

# 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

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>