

Get High (feat. Snoop Dogg & Lil Durk)

Young Thug

Ay yo nephew
I think it's time to put some of that real sticky-icky-icky in the motherfuckin' air
But in a Backwood, ya dig? I wanna get high, yeah
'Bouta go call my go-to guy, yeah
Got no Backwoods, fly yeah
I could break one down with my supplies, yeah
Roll up some gas, I'm not talkin' a car
Shawty she bad, fuck 'round take her to the stars
Brand new dash, I got brand new cash
Brand new chick, got her brand new ass
Give the password, psych
'Bout to drink a whole lot of syrup, aight
But the Bentley coupe missing, the stash on the curb
Watch the city go missing, the young nigga ran off with lil biddy birds
Fuck you talkin', bitch you ran off on 'em
How these lil handcuffs and you cops can't cuff me
In the back of the cab, this ho sucking dick from the front seat
This her aftermath, like I got 50 Cent on me (straight stacks)
Trap spot's like a store
Nigga got a couple choppers on the floor
Watch that door (watch that door)
Watch that door (you gotta watch that door)
Watch that door
I roll up two point fives
Happy four twenty, roll up two point fives
Way too stoned, don't remember these guys
Hold up, so high I'ma risk my life, ain't even tryna go to these skies
Hold up strollers
I want the whole cut
I make a slut slut
I eat it cold cut
Hair getting longer
Weed getting stronger
'Bout to strong arm her
'Bout to go and bone girl
She got a cameltoe, I call her Marlboro
I take you from the stars, take you to my world
But she didn't get a chance to get my number
She missed out on llama, she missed out on me and my mama
I wanna get high, yeah
'Bouta go call my go-to guy, yeah
Got no Backwoods, fly yeah

I could break one down with my supplies, yeah
 Roll up some gas, I'm not talkin' a car
 Shawty she bad, fuck 'round take her to the stars
 Brand new dash, I got new cash
 Brand new chick, got her brand new ass With a lot of old money
 Everybody want somethin' from me
 Got to keep my hands on the steering wheel
 'Cause I foot the bill and I shoot to kill
 And I slide around in that Snoop DeVille
 And my gas tank is on full
 Stack goods, them Backwoods
 We cock back and we pull
 Bubblegum, cookies, OG, and KK
 We like Craig and Dae Dae, who gives a fuck what they say?
 I be out here gettin' it, gotta get it 'cause I got it on
 I'm the same nigga that you bitch niggas plotted on
 It ain't as easy as I make it look
 See what I'm sayin', I ain't playin', nigga take a look
 We on that G shit, nigga we lit, and I'm seasick for real
 Thugger Thug, what it does, let's get this motherfuckin' money cuz
 I mean that new money, that blue money with new faces
 Them new cases and new bases and new aces
 Florida-anapolis, ain't no stoppin' us
 Power preaches patience
 Balling in two places
 Exchanges, smoke faces Count this money on a PJ in my PJs
 Goin' fast, get in tussles on the E-way
 Smoking on that OG
 I fell on my AP, got me a Rollie
 I got a bad bitch and I call her dopey
 And her head dope
 And she suck me off the perky, keep her hands off
 I don't fuck with vapors but I'm high-igh-igh
 I got a bad bitch, I know she bi-i-i-i-iI wanna get high, yeah
 'Bouta go call my go-to guy, yeah
 Got no Backwoods, fly yeah
 I could break one down with my supplies, yeah
 Roll up some gas, I'm not talkin' a car
 Shawty she bad, fuck 'round take her to the stars
 Brand new dash, I got new cash
 Brand new chick, got her brand new ass See man, a lot of you niggas think you can smoke with
 us
 But umm
 This shit is a marathon man
 This ain't no motherfuckin' umm, hundred yard dash
 Man step back
 You ain't in our league
 Thugger Thug, Doggy Dog
 Nephew we on

We out
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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