High All The Time

Question

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 shitGive 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 shitEverytime 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 hoodI 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 Henny

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 budI 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 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, laI 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 fansLet 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 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-DogMy 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 hoodI 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 shitG-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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