How High (Remix)

Method Man

Taking it from the top?
Tippy? Tippy?How High?
The Ultimate High[Method Man]
Scuse me as I kiss the sky
Sing a song of six pence, a pocet full a rye
Who the fuck want to die for their culture
Stalk the dead body like a vulture
Tical get, hmm
Blacker than your blackest stallion
Hit your house'n projects
I represent the Shaolin my nigga
Hell yes, Apocalypse now, the gun blow
It be goin down, diggy diggy down diggy down down[Redman]
While the planets and the stars and the moons collapse
When I raise my trigga finga all why'all niggaz hit the decks!
Cause ain't no need for that, hustlers and hardcores
Raw to the floor raw like Reservoir Dogs
The Green-Eyed Bandit can't stand it
With more Fruitier Loops then that Toucan Sam Bitch
Plus, the Bombazee got me wild
(Fuckin with us) is a straight suicide[Method Man]
10 9 8 7 6 5 4
3 2 Murder 1 lyric at your door
Tical bring it to that ass raw
Breakin all the rules like glass jaws
Nigga, you got to get mine to get yours
Fucka, we don't need no rap tour
I'd rather kick the facts and catch you with the rap-ture
More than you bargained for
Tical, that stays open like an all night store
For real, I keeps it ill like a piece of blue steel
Pointed at your temple with the intent to kill
And end your existence, M-E-T
Ain't no use for resistance, H-O-D[Redman]
I bees the ultimate rush to any nigga on dust
The Egyptian Musk use to have me pull mad sluts
I shift like a clutch with the Ruck
Examine my nuts, I don't stop till I get enough
Your shit broke down, light your flare

Since the darkside tears you into hollywood squares
6 million ways to die, so I chose
Made it 6 million and 1 with your eyes closed
The blindfold, cold, so you can feel the rap
And shatter the glass and second half on your monkey ass
And yo my man (Tical) hit me now
Bitches use to play me now they can't forget me now
Forget me not, I rock the spot, check glock
Empty off a licking off a hip hop
Fuck the billboard, I'm a bullet on my block
How you dope when you payed for your billboard spot?[Chorus]
Look up in the sky, it's a bird, it's a plane
It's the funk doctor spock smoking Buddha on a train
How high? So high that I can kiss the sky
How sick? So sick that you can suck my dick
Look up in the sky it's a bird it's a plane
Recognize, Johnny Blaze, ain't a damn thing changed
How high? So High that I can kiss the sky
How sick? So Sick that you can suck my dick[Method Man]
Til my man Raider Ruckus come home
It ain't really on till the Ruckus get, home
Puff a meth bone, now I'm off to the red zone
We don't need your dirt weed we got a fuckin O
Check it, I brings havoc with my hectic
Bring the Pain lyrics screamin for the antiseptic
Movin on your left kid, and I'm methted, out my fuckin dome piece
Plus I got no love for the beast
Hailin from the big East Coast
Where niggaz pack toast
Home of the drug kingpins and cut throats
[Hey boy, you's the rude boy on the block
You try and stop the bum rush you will get popped]
As I run around with a racist
My style was born in the 50 stair cases
Dig it, eff a rap critic
He talk about it while I live it
If Red got the blunt, I'm the second one to hit it[Redman]
Look up in the, I got the verbs, nouns and glocks in ya
Enter the centa, lyrics bang like rico-chet
Rabbit, I brings havoc with an A-K matic
Rollin blunts an all day habit
I get it on like Smif'n'Wes
Punks take a sip and test
Who split your vest
The funk phenomenon

I'm bombin you like Lebanon
Blow canals of Panama
Just off stamina
Styles not to be fucked with, or played with
Fuck the pretty hoes, I love those Section A Bit-ches
Hitting switches, Twisting wigs with
Fat radical mathematical type scriptures
I dig up in your planets like Diga,
Boo, scared you, blew you to smithe-reens
Fuck the marines, I got machines
To light the spliff, and read Mad magazine
I fly more heads than Continental
Wreck ya 5 times like US AIR off an instrumental
Look I'm not a half way crook with bad looks
But I may murder your case like your name was Cal Brooks
I breaks em up proppa
Ask Biggie Smalls 'Who Shot Ya'
Funk doctor, with the 12 Gauge Mossberg
Look, I got the tools like Rickle
To make your mind tickle
For the nine nickle
(Yo Red, yo Red!)
Punk ass pussy ass
[You ain't gotta say no more man, that's it]
Word up Tical, We Out
(It's over)

Songwriters
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