

Get High to This

Lil Wyte

 dj paul]
 yea-yea chuch ya'khamsayn
 once again it's on baby, y'all know what time it is
 i know it's a shame ya'khamsayn,
 you gatta actually killa a mothafucka out here
 just ta let a nigga now you ain't playin' with him
 and you ain't bullshittin' - yea that's some knowledge fa y'all
 na'...we gon' get y'all into this new artist
his new ass - lil' wyte, this boy raw...get high to this shit - i'm high as a mothafucka
 alotta rappers rap gangsta shit but they ain't did nothing
 dj paul - lord inf'...crunchy blac fa real bussen
 we done rolled down on niggaz, we done let them gats burst
 we done seen niggaz blood leak clean through they shirt
 i ain't lying too ya boys when i said that cha'll get did
 man i keep me some hungry niggaz ready ta spit the wig
 of a fake solid nigga, hoes lying in they wraps
cuz they never shot guns and they never had ta scaphe wore a vest so we shot him in the neck
 made his body cold left from red and wet
 body curved up like a cornrow
 police on the set, i'm a vet from the north - north
 pack a rusty tec in the lex' plus a sawed-off
 hard makin' money when you watching for the ro-bbe-rers
 narcotics and these hoodrats - nut go-ba-lers
 they'd take a shot at 'cha, put you in tha hospita'
 leave you left fa dead, and they tell ya i'ma halla at ya
 here i go again, try'na keep my mothafuckin' ass thin
 niggaz halla friends, but they fake friends
 i'ma nigga halla "mothafuck friends"
 torn up in my mothafuckin' right hand
 i'ma 'bouta go and fuckin' rob a man
 just so i can keep my fuckin' family fed
 fuck what'cha heard this is what i said
bust out some shots at ya fuckin' headi'ma meet you pockin' bitches, whoppin' niggaz wit' my
 pistol
 in my yard they discovered, dead i'm out here out makin' missles
 this is war when you fuckin' wit' lachat - bitch y'aint know
 get 'cho posee out becuz we comin' 20 deep hoe
 didn't you need ta know that all that talk can get you fucked up
 hoe this ain't no game - that you playing you get bucked up
 i'ont give a fuck who you is, who you in too
you wont touch a bitch, ha who me bitch - but i'll kill youa crooked as a barrell of snakes
 fuck with the real not fake

i represent the bay - so ain't no need ta hate
i'm counting tones and spray
i'll blow your crean away
this hcp don't play - won't see anotha day
y'kno we hyp-notize, can see it in your eyes
this frayser boy - no lie
inhalin' dro - so fine
y'kno we toppin' a poun'
and still we stompin' your smile
no need ta copy our styles
what chain't been popped in a while no more fuckin' around by now i'm fed up
i see your face has a frown - gatta keep your head up
cuz when you fuck wit' this camp - let's say you messed up
they told you in the beginning - don't try ta test us
the day lil' wyte hooked up with the 6 - the shit was all she wrote
y'kno these lyrics be burnin' - blisters deep in my throat
this shit be hotter than lava laying a hault in yo saga
adding some pippen ta bitches get at me weaker than water
this is the start of a problem thats lackin' a solution
you graduated with honors - ta sell out institution
and this for all the rappers that got kicked up out this camp
i stole your plate when back fa seconds - +how u luvin' that?+
this is my mothafuckin' posee song - wheres jerome?
instead of gettin' up out yo shit - you stayed ya ass at home
potential lurking fa certain - i know you feel it hurt
if they knew bitchin' came wit' ya - you coulda kept ya
bitch doubt me now

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>