

How High (Remix)

Method Man & Redman

Takin it from the top?
Tippy? Tippy?
How high?
The Ultimate high'Scuse me as I kiss the sky
Sing a song of six pence, a pocket full a rye
Who the fuck wanna die for their culture?
Stalk the dead body like a vulture Tical get, blacker than your blackest stallion
Hit your house'n projects, I represent the Shaolin my nigga
Hell yes, 'Apocalypse Now', the gun blow
It be goin' down, diggy diggy down diggy down down While the planets and the stars and the
moons collapse
When I raise my trigga finga all y'all niggaz hit the decks
'Cause ain't 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
Fuckin' with us is a straight suicide 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 Fucka, we don't need no rap tour
I'd rather kick the facts and catch you with the rapture
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 existence, M-E-T
Ain't no use for resistance, H-O-D
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 don't stop till I get enough Your shit broke down, light your flare
Since the dark side 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, hit me now
(Tical)
Bitches use to play me, now they can't forget me now Forget me not, I rock the spot, check glock
Empty off a lickin' off a hip hop
Fuck the billboard, I'm a bullet on my block
How you dope when you payed for your Billboard spot? 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 'Til 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 don't need your dirt weed we got a fuckin' O Check it, I brings havoc with my hectic
 Bring the Pain lyrics screamin' for the antiseptic
 Movin' on your left kid, and I'm methted, out my fuckin' 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, eff a rap critic
 He talk about it while I live it
 If Red got the blunt, I'm the second one to hit it 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 Smif'n'Wes
 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 fucked with, or played with Fuck the pretty hoes, I love those, Section A Bitches
 Hittin' switches, twistin' wigs with
 Fat radical mathematical type scriptures
 I dig up in your planets like DigaBoo, scared you, blew you to smithereens
 Fuck the marines, I got machines
 To light the spliff, 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, that's it)
 Word up Tical, we out
 (It's over)

