

Lil Wayne, We Stay High (New Orleans)

[Intro-Lil' Wayne]

i wear a mean dark pair a shades(badaaaat!)and ya can't see my eyes(Young Money)
unless my head is ben you dig?

[chorus-Lil' Wayne]

we stay high,on da 5,0,4,shit(NEW ORLEANS!!!)
on dat iron,all da time,and you no dis(badaaaat!)
we stay high,on dat 5,0,4,shit(NEW ORLEANS!!!)
on dat iron,all da time,and you no dis!!!(yea nigga)

[Verse-1-Lil' Wayne]

blik,blak, back out thee garage in a hog
and you know i redo da inside like da morgue
da Coupe blue,like da due on marge
ridin' wit a bitch prettier thanan a dabarge
mami wanna soldier ,baby im'a Sarge
you cant have me but we can have a menage(thats 3)
now rub me wrong and fuck up my massage (ha)
then it's flowers for da dead bedda give em' a corsage(get em')
(yea)head nigga in large(thats me)
and everything i do i San Diego Charge
while you niggaz just starve
im eatin' so much imma fuck around and barf
and red is tha color of my scarf
and undastand to a giant your dwarf
my flow tho'ed off
so sick all i gotta do is cough

[chorus-Lil' Wayne]

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[Verse-2-Diego Charge]

bitch i come from da bottom of da map,
New Orleans,Louisiana we love to pack gats
we love to count stacks,we love to pump backs
i love killin' da tracks,me, Wayne,Rony,and Jack
dats just some highy grove shit,(yea,highy grove shit)
and imma bang it in just until,you get it clear
you heard dat,dats my word and i meant dat
dont temp me,ill leave you bent up in ya Bently
believe me(yea)

[Verse-3-Jack]

grown and nigga,back in da game
straight from da block back in da game
now run,tell,ya heard me rappin' wit Wayne
run,tell,ya heard me,rappin' insane
yea im off in dis bitch(BITCH!!!)
drunk and tho' cards in dis bitch(BITCH!!!)
im leanin' in dis bitch(BITCH!!!)
we got freaks in dis bitch(BITCH!!!)
(you know what?)we deep in dis bict(BITCH!!!)

[chorus-Lil' Wayne]

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[Verse-4-Mack Mayne]

(ch-chyea,Mack,Rony,waddup nigga?)i got a thing for dem big trucks
thick fine bitches,wit big jugs,and big blunts
5'4 mamis wit nice head and fake tits
dat uh dont get loose ova Goose,and proolly act up
5'7 bitches wit both legs dat tick dick
all dey really need is like 2 pills and 6 blunts
wake up in da mornin' and count money and make grits
she dont really know no english so we dont say shit

(chyea)Wayne said let it rain on em'
Motha Nature wit da paper doin' her Mack Mayne on em'
(yea) like there go 1 thousand(swoosh)
like there go 2 thousand(BALLIN'!!!)
(yea)now shake dat ass like you cant
pay yo cable bill so you tryin' watch da Saints
60 inch ATACHI,livin' like Liverachi
sportin da latiz Forsachi,shoty in Mazeritee
dodgin' da poperizee,a.c. cold like heart of da Nazis
this year classic,like ol' school Heratchies
you get cho grill cooked like it was a Batchi
word to cousin Rodney(bazooka)(yea)
[chorus-Lil' Wayne]
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