

# Lucky Boys Confusion, What Gets Me High

Well, freedom of expression and elation is my state  
True, true, I'm a lucky boy but I don't believe in fate  
Cause I'm simply, standing strongly on the shoulders of giants  
And hoping they'd be proud if they were in the audience  
When the lights go out my adrenaline starts pumping  
The lyrics kick up and crowd starts jumping  
All the lovely honey's getting down to Stubhy-style  
Is what gets me high, it's what gets me high  
If you don't know what gets you high, pimp out motherfucker  
Let me take you for a ride, but you might not end up where you started from  
So think twice before you take my advice  
Pimpin' in Tommy's Jeep bumping to my 311  
Yo, I get a page 5447  
He says Cockboy's Caddy ain't starting for a week  
So I'm gonna get a ride with a 420 Geek  
I says come over about 10 O'clock  
Cause I got to go reinvest in some green stock, shocked!  
Well, that's the shit that keeps my pocket getting fatter  
It's what gets me high and nothing else matters  
It's a bit of the air in the night that always gets me high  
Thinking, I might given the right opportunity I  
In the basement cool, we don't care  
If the Sublime's spinning on the record player  
I want an O E 40 800 Ice  
Chilling in the fridge so cool and nice  
Bringing the dough, dropping the flow, cause the scale won't lie  
It's what gets me high, it's what gets me high  
Oh, I'm in ecstasy  
Life's easier with a 40, but please don't follow me  
Oh, I'm in ecstasy  
A girl can get you higher than any drug do you agree  
Oh, I'm in ecstasy  
So proud that I'm smiling, didn't turn out like daddy  
Oh, I'm in ecstasy  
Sex in Carson's dressing room, holding on to memories  
I'm not gonna say I'm sorry