

# South Park, I Must Be High

I'm damned if I do and damned if I don't  
Holla f\*\*k the world with my chest full of smoke  
I choke on my breakfast, the end of my necklace  
Say Dopehouse Records, Screwston, Texas  
The diamonds in my emblem is cut like a princess  
You can keep the Lexus, cause I got two Benzes  
I'm in your girlfriends' hot intestines  
Cause I bought her two dresses and some contact lenses  
Got a message in a bottle, hit the throttle in my carro  
Click and clack my semi auto cause I'm trying to see tomorrow  
Bought a condo for my top ho cause she working that taco  
It's the top selling vato, twenty threes on the Tahoe  
TV screens, margarita machines with street marines  
Got love for the Crips, and Bloods, and Latin Kings  
If it means anything this for all my G's  
I'm in jail cause I forgot my f\*\*king ABC's  
Another DWI, drunk and f\*\*king high  
I'll be out before the motherf\*\*king sun can touch the sky  
They call me young Thurston Howell the Third  
And that's my word  
I'm a swang, I'm a swerve  
I'm a park and scrape the curve

(Chorus: repeat 2X)  
Why when I'm not high does my life  
Feel like it's missing something  
I know that I must be high  
So that I can function

I'm a use my three wishes, I'm very superstitious  
No matter where I go I meet a bunch of horny bitches  
Burn a few bridges, feed a few pigeons  
F\*\*k em so good they wake up and wash dishes  
The food was delicious, bacon, eggs, and biscuits

No French kisses and no hippopotamuses  
I'm picky, if you strictly dickly, you can't get with me  
As I represent Houston like the damn Whitney  
I'm a get em when I get em I loved em and I fed em  
Lived in peace, I ain't gonna let em when I see em I'm gonna wet  
em  
Shut em down like D-Town and the homie Ackavelie  
Peace to Happareli and my nigga John Freddy  
My drink is thick as jelly, I love my shit muddy  
Four of us in this bitch and we gonna do them boys ugly  
Ready for the rumble, leave em lying in a puddle  
Y'all don't really want no trouble with the lord of the jungle

(Chorus)

I walks in the club, a grabbing on my dick  
As the police officers patting down my click  
They say my bandana breaks the dress code  
Every fine f\*\*king bitch I see is my ex ho  
I'm hogging and I'm dogging creeping and I'm crawling  
Believe me this my calling it's time to do you all in  
Everybody jump jump, boys trip what what  
Let my double barrel shoty go barump-pa-pump-pum  
Slangin slab motor rocks up in no man's land  
Burnin off in my "Smokey and the Bandit" Trans Am  
The rope around my neck is just dangling and jangling  
Sometime I smoke the rain, it get wetter than a penguin  
Aunt Jemima sipper, hoes like Jack Tripper

Peace to Big Dipper, what the deal my nigga  
Hook like Johnny Topy, it's Dopehouse living prosperous  
I tip my waitress and she can't stop saying 'Gracias'

(Chorus)