

## Sip-N-Get High

Paul Wall

Give it up u cant see what I see don't strang  
U focasin' to hard they say only i contain  
All I need is da fire sweet and sip purple lane  
And den meet dat boy and fever fever throw flames  
Considerin dat ma compation of all lanes  
In dis whole industrie thang is just all games  
ma scoop stays focused even at a far range  
i see it all even if it a small change  
fever rappin this start stay it always  
home of tha ball fase and da scare face  
home of tha well known sippin tha barre kaze  
and if u rommin tha streets u flippin on crome blaze  
i gotta rap for ma city cuz they act like tha A-trial  
Harsh instead of big lacs on skates  
With them costumized plates and the music real slow  
Ain't no fallers here agreein' the only haters we role

Sure as I live, I know Imma die  
So Imma sip every day N get high  
La-la-la-la-la-la-la So you better get yours, coz Imma get mine  
Imma get ya for yours when I'm outgettin' mine  
La-la-la-la-la-la-la  
- Swisha house, Paul Wall, Aqualeo -  
I'm coming straight out of the city of grain grippers and drank sippers  
Candy paint drippin' of the frame when we lane switchin'  
We eased dressed buyin' dozen in that purple stuff  
Grippin' that 16 Luke gone of that puff puff  
I'm from the home of the screw tapes that chop-chop  
Rear end and trunk poppin' lil' mammies that tell ur pop  
But I don't blame 'em, if you broke you lazy  
Coz one way or another I'm gon get my baby  
That boy fever got patrone and price just got the dro'  
Gon pop the seal open in this power of foe  
I'm sippin' on that texas teeth, that ??, that drank  
We bank take lill' bank in the home of the candy paint  
It's the swisha house, Paul Wall, Aqualeo  
Sittin' sideways still tippin' on them 84's  
I'm in the slab slidin' off like a hockey puck  
Trunk pop swingin' with a full white cup

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In this game of life I'm rolin' bad gettin' high as I pray  
Thanking the lord I'm blessed to see this sky today  
Smoke blows in the wind as I feather flowin' the brease  
I'm blowin' a twin, sellin', feelin' as high as the trees  
The sun is shining, and the girls are looking so good  
Flossin' the chrome, you know a player stays grippin' wood  
I love this season, coz Imma stay squeezin' on daisy dukes  
Sellin', smokin' and drinking so much that it makes me puke  
Me and people Las Vegas high poppin' on maze  
Listin' to heftin' feelings walk hard on these days  
Anyway, upgrading the stress, the purple haze  
Speakin' of purple stuff, my city's gone on that purple praise

Now I'm feelin' lovely, coz the women they love me  
Kiss me and hug me while a haters grill bein' mugmy  
Plots they slug me but the hate and feelin' won't bug me  
Life and thug me up, only god can judge me

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If you wanna go where I gone  
Then you will have to be where I've been  
Have to see what I saw  
Have to feel what I felt within  
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