

50 Cent, High All The Time

[Chorus]

I don't need Dom Perignon, I don't need Cris
Tanqueray and Alize, I don't need shit
Nigga I'm high all the time, I smoke that good shit
I stay high all the time, man I'm on some hood shit

Give me some dro, purple haze, and some chocolate
Give me a dutch and a lighter I'll spark shit
And stay high all the time, I smoke that good shit
I'm high all the time, man I'm on some hood shit

[Verse 1]

Everytime I ROLL up, niggas holla ROLL up, and I tell'em HOLD up,
You ain't gettin money you ain't smoking
In my Benzo, 20 inch Lorenzos, smoking on indo
Hiiigh as a motherfucker
I be on them backstreets, niggas know I clap heat, only if you got beef
Man you better holla at me
Niggas get locked up, stabbed up, shot up
Everytime I pop up, a lot going on in my hood

I shoot the dice, I holler get'em girls
Daddy need new shoes
Daddy need Perelli's to look mean on 22s
Stash box, Xbox, laptop, fax machine, phone
Bulletproof this bitch and I'm gone
2003 Suburban swerving, too many sips of Henny
The D's sick, they searched the whip and they can't find the semis
They was just harassing me cause they know who I was
Spent the night in Central Booking for smoking some bud

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Now if you heard I done started some shit
It ain't because I be high (I be high, I be high)
And if you heard I done let off a clip
It ain't because I be high (I be high, I be high)
But I- twist that la, la, la, la

I get high as I wanna nigga
Go against me, fa sho, you's a goner nigga
I don't smoke to calm my nerves but I got beef
Finna crush my enemies like I crush the hashish
If you love me, tell me you love me, don't stare at me man
I'd hate to be in the Benz clapping one of my fans
Let me show you how to greet me, when you meet me, when you see me
If you real my nigga, you know how to holla "G-Unit!"
There's no competition, it's just me,
50 Cent, motherfucker, I'm hot on these streets
If David could go against Goliath with a stone
I can go at Nas and Jigga, both for the throne

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Now who you know besides me who write lines and squeeze nines
And have hoes in the hood sniffin on white lines
You don't want me to be your kid's role model
I'll teach them how to buck them 380s and load up them hollows
Have shorty fresh off the stoop, ready to shoot
Big blunt in his mouth, deuce deuce in his boot
Sit in the crib, sippin Guinness, watching Menace
Then Oh Lord, have a young nigga bucking shit like he O-Dog

My team they depend on me when it's crunch time
I eat a nigga food in broad day like it's lunchtime
You feeling brave nigga, go ahead get gully
See if I won't leave your brains leaking up out your skully
I done made myself hot, so ain't shit you can tell me
Niggas calling me to feature, man fuck your money
I ain't hurtin, I'm aight, nigga I'm doin good
I ain't got to write rhymes, I got bricks in the hood

[Chorus]

G-Unit, are you ready
G-Unit, are you ready
G-Unit, are you ready
Nigga, ready or not, here I come, come, come