

The High (feat. Jim Jones & Damon Dash)

Dem Franchise Boyz

[Dame Dash + Parlae]
How rich y'all niggaz wanna be? (Franchise!)
You wanna be a millionaire? (D-F-B...Bitch!)
You wanna be a billionaire? (10 Hoe!)
Nigga you wanna be what I wanna be...(10 Hoe!)
I wanna be a fuckin trillionaire! (10 Hoe)[Chorus]
I got them bricks for the high, and the purp by the pound
I'm posted on the block til the sun go down....[Dame Dash]
Nigga I fuckin hustle, nigga I get money!
I can get money doin anything! I got them bricks for the high, and the purp by the pound
I'm posted on the block til the sun go down....[Dame Dash]
Nigga I really do my thing
Kind of fuckin hustlers are y'all?[Buddie]
yeah...
I'm posted in that tip (Tip)
And my homeboy home
Blew an ounce of that kush (Kush)
In my sean john jones
I got the mild for the low (Low)
From smokin plenty optimos
Tryna make a quick flip, like my patna Maceo
I'm shinin on my haters, signin deals so I'm a paaaa...
Twenty G's on the chain, and I'm still worth a couple blocks....
(all that man, I need a fo, a duece)
It started in that temp, flippin mid's by them O-Z's[Pimpin']
On the hill wit that shit from a custom border
Two gram, fifties, do the math for a quarter (For a Quarter??)
That's one, I fulfill nigga's order
what you nigga's wanna order?
06' Nino Brown, flip the temp into the carter
Rebirth! don't cut out my four-ways
I stash purp pounds, that's down for the drop days
And for my pay, I hit the trap when the sunrise
I break one down, and the rest goin for the high[Chorus]
I got them bricks for the high and the purp by the pound
I'm posted on the block til the sun go down....[Dame Dash]
Now see I like the shit these niggaz is talkin
Real hustla's recognize other real hustla's
That's why I'm fuckin wit em, Hey! I got them bricks for the high and the purp by the pound

I'm posted on the block til the sun go down [Dame Dash]
 I got houses in different continents nigga!
 Nigga I did my trips in London, remember that?
 Fuck is wrong wit ya'll?!? [Jizzal Man]
 I'm the boss of my own shit, I'm the ruling general
 Bricks lined up like, cars at a funeral
 I'm working hard white, So I never twurk, touch and bust
 My workers on the block, So the work ain't even gotta touch
 My money come in stacks (Stacks)
 And I know just how to get it man
 A low profile, might be ridin a Honda Civic man
 You'll never know it's me, but a nigga got the work holmes
 I move it all day, think he clirpin on my chirp phone
 Connects so sweet (Sweet)
 And I'm dealin wit tha curribeans'
 They come from cross the water, masked-taped to my europeans'
 Supplyin', whole towns, little counters, in the projects
 Tryna double my money up, leave the block, wit a profit
 For you nigga's that like to pop (Pop)
 You know I got them pills too
 Getcha you a couple of splitters, have you spinnin like some wheels fool
 This shit don't stop, I move this work clockwise
 I got my own bizness, I call this shit tha Franchise! [Chorus]
 I got them bricks for the high and the purp by the pound
 I'm posted on the block til the sun go down.... [Dame Dash + Jim Jones]
 Nigga's get a million dollars and think they gettin it? (Harlem!)
 Nigga I made my first million when I was a teenager (Dipset! Byrdgang..) I got them bricks for the high and the
 purp by the pound
 I'm posted on the block til the sun go down.... [Jim Jones]
 Ugh.... Jones, Capo!
 Dipset! Them nigga's know I'm bout this (ByrdGang!)
 Spillin champagne, all over Vision's Couches (Ballin!)
 Like fuck it, tell alex keep the cris' rollin (Keep it Rollin!)
 I'm gettin drunk blowin weed wit the pistols showin' (Watch Em!)
 Spendin a couple K's up in Stroker's (Right...)
 Flyin up Peachtree, racin in the roster's (The Fast Life!)
 I'm so icy, and I think they like me (Like Me)
 Seven Jeans saggin, fitted cap and my white tee (I'm Fresh to death!)
 The foreign cars got they eyes poppin' (Daammnn....)
 And you can see the stars when the ride droppin [Parlae]
 Aye Jim Jones, (What's Hattninnin!)
 Let ya boy Parlae get some of that Harlem clientele (What's Hattninnin!)
 I got more crack than a curb, Fuck wit me! (Westside! Aye fuck wit me)
 I'm iced out, and keep snow, like an eskimo
 And when the show's slow (Show's slow)

I cook extra blow (Extra blow)
Put the whip game on it, get some extra dough (Extra Dough)
Keep the cars pullin up, like it's Texaco (Texaco)
I can make it get stiff, like dead people
Keep my hand workin, wit the mic, or a egg beater (Egg Beater)
And ya bank account? shit, that's my pocket fare (Pocket Fare)
Residue on my clothes, call it Roc-A-Wear (Roc-A-Wear)
I can beat it like my....
I treat the dope like Tina, And I beat it like I....
And I keep tha grass, so you can call me the lawn-man
I ride around wit chickens like I came from a farm man[Chorus]
I got them bricks for the high and the purp by the pound
I'm posted on the block til the sun go down....[Dame Dash]
You see how I get down wit the get down
Nigga I got a car for everyday of the week
And two other cars for the weekends, nigga fuck is wrong wit you?!?I got them bricks for the high and the purp
by the pound
I'm posted on the block til the sun go down....[Dame Dash]
Fuck is wrong wit y'all, nigga I can sell whatever I wanna sell!!
I done sold muthafuckin music, that shit was easy!!
Started Roc-A-Fella and sold it!!
I can get money in fashion, that shit was nuthin!!
In five years I started that shit, sold my part for Thirty Million!!!
And let's watch what the fuck is gonna be now!!!

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