High All The Time

50 Cent

Hey, you wanna hit this shit?
It's that green tongue, Cali budI don't need Dom Perignon, I don't need Cris
Tanqueray and Alize, I don't need shit
Nigga, I'm high all the time, I smoke that good shit
I stay high all the time, man, I'm on some hood shit
Give me some dro, purple haze and some chocolate
Give me a dutch and a lighter, I'll spark shit
And stay high all the time, I smoke that good shit
I'm high all the time, man, I'm on some hood shitEvery time I roll up niggas holla roll up
And I tell 'em hold up, you ain't getting money you ain't smoking
In my Benzo, 20 inch Lorenzo's
Smoking on indo, high as a motherfucker
I be on them backstreets, niggas know I clap heat
Only if you got beef, man ,you better holla at me
Niggas get locked up, stabbed up, shot up
Every time I pop up, a lot going on in my hood
I shoot the dice, I holla get 'em girls
Daddy need new shoes, daddy need Pirellis to look mean on 22's
Stash box, Xbox, laptop, fax machine, phone
Bulletproof this bitch and I'm gone
2003 Suburban swerving, too many sips of Henny
The D's sick, they searched the whip and they can't find the semi's
They was just harassing me cause they know who I was
Spent the night in Central Booking for smoking some budI don't need Dom Perignon, I don't need Cris
Tanqueray and Alize, I don't need shit
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And stay high all the time, I smoke that good shit
I'm high all the time, man, I'm on some hood shitNow if you heard I done started some shit
It ain't because I be high, be high
And if you heard I done let off a clip
It ain't because I be high, be high
But I twist that lye, lye lye lye
I get high as I wanna, nigga
Go against me, for sure, you's a goner, nigga
I don't smoke to calm my nerves, but I got beef
Finna crush my enemies like I crush the hashish

If you love me tell me you love me, don't stare at me, man
I'd hate to be in the pen for clapping one of my fans
Let me show you how to greet me when you meet me, when you see me
If you real, my nigga, you know how to holla "G-Unit"
There's no competition, it's just me
50 Cent, motherfucker, I'm hot on these streets
If David could go against Goliath with a stone
I can go at Nas and Jigga, both for the throneI don't need Dom Perignon, I don't need Cris
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I'm high all the time, man, I'm on some hood shitNow who you know besides me who write lines and squeeze nines
And have hoes in the hood sniffing on white lines
You don't want me to be your kid's role model
I'll teach them how to buck them 380's and load up them hollows
Have shorty fresh off the stoop ready to shoot
Big blunt in his mouth, deuce-deuce in his boot
Sit in the crib sipping Guinness watching Menace
Then oh Lord, have a young nigga bucking shit like he O-Dog
My team they depend on me when it's crunch time
I eat a nigga food in broad day like it's lunchtime
You feeling brave, nigga, go ahead get gully
See if I won't leave your brains leaking up out your skully
I done made myself hot so ain't shit you can tell me
Now niggas calling me to feature, man, fuck your money
I ain't hurting, I'm aight, nigga, I'm doing good
I ain't gotta write rhymes, I got bricks in the hoodI don't need Dom Perignon, I don't need Cris
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I stay high all the time, man, I'm on some hood shit
Give me some dro, purple haze and some chocolate
Give me a dutch and a lighter, I'll spark shit
And stay high all the time, I smoke that good shit
I'm high all the time, man, I'm on some hood shitG-Unit, are you ready? G-Unit, are you ready?
G-Unit, are you ready? Nigga, ready or not, here I come

Songwriters
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