

## So High

Z-Ro

Southside, the land of milk and honey baby  
Real niggaz getting money baby, respect that

I'm so high, (weed in my lungs  
Switchblades and guns, niggaz don't want none)  
I'm so high, cause I got a sack of that shit  
Flipping and tripping, 15's beating in the back of that bitch  
I'm so high, (nigga that's what's up  
I'm strolling the cut, Dickie suits and all black Chuck's)  
I'm so high, I'm on a money making mission  
Navigating a Expedition, side panels full of chickens

Money by the tons, weed in my lungs  
Switchblades and guns, niggaz don't want none  
This is the Thirty, the land of the birdy  
Hustlers up early, getting they hands dirty  
You heard me, yeah we get that do'  
Sell out and resco', and then get some mo'  
And also, we spit that amazing flow  
Ask me what I'm hitting fo', I want ten a show

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I'm so high so gone, floating up in a zone  
Discombobulated, I barely made it to my home  
I'm known to po' up, and blow funky tobacco'  
Packing a click-clacker, just in case somebody act up  
Back up and give me space, cause I can't concentrate  
If I ain't blowing sticky, or sipping some skee taste  
Chasing that dollar bill, in this life that's too beautiful  
Niggaz that got killed, they dreams'll be fulfilled  
Still I can't cope, without finding some of that dope  
On the hottest block of my town, hollin' fuck the po-po  
On 4-4's I'm still swanging, banging up out the lot  
Heated with plastic glocks, what you boys talking bout  
It don't stop till I'm gone, and my heart stop beating  
Until then I'm thugging, here bobbing and weaving  
Beating and getting money, supporting my own habit  
So bitch stay out my bidness, or I'ma let you have it

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I'm out here slanging caine, trying to get major pay

Like razor blades I'll make a cut, any way I post up  
I got the pyrex clicking, whipping these hoes up  
Call me the come back kid, these fiends go nuts  
Fo' years I done that bid, yeah I'm back on track  
I re'd up, spend a stack on crack  
I'm V'd up, you see the Lac on black rims  
My styrofoam cup, filled up rolling bats off sacks  
I'm on the grind, getting scratch all day  
But the mack'll make em get back, I'm squeezing aiming at bald fades  
Money longer than Snoop Dogg braids, that's what I'm after man  
This residue, inside the glass for grams  
Hit the pavement, then I stash the grands  
I'm thinking of owning a big house, copping massive land  
I done pulled the trigga once, and I'll blast again  
I'm all for the do' I'm hauling the snow, I get it and go