just stuntin' with my niggas, he said I make love to my girl, then I get high with my niggas
I make love to my girl, then I get high with my niggas
I make love to my girl, then I get high with my niggas
I make love to my girl, and I get high with my niggas
Burnt up, burn up, burn up
Turnt up, turn up, turn up
I make love to my girl, then I get high with my niggas
I make love to my girl and I get high with my niggas I make love to my girl
Then I get high with my niggas
I make love to my girl
Then I get high with my niggas
I love her, that's no doubt
Hit that, then smoke out
High with my niggas
I'm on her and she on me
Then we OD like OGs
I get high with my niggas
And she hold me, cause she down for it
And this shit got me paranoid
High with my niggas
My girl and that white girl
And she really on that white girl
She really on that white girl
High with my niggas

Songwriters

SHAWN CARTER, TERIUS NASH Published by

Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>