

Method Man & Redman, How High part 2

Yo, ladies and gentlemen
smoke cheeba cheeba, smoke cheeba cheeba
We got Toni Braxton up in the house
so high that I can kiss the skies, bitch
We live up in here, y'all
HoW high, motherfuckers, HoW high
HoW, hoW, hoW, hoW
HoW, hoW, hoW, hoW
Yo, yo, yo
Tical shittin' again, spittin' to Win
L oad they guns clip in the end , None sicker than him
Yes, indeed. I'm ill as any s. T.D.. or sex disease
These dirty rats. Want extra cheese
On that piece of the pie, NoW ask me hoW high
Until you reach for the sky. Blame the crooked letter "l";
That's my home. TWenty three's. Wrapped in chrome
Not only snap on y'all niggers, but I'll snap dem bones
slap your dome. Make you leave, that crack alone
You got the key to the city, but the latch is on
I gots it locked, bringin' the noise
Bringin' the funk Dr. spock. Bringin' my boys
Bringin' you lungs. Pop the Glock but only, if you feel this shit
Jack the Ripper, don't make me have to kill, this bitch
Back to get ya. Put it in check. That's the mista
Meth With his Wood, on your neck, shut your lips up
smoke cheeba cheeba, smoke cheeba cheeba
so high that I could kiss, the sky
Brick city, to the crooked letter l
Let's get, let's get, Let's get
Yo, yo
Yo, you can call on the man. When the party is borin'
I had these ho's strippin', till it's part of the mornin'
I love a fat chick. With a body enormous
It ain't about the Weight, yo. It's hoW they perform it
My dash is 180. My Weed half a pound
When there's smoke in the air, my nose is like a basset hound's
I don't stash the drug. Nigga, divide
I'm that nigga that ride. With a trigger to get a supply
High is hoW I stay, all the time
Niggas, close the door
Yo, bitches, shut all your blinds
If I'm hard to find, take tWo puffs and pass
I stayed back, but my Benz moved up a class
It's Dock and Meth. The format is real sickening
Contagious. We out for Mista Biggs Women
You better shut your trap. When my dogs around
We pissin' on fire hydrants, so Walk around, bitch
smoke cheeba cheeba, smoke cheeba cheeba
Yeah, so high, till I reach the sky
Brick city, and the crooked letter "l";
Let's get, yo. Let's get
Yo, let's get
Mista Method Man, puttin' in Work foot in the dirt
Like it's all good roll, through your hood, pushin' a hearse
I Wish y'all Would come, around like Clint EastWood
As if your, reppin' your hood, in my neck of the Woods
street vanillas in the pj's
Grimy bitch, I Wear the same shit, for three days
Find me lit. Blunts spark like Felipe. Fuck the he say, she say
You're just a mike off Yo,
call me Bob Backlund
I break backs on ho's
Who look like Toni Braxton
Can run With these bony

masked men
I'm out the gutte
I'm out to send your
baby mother out for rubbers
We fuckin' tonight
Bitches Wanna croWd around
While I'm cuppin' the mike
I'm a gorilla,
leave a banana, stuck in your pipe
Cause I'm a real block Winner
The Doc inna
Bitch, one of my balls
bigger than the Epcot Center
smoke cheeba cheeba, smoke cheeba cheeba
so high that I could kiss, the sky
Brick city, to the crooked letter I
Let's get, let's get, Let's get
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Let's get, let's get, Let's get