

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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