

Get High

Young Thug

Ay yo nephew
I think it's time to put some of that real sticky-icky-
icky in the motherfuckin' air
But in a Backwood, ya dig?

I wanna get high, yeah
'Bouta go call my go-to guy, yeah
Got no Backwoods, fly yeah
I could break one down with my supplies, yeah
Roll up some gas, I'm not talkin' a car
Shawty she bad, fuck 'round take her to the stars
Brand new dash, I got new cash
Brand new chick, got her brand new ass

Give the password, psych
'Bout to drink a whole lot of syrup, aight
But the Bentley coupe missing, the stash on the curb
Watch the city go missing, the young nigga ran off with lil biddy birds
Fuck you talkin', bitch you ran off on 'em
How these lil handcuffs and you cops can't In the back of the cab, this ho s
ucking dick from the front seat
This her aftermath, like I got 50 Cent on me (straight stacks)
Trap spot's like a store
Nigga got a couple choppers on the floor
Watch that door (watch that door)
Watch that door (you gotta watch that door)
Watch that door
I roll up two point fives
Happy four twenty, roll up two point fives
Way too stoned, don't remember these guys
Hold up, so high I'ma risk my life, ain't even tryna go to these skies
Hold up strollers
I want the whole cut
I make a slut slut
I eat it cold cut
Hair getting longer
Weed getting stronger
'Bout to strong arm her
'Bout to go and bone girl
She got a cameltoe, I call her Marlboro
I take you from the stars, take you to my world
But she didn't get a chance to get my number
She missed out on llama, she missed out on me and my mama

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With a lot of old money
Everybody want somethin' from me
Got to keep my hands on the steering wheel
'Cause I foot the bill and I shoot to kill

And I slide around in that Snoop DeVille
And my gas tank is on full
Stack goods, them Backwoods
We cock back and we pull
Bubblegum, cookies, OG, and KK
We like Craig and Dae Dae, who gives a fuck what they say?
I be out here gettin' it, gotta get it 'cause I got it on
I'm the same nigga that you bitch niggas plotted on
It ain't as easy as I make it look
See what I'm sayin', I ain't playin', nigga take a look
We on that G shit, nigga we lit, and I'm seasick for real
Fuck a thug, what it does, let's get this motherfuckin' money cause
I mean that new money, that blue money with new faces
Them new cases and new bases and new aces
Florida-anapolis, ain't no stoppin' us
Power preaches patience
Balling in two places
Exchanges, smoke faces

Count this money on a PJ in my PJs
Goin' fast, get in tussles on the E-way
Smoking on that OG
I fell on my AP, got me a Rollie
I got a bad bitch and I call her dopey
And her head dope
And she suck me off the perky, keep her hands off
I don't fuck with vapors but I'm high-igh-igh
I got a bad bitch, I know she bitchi-I-I-I

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See man, a lot of you niggas think you can smoke with us
But umm
This shit is a marathon man
This ain't no motherfuckin' umm, hundred yard dash
Man step back
You ain't in our league
Thugger Thug, Doggy Dog
Nephew we on
We out