

# How High

Method Man

Takin it from the top?  
Tippy? Tippy?

How High?....  
The Ultimate High....

Scuse me as I kiss the sky  
Sing a song of six pence, a pocet full a rye  
Who the fuck wanna die for their culture  
Stalk the dead body like a vulture  
Tical get, HMMM  
Blacker than your blackest stallion  
Hit your house'n projects  
I represent the Shaolin my nigga  
Hell yes, Apocalypse now, the gun blow  
It be goin down, diggy diggy down diggy down down

While the planets and the stars and the moons collapse  
When I raise my trigga finga all yall niggaz hit the decks!  
Cause aint no need for that, hustlers and hardcores  
Raw to the floor raw like Reservoir Dogs  
The Green-Eyed Bandit can't stand it  
With more Fruitier Loops then that Toucan Sam Bitch  
Plus, the Bombazee got me wild  
(Fuckin with us) is a straight suicide

10 9 8 7 6 5 4  
3 2 Murder 1 lyric at your door  
Tical bring it to that ass raw  
Breakin all the rules like glass jaws  
Nigga, you got to get mine to get yours  
Fucka, we dont need no rap tour  
Id rather kick the facts and catch you with the rap-ture  
More than you bargained for  
Tical, that stays open like an all nite store  
For real, I keeps it ill like a piece of blue steel  
Pointed at your temple with the intent to kill  
And end your existance, M-E-T  
Aint no use for resistance, H-O-D

I bees the ultimate rush to any nigga on dust  
The Egyptian Musk use to have me pull mad sluts  
I shift like a clutch with the Ruck  
Examine my nuts, I dont stop till I get enough  
Your shit broke down, light your flare  
Since the darkside tears you into hollywood squares  
6 million ways to die, so I chose  
Made it 6 million and 1 with your eyes closed  
The blindfold, cold, so you can feel the rap  
And shatter the glass and second half on your monkey ass  
And yo my man (Tical) hit me now  
Bitches use to play me now they cant forget me now  
Forget me not, I rock the spot, check glock  
Empty off a lickin off a hip hop  
Fuck the billboard, Im a bullet on my block  
How you dope when you payed for your billboard spot?

Look up in the sky, it's a bird, it's a plane  
It's the funk doctor spock smokin buddha on a train  
HOW HIGH? So high that I can kiss the sky  
HOW SICK? So sick that you can suck my dick  
Look up in the sky it's a bird it's a plane  
Recognize, Johnny Blaze, ain't a damn thing changed  
HOW HIGH? So High that I can kiss the sky  
HOW SICK? So Sick that you can suck my dick

Til my man Raider Ruckus come home  
It ain't really on till the Ruckus get, home  
Puff a meth bone, now I'm off to the red zone  
We dont need yo dirt, we, we got our fuckin own  
Check it, I brings havoc with my hectic  
Bring the Pain lyrics screamin for the antiseptic  
Movin on your left kid, and I'm methted, out my fuckin dome piece  
Plus I got no love for the beast  
Hailin from the big East Coast  
Where niggaz pack toast  
Home of the drug kingpins and cut throats  
(Hey boy, you's the rude boy on the block  
You try and stop the bum rush you will get popped)  
As I run around with a racist  
My style was born in the 50 stair cases  
Dig it, eff a rap critic  
He talk about it while I live it  
If Red got the blunt, Im the second one to hit it

Look up in the, I got the verbs, nouns and glocks in ya  
Enter the centa, lyrics bang like rico-chet  
Rabbit, I brings havoc with an A-K matic  
Rollin blunts an all day habit  
I get it on like Smiff and Wess  
Who clicks the best  
Punks take a sip and test  
Who split your vest  
The funk phenomenon  
Im bombin you like Lebanon  
Blow canals of Panama  
Just off stamina  
Styles not to be fucked with, or played with  
Fuck the pretty hoes, I love those Section A Bit-ches  
Hittin switches, Twistin wigs with  
Fat radical mathematical type scriptures  
I dig up in your planets like Diga,  
Boo, scared you, blew you to smithe-reens  
Fuck the marines, I got machines  
To light the spliff, and read Mad magazine  
I fly more heads than Continental  
Wreck ya 5 times like US AIR off an instrumental  
Look I'm not a half way crook with bad looks  
But I may murder your case like your name was Cal Brooks  
I breaks em up proppa  
Ask Biggie Smalls 'Who Shot Ya'  
Funk doctor, with the 12 Gauge Mossberg  
Look, I got the tools like Rickle  
To make your mind tickle  
For the nine nickle  
(Yo Red, yo Red!)  
Punk ass pussy ass  
(You ain't gotta say no more man, that's it)  
Word up Tical, We Out  
(IT'S OVER)