

# Get High To This

Lil Wyte

yea-yea Chuch ya'khamstayn  
Once again it's on baby, y'all know what time it is  
I know it's a shame ya'khamstayn,  
You gatta actually killa a mothafucka out here  
Just ta let a nigga now you ain't playin' with him  
And you ain't bullshittin' - yea that's some knowledge fa y'all  
Na'...we gon' get y'all into this new artist  
His new ass - Lil' Wyte, this boy raw...

Get high to this shit - I'm high as a mothafucka

Alotta rappers rap gangsta shit but they ain't did nothing  
DJ Paul - Lord Inf'...Crunchy Blac fa real bussen  
We done rolled down on niggaz, we done let them gats burst  
We done seen niggaz blood leak clean through they shirt  
I ain't lying too ya boys when I said that cha'll get did  
Man I keep me some hungry niggaz ready ta spit the wig  
Of a fake solid nigga, hoes lying in they wraps  
Cuz they never shot guns and they never had ta scrap

He wore a vest so we shot him in the neck  
Made his body cold left from red and wet  
Body curved up like a cornrow  
Police on the set, I'm a vet from the North - North  
Pack a rusty tec in the Lex' plus a sawed-off  
Hard makin' money when you watching for the ro-bbe-rers  
Narcotics and these hoodrats - nut go-ba-lers  
They'd take a shot at 'cha, put you in tha hospita'  
Leave you left fa dead, and they tell ya I'ma halla at ya

Here I go again, try'na keep my mothafuckin' ass thin  
Niggaz halla friends, but they fake friends  
I'ma nigga halla "mothafuck friends"  
Torn up in my mothafuckin' right hand  
I'ma 'bouta go and fuckin' rob a man  
Just so I can keep my fuckin' family fed  
Fuck what'cha heard this is what I said  
Bust out some shots at ya fuckin' head

I'ma meet you pockin' bitches, whoppin' niggaz wit' my pistol  
In my yard they discovered, dead I'm out here out makin' missiles  
This is war when you fuckin' wit' LaChat - bitch y'aint know  
Get 'cho posee out becuz we comin' 20 deep hoe  
Didn't you need ta know that all that talk can get you fucked up  
Hoe this ain't no game - that you playing you get bucked up  
I'ont give a fuck who you is, who you in too  
You wont touch a bitch, ha who me bitch - but I'll kill you

A crooked as a barrell of snakes  
Fuck with the real not fake  
I represent the Bay - so ain't no need ta hate  
I'm counting tones and spray  
I'll blow your crean away  
This HCP don't play - won't see anotha day  
Y'kno we Hyp-notize, can see it in your eyes  
This Frayser Boy - no lie  
Inhalin' dro - so fine

Y'kno we toppin' a poun'  
And still we stompin' your smile  
No need ta copy our styles  
What chain't been popped in a while

No more fuckin' around by now I'm fed up  
I see your face has a frown - gatta keep your head up  
Cuz when you fuck wit' this camp - let's say you messed up  
They told you in the beginning - don't try ta test us  
The day Lil' Wyte hooked up with the 6 - the shit was all she wrote  
Y'kno these lyrics be burnin' - blisters deep in my throat  
This shit be hotter than lava laying a halt in yo saga  
Adding some Pippen ta bitches get at me weaker than water  
This is the start of a problem thats lackin' a solution  
You graduated with honors - ta sell out institution  
And this for all the rappers that got kicked up out this camp  
I stole your plate when back fa seconds - +How U Luvin' That?+  
This is my mothafuckin' posee song - Wheres Jerome?  
Instead of gettin' up out yo shit - you stayed ya ass at home  
Potential lurking fa certain - I know you feel it hurt  
If they knew bitchin' came wit' ya - you coulda kept ya verse  
Bitch doubt me now