

# Elephant Man, How High

Intro:

Takin it from the top?

Tippy? Tippy?

How High?....

The Ultimate High....

Verse One: Method Man

Scuse me as I kiss the sky

Sing a song of six pence, a pocet full a rye

Who the fuck wanna die for their culture

Stalk the dead body like a vulture

Tical get, HMMM

Blacker than your blackest stallion

Hit your house'n projects

I represent the Shaolin my nigga

Hell yes, Apocalypse now, the gun blow

It be goin down, diggy diggy down diggy down down

Verse Two: Redman

While the planets and the stars and the moons collapse

When I raise my trigga finga all yall niggaz hit the decks!

Cause aint no need for that, hustlers and hardcores

Raw to the floor raw like Reservoir Dogs

The Green-Eyed Bandit can't stand it

With more Fruitier Loops then that Toucan Sam Bitch

Plus, the Bombazee got me wild

(Fuckin with us) is a straight suicide

Verse Three: Method Man

10 9 8 7 6 5 4

3 2 Murder 1 lyric at your door

Tical bring it to that ass raw

Breakin all the rules like glass jaws

Nigga, you got to get mine to get yours

Fucka, we dont need no rap tour

I'd rather kick the facts and catch you with the rap-ture

More than you bargained for

Tical, that stays open like an all nite store

For real, I keeps it ill like a piece of blue steel

Pointed at your temple with the intent to kill

And end your existance, M-E-T

Ain't no use for resistance, H-O-D

Verse Four: Redman

I bees the ultimate rush to any nigga on dust

The Egyptian Musk use to have me pull mad sluts

I shift like a clutch with the Ruck

Examine my nuts, I dont stop till I get enough

Your shit broke down, light your flare

Since the darkside tears you into hollywood squares

6 million ways to die, so I chose

Made it 6 million and 1 with your eyes closed

The blindfold, cold, so you can feel the rap

And shatter the glass and second half on your monkey ass

And yo my man (Tical) hit me now

Bitches use to play me now they cant forget me now

Forget me not, I rock the spot, check glock

Empty off a lickin off a hip hop

Fuck the billboard, Im a bullet on my block

How you dope when you payed for your billboard spot?

Chorus:

Look up in the sky, it's a bird, it's a plane

It's the funk doctor spock smokin buddha on a train

HOW HIGH? So high that I can kiss the sky

HOW SICK? So sick that you can suck my dick

Look up in the sky it's a bird it's a plane

Recognize, Johnny Blaze, ain't a damn thing changed

HOW HIGH? So High that I can kiss the sky

HOW SICK? So Sick that you can suck my dick  
Verse Five: Method Man  
Til my man Raider Ruckus come home  
It ain't really on till the Ruckus get, home  
Puff a meth bone, now I'm off to the red zone  
we don't need your dirt weed we got a fuckin O  
Check it, I brings havoc with my hectic  
Bring the Pain lyrics screamin for the antiseptic  
Movin on your left kid, and I'm methted, out my fuckin dome piece  
Plus I got no love for the beast  
Hailin from the big East Coast  
Where niggaz pack toast  
Home of the drug kingpins and cut throats  
[Hey boy, you's the rude boy on the block  
You try and stop the bum rush you will get popped]  
As I run around with a racist  
My style was born in the 50 stair cases  
Dig it, eff a rap critic  
He talk about it while I live it  
If Red got the blunt, Im the second one to hit it  
Verse Six: Redman  
Look up in the, I got the verbs, nouns and glocks in ya  
Enter the centa, lyrics bang like rico-chet  
Rabbit, I brings havoc with an A-K matic  
Rollin blunts an all day habit  
I get it on like Smif'n'Wes  
Punks take a sip and test  
Who split your vest  
The funk phenomenon  
I'm bombin you like Lebanon  
Blow canals of Panama  
Just off stamina  
Styles not to be fucked with, or played with  
Fuck the pretty hoes, I love those Section A Bit-ches  
Hittin switches, Twistin wigs with  
Fat radical mathematical type scriptures  
I dig up in your planets like Diga,  
Boo, scared you, blew you to smithe-reens  
Fuck the marines, I got machines  
To light the spliff, and read Mad magazine  
I fly more heads than Continental  
Wreck ya 5 times like US AIR off an instrumental  
Look I'm not a half way crook with bad looks  
But I may murder your case like your name was Cal Brooks  
I breaks em up proppa  
Ask Biggie Smalls 'Who Shot Ya'  
Funk doctor, with the 12 Gauge Mossberg  
Look, I got the tools like Rickle  
To make your mind tickle  
For the nine nickle  
[Yo Red, yo Red!]  
Punk ass pussy ass  
[You ain't gotta say no more man, that's it]  
Word up Tical, We Out  
[IT'S OVER]