

Redman, How High (Remix)

Verse One: Method Man

Excuse me as I kiss the sky,
Sing a song of six pence a pocket full a rye,
Who the f**k wanna die for their culture,
Stalk the dead body like a vulture,
Ticalian, HMMM
Blacker than your blackest stallion,
Hit your housin projects,
I represent the Shaolin my nigga,
Hell yes, Apocalypse now the gun pow,
It be goin down diggy diggy down diggy down down

Verse Two: Redman

While the planets and the stars and the moons collapse,
When I raise my trigga finga all yall niggaz hit the decks,
Cause aint no need for that hustlers and hardcores,
Raw to the floor raw like Reservoir Dogs,
The Green Eyed Bandit can't stand it,
With more Fruitier Loops then that Toucan Sam Bitch,
Plus, the Bombazee got me wild,
(F**kin with us) is a straight suicide

Verse Three: Method Man

10 9 8 7 6 5 4
3 2 Murder 1 lyric at your door,
Tical bring it to that ass-raw,
Breakin all the rules like glass-jaws,
Nigga, you got to get mine to get-yours,
F**ka, we dont need no rap-tour,
I'd rather kick the facts and catch you with the rap-ture,
More than you bargained for,
Tical that stays open like an all night store,
For real I keeps it ill like a piece of blue steel,
Pointed at your temple with the intent to kill,
And end your existance, M-E-T
Aint no use for resistance, H-O-D

Verse Four: Redman

I bees the ultimate rush to any nigga on dust,
The Egyptian Musk use to have me pull mad sluts,
I shift like a clutch with the Ruck,
Examine my nuts I dont stop till I get enough,
Your shit broke down light your flare,
Since the darkside tears you into hollywood squares,
6 million ways to die so I chose,
Made it 6 million and 1 with your eyes closed,
The blindfold, cold so you can feel the rap,
And shatter the glass and second half on your monkey ass,
And yo my man (Tical) hit me now,
Bitches use to play me now they cant forget me now,
Forget me not I rock the spot check glock,
Empty off a lickin off a hip hop,
F**k the billboard I'm a bullet on my block,
How you dope when you payed for your billboard spot

Chorus:

Look up in the sky, it's a bird, it's a plane
It's the funk doctor spock smokin buddha on a train
HOW HIGH? So high that I can kiss the sky

HOW SICK? So sick that you can suck my dick

Look up in the sky it's a bird it's a plane
Recognize, Johnny Blaze, ain't a damn thing changed
HOW HIGH? So High that I can kiss the sky
HOW SICK? So Sick that you can suck my dick

Verse Five: Method Man

Till my man Raider Ruckus come home
It ain't really on till the Ruckus get, home
Puff a meth bone, now I'm off to the red zone,
We dont need yo dirt weed we got our f**kin own,
Check it, I brings havoc with my hectic,
Bring the Pain lyrics screamin for the antiseptic,
Movin on your left kid and I'm method out my f**kin dome piece,
Plus I got no love for the beast,
Hailin from the big East Coast,
Where niggaz pack toast,
Home of the drug kingpins and cut throats,
(Hey boy, you's the rude boy on the block, you try and stop the bum rush you will get popped)
As I run around with a racist,
My style was born in the 50 stair cases,
Dig it "F" a rap critic,
He talk about it while I live it,
If Red got the blunt I'm the second one to hit it

Verse Six: Redman

Look up in the I got the verbs nouns and glocks in ya
Enter the centa lyrics bang like rico-chet,
Rabbit, I brings havoc with an A-K matic,
Rollin blunts an all day habit,
I get it on like Smiff and Wess,
Who clicks the best,
Punks take a sip and test,
Who split your vest,
The funk phenomenon,
I'm bombin you like Lebanon,
Blow canals of Panama,
Just off stamina,
Styles not to be f**ked with or played with,
F**k the pretty hoes I love those Section A Bit-ches,
Hittin switches, Twistin wigs with,
Phat radical mathematical type scriptures,
I dig up in your planets like Digga,
Boo scared you blew you to smitha-reens,
F**k the marines I got machines,
To light the spit and read Mad magazine,
I fly more heads than Continental,
Wreck ya 5 times like US AIR off an instrumental,
Look I'm not a half way crook with bad looks,
But I may murder your case like your name was Cal Brooks,
I breaks em up proppa,
Ask Biggie Smalls Who Shot Ya,
Funk doctor with the 12 Gauge Mossberg,
Look I got the tools like Rickle,
To make your mind tickle,
For the nine nickle,
(Yo Red, yo Red!)
Punk ass pussy ass
(You ain't gotta say no more man, thats it)
Word up Tical, We Out
(IT'S OVER)

Sick ass niggas