Higher

Twista

Yeah, you know it's about to go down right?
Yeah
Gotta let them know who is this
Ludacris
And who else nigga?
Twista nigga
Check it out
Sometimes I think that I gotta see a little bit of brighter days
'Cause I confine myself to a city near you in a solid cage
An' you could look to the left or the right but
I'm trapped on center stage
An' I could rap to the beat
But I don't know how to change my ways
I still hear a fool and I track 'em, distract 'em, and whack 'em
Jack a nigga for the day to days
An' I yak 'em, attack 'em, and sack 'em
Get a weapon and I crack his brain 'cause I'm a hustler, baller, pro
An' it wouldn't be right for me
To be around busters, and crawlers, and hoes
But I'm a pimp at night, so talk shit
And I'm a lift them up off of they toes
With a street sweeper regulating quarters, and Ki's, and O's
In a two-seater, Ludacris and Twista with bags of dro
Smokin', chokin', get them open, croakin'
It's so potent, I'm hoping to keep on floating
I'm soaking wet and you can bet, people I'm high
I'm seeing lions, and tigers and bears, oh my
And I can't hide it or keep it hidden, good riddance I'm feelin' good
I'm weapon-concealin', stealin' my neighborhood
Would, could, and should break a nigga off
They'll see you later, go to the doctor, hold my balls and
You caught the vapors
And I caught the throne, brain blown, honey I'm home
Give me the microphone, and fools is like, "Leave me alone"
Throw it up if you get high, get blow, get drunk
If you want what I'm on, come on and kick it
Let's ride, smoke dro, beat the trunk
All the bad ass bitches that wanna party
Just shake it, great players get pumped

Me and my thugs, and hustlers in the party
Get money fuck hoes, get crunk
Look out I put a little bit of hash
On some motherfuckin' purple haze
I feel it all over my body, adrenaline with the Bacardi
Got me up and then ripping shit in a rage
In the Netti confetti he by the belly, Gucci
Timberland stepping on the petal up in the Cadillac truck
Want to get me for the wood
Better get the whole motherfuckin' hood
To come and give you some back up
We can get into it and if you want to do it
I'm leakin' the fluids out of the bodies that want to come at this
If they got buckets of blood for fuckin' with thugs that I bury
My adversaries better not want none of Twis'
Represent for my city, anybody that different with me
Got to get him for thinkin' it's a game

And whether you from my city or not, talk shit
I'ma kill him especially if he say my name
I've been up on him, I handle my business
And I'm a stick him up for the scrilla
From K-Tilla, smoking on a fat piller
Murder haters that don't feel a
Niggaz claiming they want to bring it, but really don't be killers
Balling out so hard
The size of my rims grow to a hellafied sight-scene
When the dough become no bigger
I'm going to drop that 2003 on 19"
Throw it up if you get high, get blow, get drunk
If you want what I'm on, come on and kick it
Let's ride, smoke dro, beat the trunk
All the bad ass bitches that wanna party
Just shake it, great players get pumped
Me and my thugs, and hustlers in the party
Get money fuck hoes, get crunk
We balling out of control, I floss on, play on, pimp on
A speed daemon, pedal to the metal when I'm in the zone
Hang on 'cause here I'm gone
In the motherfuckin' wind when I'm sippin' on Henn'
I got paper, you owe something
And now that I came a long way
From letting me hold somethin', to roll somethin'
Find a victim, then fill him up with venom and with some adrenaline
And then kill him and send him to the cemetery

With a flow for the whole world like a poet
[Incomprehensible]Shit, and when it come to shippin' good nigga
Who that? Who that?, I got the sack open
And the herb got the flow so strong
[Incomprehensible]Never come up with it unwise, and he
Nigga you ain't untouchable now when I spark the heat
Comin' at you like sharks to meat
The blood is softly, I can tell when a mark is hard as we
Come fully loaded 'cause I'm hard to beat
Always screamin' where the drug and the dro at?
You know we love that cut up
In the back of the club with purple in the back cryin'
Twis' and Ludacris get fucked up
Throw it up if you get high, get blow, get drunk
If you want what I'm on, come on and kick it
Let's ride, smoke dro, beat the trunk
All the bad ass bitches that wanna party
Just shake it, great players get pumped
Me and my thugs, and hustlers in the party
Get money fuck hoes, get crunk
Pass me the
Let me smoke my
Yeah
This a Wildstyle production
Twista and Ludacris collabo, get it, get it, get it, yeah

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