

High Definition

Snow Tha Product

I'm just saying I mean, you can take a picture it'll last longer
Cause I'm in high definition right in front of your face

How to keep it 100, I wrote the book
So even if I'm rolling by myself, I know I'm good
Haters all staring, feel free to take a look
Haters all staring, feel free to take a look
I'm in high definition, I'm in high definition
I'm in high definition, I'm in high definition

My swag is high def, my aura high tech
My charisma on fresh, my paint is on wet
Man I feel like I gotta confess, I ain't caring 'bout shit
All I see is broke bitches, all I really say is "Bleh"
They think that I'm suicidal cause I keep it fresh to death
Plus it really don't help that I got cuts up on my neck
Little hot spitter young but I'm a vet
Yeah, I've been killin' them when I rap
Never did a motherfucking thing, I get this hot in the game
Fuck, bitch I'm next
Let me run up in the middle of the club like "What"
Haters stare at this
And if they hate then let them hate man, I don't care a bit
Cause all you broke bitches suck and you don't pay my rent
So long as you ain't a fan, I'm a act so arrogant
Cause boy it's evident they hating 'cause of my glaring wrist, the where I've
e been, and the bread I get
Like Ozzy, I've been sharing it
Ain't another chick wearing this, so cherish it
Bitches get mad when they don't even compare to this
Boy, I got hellacious swag and I'm wearing it

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I'm out here hurtin' feelings and I'm bringing back what's real again
Most likely on the Zelian, and I'm on couple pills in this
An' what you take to chill and shit, I'm bout to get belligerent
Cause fuck the blue and red, I took both, and oh my god I'm feeling it
And the DJ said I'm in the building and I'm killin' it
I will offend you silly bitches sittin' in the background, hatin' staring an
,

Oh bitch, you said you hearing shit 'bout me, well come here let me clear it
then

I've been kickin' it with killas and you fuck with me you get killed for it
My chopper goin' rrr-appa, a la madre, motherfucker
Who am I? No, who are you? cause oh my god bitch, I'm your mama
And you know about to bring that drama, that Gangsta Grillz shit
It's run up or shut up and it's 'bout to get real bitch
Someone hit the kill switch, you'll trip or we'll trip
I'm in high definition, so real that you feel it
Call me [?] up in the hood cause all of it feel me
And you bitches keep staring cause I'm real as real get

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