

Part II

Method Man

I, I get so high

Yo ladies and gentlemen...we got Toni Braxton up in the house
So high that I can kiss the sky bitch
We live up in here y'all, let's get high
Motherfucker get high

High (Let's Get)
High (Let's Get)
High (Let's Get)
High (Let's Get)

Tical shittin again, spittin to win
Load they guns clip in the end none sicker than him
Yes indeed, I'm ill as any STD's or sex disease
These dirty rats want extra cheese
On that piece of the pie nowm ask me how high
Until ya reach for the sky blame the crooked letter I
That's my home, 23's wrapped in chrome
Not only snap on y'all niggas but I'll snap dem bones
Slap your dome, make you leave that crack alone
You got the, key to the city but the latch is on
I got's it locked, bringin the noise bringin the Funk Doctor Spock
Bringin my boys bringin you lungs
Pop the glock but only if you feel this shit
Jack The Ripper, don't make me have to kill this bitch
Back to get'cha put it in check that's the mista
Meth with his wood on your neck, shut your lips up

I, I get so high (Smoke cheeba cheeba smoke cheeba cheeba)
I, can touch the sky (You so high that I can kiss the sky sky)
I, I get, so high (Brick City and The Crooked Letter I)
High (Let's Get)
High (Let's Get)
High (Let's Get)
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You can, call on the man when the party is borin
I'll have these hoes strippin till it's part of the mornin
I love a fat chick with a body enormous
It ain't about the weight yo it's how they performin
My dash is 180, my weed half a pound
With the smoke in the air my nose like basset hounds
I don't stash the draw, nigga divide
I'm that nigga that ride with trigga to give a supply
High, is how I stay all the time
([Method Man:] Niggas close your doors)
Yo bitches shut all your blinds
If I'm, hard to find take two puffs and pass
I'd stay back but my benz moved up a class
It's Dock and Meth the format is real sickenin
Contagious, we out for Mista Biggs women
You better shut your trap when my dogs around
We put them on fire hydrents, to walk around bitch!

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Mista Method Man puttin in work foot in the dirt
Like it's all good roll thru your hood pushin a hearst
I wish y'all would, come aruond like Clint Eastwood
As if your, reppin your hood in my neck of the woods
Street gorillas in the PJ's, grimy bitch
I wear the same shit for 3 days, find me lit
Blunt sparks like Felipe fuck the he say she say
Yo shut the mic on plus the DJ

Yo, call me the Bob Backlin I'll break backs on hoes
Who look like Toni Braxton, come run with these boney masked men
I'm out the gutter, I'm to send your baby mother 4 rubbers
We fuckin tonight, bitches wanna croud around I'm coughin the mic
I'm a gorilla, leave a banana stuck in your pipe
Cause I'm a real block winner, the Doc inna
Bitch one of my balls bigger than the Epcot Center

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