

## Highed Up

Curren\$y

Uhh. Yeahh.

Rest In Peace Pimp C

Fool

Yeah, Uh

Some of my joints be tight, some of my joints be fucked up  
but all my joints gon' smoke so G's gon' get highed up

Fuck all that shit you talk,  
you ain't got no Byzantine chain,  
Chutes & Ladders, Chevy's - candy canes  
bitches tangled in my slang - pilot language  
We assassinate them lames  
flash my high beams  
get the fuck up out our lane  
say Trade, I swear this shit going how we planned it,  
less a couple niggas though, I ain't really trippin' though  
see 'em when we see 'em  
send 'em bottles and a couple hos  
spread love is the Jet way,  
all day, me and my bitch ridin' to that Biggie  
up to Texas choppin' wit big Bun up out a meal ticket  
real niggas from my set know I still kick it  
others be like I don't fuck with 'em,  
that's why I don't fuck with 'em  
I don't know why though, I ain't ever fuck with 'em  
would never do that to 'em, if I came up with 'em  
well fuck niggas.  
We roll up bigger than you used to seein'  
smokin' em in places you ain't used to bein'  
this is trill nigga season,  
real niggas eatin', scrap,  
get the scraps if we leave em.  
Yeah

Some of my joints be tight, some of my joints be fucked up  
but all my joints gon' smoke so G's gon get highed up  
Some of my joints be tight, some of my joints be fucked up  
but all my joints gon' smoke so my bitches get highed up