

Let's Get High (feat. Hittman, Kurupt & Ms. Roq)

Dr. Dre

All these niggas and all these hoes in here, somebody here gon' fuck
Talking that, walking that, spitting at hoes
Smoking this, drinking that, hitting at hoes
Fuck this I'm hitting that I'm hitting em both
Have one riding dick, one licking my toes
When I'm loving these hoes there ain't no love involved
No hugs, no kisses
Bear rugs, bear britches
Rare bitches like to pose in them Blacktail pictures
Bitch jumped off my dick
Is that Dre over there Yeah
I just took some Ecstasy
Ain't no telling what the side effects could be
All these fine bitches equal sex to me
Plus I got this bad bitch laying next to me
No doubt, sit back on the couch
Pants down, rubber on, set to turn that ass out
Laid the bitch out, then I put it in her mouth
Pulled out, nuttet on a towel and passed out
Come on let's get high, high
Let's get high, high
Come on let's get high, high
Let's get high, all my ladies
Let's get high, high
High, high
Let's get high, high
Come on let's get high I make the four hop
Pull up at the spot
Weed by the barrels in my G'd up apparel
Stomping in the party
Kurupt, Young Gotti
I'm fucking something in this bitch
Hit 'em with some gangsta shit
Put something in your mouth bitch real tasty
I'm looking real saucy in my gangsta-ass Staceys
Hit the party, ease up, Kurupt with an ounce an'
Got all the hoes in this motherfucker bouncing
Down to Yo what up Scram Jones
Mel-Man what's cracking
Whassup wit all these ol' punk ass hoes in here
Nigga what, I'm a hustling bitch
I like them get rich niggas

Them hit the switch niggas
Niggas bout the sex and which bitch to hit next
While I'm kicking my game and collecting them checks
Got all y'all niggas vexed to fuck this triple-X rated ho
You say you ain't eat it, you ate it though
Roq don't stop, can't be dropping no drawers
To the niggas how you figure got you shitting in yours
Yeah, little dicks always running they mouth
While a bitch is better off to masturbate and be out
All you bitches up in here know what I'm talkin about
Get the loot, get the ice
Fuck the wife, no doubt
Trying to live lavish
Marry a big dick and stay carried
Holla back at them niggas that hollered at me
Pop the Cris'
Whip the six and shit
And have all y'all niggas limp when I twist my shit
Yeah, bitch ass niggas

Songwriters

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Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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