

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