

# South Park, High So High

f/ Marilyn Rylander

I'ma roll 84's til' them hoes start clackin  
First Verse&#58; [SPM]  
Put 'em on they back and got 'em askin' &quot;What happened?&quot;  
Homie was crackin', it's good to be back  
See me on the slab with a beautiful 'llac  
If you wanna jack, I got somethin for you  
Got a fine chick that look just like LaToya  
Caught another case, so I gotta call my lawyer  
Tryin' to stay free with the loot they pay me  
And I bet fifty G's on my boy De La Hoya  
Boy I'ma vet and you still a trainee  
Ballin' daily with my green lady  
She asked what have I done for her lately?  
I'ma dog like Scrappy, my girl tried to slap me  
Caught her by the hand and told her &quot;Don't get happy&quot;  
Still sport khakis, got the Savvy Yola  
Mr. High-Roller movin Coca-Cola  
While I stay...

Chorus (Marilyn Rylander)

High so high.....reachin' for the sky

High so high.....please don't blow my high  
Second Verse (SPM)&#58;

I feel off the wagon, dickies still saggin  
Blow more smoke than Puff the Dragon  
Choppin' big things, but you never hear me braggin  
Pick your chick up and it's gonna be a stabbin  
Haters get mad and they want my autograph  
Let me hear you rap, man I promise not to laugh  
Sold out on the cut, now it's time to call a cab  
Walked the wrong path when I went and bought a half  
Stop at Chimmy Changs for the wings and rice  
Then to the store, I need a forty and some dice  
What they hittin' for? Come out with Little Joe  
Can you play five-hundred on a what? Ten or four?

Let'em go, let'em go, boys start leavin  
Hillwood Hustla, never caught sleepin  
Ain't gonna quit til' you haters stop breathin'  
Bobbin' and weavin', still block bleedin'  
And I stay

Chorus

Third Verse (SPM)&#58;  
I came up slangin' them coca leaves  
Who said money didn't grow on trees?  
At the Dopehouse, we don't call the Police  
Feel a cold breeze when I get below freeze  
Many stories about territories  
Got no love for you studio G's  
I buy four Jeeps and I got a gold leash  
But what the Hell is money if you got no peace?  
And we don't go to clubs where you can't wear your hat  
Homies in the back and they ready to attack  
Land of Dum-Dum where you don't dare to come  
Homie where you at? Represent, where you from?  
All you jealous boys is tryin' to destroy us

Run you out my city like the Tennessee Oilers  
While I sit back and blaze a damned forest  
Got nothin' for us, listen to my chorus  
Stayin' so...

Chorus (2x)  
(SPM)

Mr. S-P-M  
And you know it don't stop...  
Dopehouse baby,  
For all my playa partners  
We don't quit...we ain't goin' nowhere,  
MAN