

# High All The Time

## 50 Cent

I 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 shit Everytime I roll up, niggas holla roll up and I tell 'em hold up  
You ain't gettin' money, you ain't smoking  
In my Benzo, 20 inch Lorenzos, 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  
Everytime I pop up, a lot going on in my hood I shoot the dice, I holler get 'em girls  
Daddy need new shoes, daddy need Perelli's  
They 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 Henney  
The D's sick, they searched the whip and they can't find the semis  
They was just harassing me 'cause they know who I was  
Spent the night in Central Booking for smoking some bud I 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 shit Now if you heard I done started some shit  
It ain't because I be high, I be high, I be high  
And if you heard I done let off a clip  
It ain't because I be high, I be high, I be high  
But I- twist that la, la, la, la I get high as I wanna nigga  
Go against me, fa sho, 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 Benz 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 throne I don't need Dom Perignon, I don't need Cris  
Tanqueray and Alize, I don't need shit  
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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 shit Now who you know besides me who write lines and squeeze  
nines  
And have hoes in the hood sniffin' 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, sippin' 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, am I, nigga, I'm doing good  
I ain't got to write rhymes, I got bricks in the hood I 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 shit G-Unit, are you ready?  
G-Unit, are you ready?  
G-Unit, are you ready? Nigga, ready or not  
Here I come, come, come

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