```
I get high, (I get high)
I get high on your memory
High on your memory
High on your memory
I get high, high, high (everyday)
I get high, high, high (every night)
I get high, high, high (all the time)
Everyday I need an ounce and a half
S-P, the only flowa that you know with a bounce and a half.
Listen kid, I need a mountain of cats
So I can roll up, hop in the whip, and like bounce to the Ave
I get high cause I'm in the hood, the guns is around
And take a blunt just to ease the pain that humbles me now
And I'd rather roll something up
Cause if I'm sober dawg, I just might flip, grab my guns and hold som
ething up
I get high as a kite, I'm in the zone, all alone, motha fucka case I'
m dyin tonight
So I roll em up, back to back, fat as I could
You got beef with Styles P, I come splatter the hood.
Ay yo, I smoke like a chiminey
Matter fact I - smoke like a gun when a killa see his enemy
I smoke like Bob Marley did
After that, then I smoke like the hippies did, back in the seventies
Spit with the finishing touch, get this that
I'm a finish you before I finish the dutch
I get high like the birds and the planes
I get high when - bullets hit faces after words exchange
I get a rush off the blood on the walls
You understand, like the M-5 pedal when it's touchin the floor
I get high cause fuck it, what's better to do
And I'm a never give a fuck, cause I'm better you
I'm a smoke till my lungs collapse
I'm from the era where, niggas cause terror over guns and crack
Where the dollar bill is powerful
I smoke weed cause time seem precious and I know what an hour do
I get high for a livin, gots to ride for a livin
With my bill Gates the niggas that'll die for a livin
Shit I get as high as I could
Cause if you see things, like I see things, I'm a die in the hood
Motha fucka understand it's full service for you
I don't smoke the weed if it ain't purple or blue
And you can name any rapper, if you want he can die
This is s-p dumpin and bitch I get high
```