

Chico & Coolwadda, High Come Down

(feat. Nate Dogg)

Ooh you make my high come down
(Chico & Coolwadda)
Ooh you make my high come down
(This from that Sudden Impact number 5)
(Wild in the motherfuckin' West comin' at ya real soon)
You make my high come all the way down
(That Chico & Coolwadda shit)
Ooh you make my high come down
(For the homey DJ A.P.)

Hit the coast with a sudden impact
Royals in the eight-pack, zip in the zip-pack
Heat packed for the whole trip
Niggas don't emcee, they just say they do until I spit
Shit, get lifted with blunts, snap once
Pssh, limit the bounce like bad bungee jumps
Parallel on the hunt for the chips
Flash, make 'em walk with it pointed on ya hip
Fuck it though, that's me, who is you?
I'm down with Dirty Jerks and R.C. and A.P.
But who's you? (?) and (?) to the rest
Niggas seem to have a vendetta on the West
Serve ya Ghost Rider cause ya not versin'
The scouting report says hot person
So watch who you fuckin' with
You fuckin' up my high little bitch

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Gotta slang this cause I'm a carry out my due
Chico hood's the chipper, chip with chrome buster
Fucked for pickin' up the phone
Brothers used to smoke that blunt
But now they choke that blunt
Like a bonerback fuckin' bitches and hos(?)
See me in the breeze underneath the palm trees
Holla at you now please spit it from the throat
This Westside neighborhood I'm a low
Now A.P. if you ever need some get back
Call me, I'll make sure it get back
Catch a flight, pssh catch 'em in the night
Parallel double barrels, smoke it right
In fact the impact gon' be sudden
Five times bloke all through his buttons
Please believe said trip you'll receive
An exit out the universe on me

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My Bible wouldn't a been preached
I been the beast, I been the prey
Parallel park in here and get towed away
Stowed away in the back of the trunk where the tool be
Fools be actin' like I won't bust this uzi
Cool he proves me, over yonder
In that little white Honda Civic

They thought that street shit
Well then I can get delirious
Let me know here, pivot post
Them chipper niggas end up close

I bust the uzi, you can bust one
Must've brought your high to get you on one
Chico so you know I'm on one
And when they scatter and roll
Hop out the cut with the pump shotgun
Just in case I got to come on y'all like eight minutes
Ride for the chips parallel 'til we finish
Rearrange rap with the rare raw flow
Not feelin' y'all bringin' down my hydro

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Just hit the Eastside, fuckin' up the LBC
I don't associate with haters, my motherfuckin' gangstas be
Just hit the dope spot, just picked up some bomb-ass weed
Man I'll holla at you later, I'm about to hit these trees
As sure as my game is tight, just spotted a real dime piece
I thought my day could not be greater, that's about the time I peeped
There go Mister John-in-law all in my rear view
The next thing I heard was sirens, tell me what am I to do?

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