Higher

Twista

Yeah, you know it's about to go down right?
(Yeah!) Got to let them know who is this? (Ludacris!)
And who else nigga? (Twista, wo, ah!)
Uh, uh (check it out)

Sometimes I think that I got to see a little bit of brighter days
Cause I confine myself to a city near you in a solid cage
And you could look to the left or the right but I'm trapped on center stage
And I could rap to the beat, but I don't know how to change my ways
I still hear a fool and I track them, distract them, and whack them
Jack a nigga for the day to days and I yak them, attack them, and sack them
Get a weapon and I crack his brain cause I'm a hustler, baller, pro
And it wouldn't be right for me to be around busters, and crawlers, and hoes
But I'm a pimp at night, so talk shit and I'm a lift them up off of they toe
s
With a street sweeper regulating quarters, and ki's, and o's
In a two-seater, Ludacris and Twista with bags of dro
Smoking, choking, get them open, croaking
It's so potent – I'm hoping to keep on floating
Soaking wet and you can bet, people I'm high
I'm seeing lions, and tigers and bears – oh my!
And I can't hide it or keep it hidden, good riddance I'm felling good
I'm weapon-concealing, stealing my neighborhood
Would, could, and should break a nigga off
They'll see you later, go to the doctor, hold my balls and (cough)
You caused some vapors and I caught the throne, brain blown, honey I'm home
Give me the microphone, and fools is like, "leave me alone!"

Throw it up if you get high, get blow, get drunk
If you want what I'm on, come on and kick it
Let's ride, smoke dro, beat the trunk
All the bad ass bitches that want to party
Just shake it, great players get pumped
Me and my thugs, and hustlers in the party
Get money fuck hoes, get crunk

(Look out!) I put a little bit of hash on some motherfucking purple haze
I feel it all over my body, adrenaline with the Bacardi
Got me up and then ripping shit in a rage
In the netti cofetti with a belly, Gucci
Timberland stepping on the petal up in the Cadillac truck
Want to get me for the wood
Better get the whole motherfucking hood to come and give you some back up
We can get into it and if you want to do it
I'm leaking the fluids out of the bodies that want to come at this
If they all get some blood for fucking with thugs that I bury
My adversaries better not want none of Twis'
Represent for my city, anybody that different with me
Got to get him for thinking it's a game
And whether you from my city or not, talk shit
I'ma kill him especially if he say my name
I've been up on him – I handle my business
And I'm a stick him up for the scrilla, from K-
Tilla, smoking on a fat piller
Murder haters that don't feel a
Niggaz claiming they want to bring it, but really don't be killers
Balling out so hard the size of my rims grow to a hellafied sight-scene

When the dough become no bigger, I'm going to drop that 2003 on 19"

We balling out of control, I floss on, play on, pimp on
A speed demon, pedal to the metal when I'm in the zone
Hang on cause here I'm gone
In the motherfucking wind when I'm sippin on Henn'
I got paper, you owe something
And I done came a long way from letting me hold something, to roll something
Find a body, then fill him up with some adrenaline
And then kill him and send him to the cemetery
With a flow for the whole world like a poet,
Check icy cold, your Pop's so hungry, he mends a berry
Shit, and when it come to shipping good
Who that?, who that?, I got the sack open
And the herb got the flow so strong
Hot them on crack, the track is for back-to-back smoking
Never come up with it unwise, and he
Nigga you ain't untouchable when I spark the heat
Coming at you like sharks to meat
The blood is softly, I can tell when a mark is hard as we
Come fully loaded cause I'm hard to beat
Always screaming where a beat and the dro at?
You know we love that cut up
In the back of the club with purple in the back crying
Twis' and Ludacris get fucked up

Pass me the
Let me smoke my
(Yeah, this a Wild style production
Twista and Ludacris collabo, get it, get it
Get it, uh, yeah)