

High School

Snoop Dogg & Wiz Khalifa

[Verse 1: Snoop Dogg]

Big Mac, big sack, like this, like that
Big man on campus, I'll be right back
Like Mike, like Mac, my life, my bike
Menace, mo' bid'ness, in the beginnin a po' student
But ended up bein a chemist
24/7, Devin my nigga committed
Classmates, ended up as my road dawg
I showed him how to live, how to ball 'til we fall
Harder it is, make you much smarter dawg
Follow instructions, changed up the dialogue
Manifest no stress, life is a big test
Will you fail? Or will you pass? Smoke grass, trim trees
Tryin to find some air to breathe
Miss her, please baby baby please
Diplomas, gowns, caps and degrees
These are necessities in life you need so I'ma get it
Focus, committed
15 years later, but yeah a nigga finally did it
Uh, now who's to say in life there's ups no downs?
And when you get up, you gotta get down
Uh, and when you get up, look around
And don't frown on the ones that's down - just give 'em a hand
It's like mixin fixin up pots and pans
Listen up, I'm poppin like rockin a band
No plan, all from the heart to the hand
We gon' roll it, smoke it and do it again
I'm the apprentice, back on my pimp shit
Roll it, puff it, now give it to him
Uh, physical fitness, smokin relentless
Nouns and pronouns, they make up my sentence
High school days, uh
Blowin on the purple haze, uh
High school days, uh
Blowin on the purple haze, uh (where you at Devin?)

[Verse 2: Wiz Khalifa]

And you know everywhere that we go
If it's Dev or it's Mac then we blowin by the O
Uhh, niggas know me for rollin the O-Z

Or somewhere low-key twistin a whole bush
And if I got it then you can get it, it's on us
Smoke so much pot that they'll probably give me my own kush
We blow about a zone, break it down blow it out a bone
Come to my crib I'll show you how to roll, bro
And my pocket's lookin kinda swole
Me and Mac smokin grade A, honor roll
Now all of the teachers on us
They gon' have contact cause I keep the bombest
Car automatic, don't need a key to start it
Know it's us just because of the weed aroma
Lookin for me nigga I'm in the tree department
With a doobie rolled up in the secret compartment
Tryin to finish up this speech and get my diploma
So I can get a crib where my OG can harvest and my niggas can ball
I'm talkin so much weed that the shit on the walls
If it start growin in the spring it gets picked in the fall
I'm used to goin to every class but I'm missin them all
Fuckin with Mac smokin spliffs in the halls singin this song
Like, niggas know me (know me)
Blowin on the OG (OG)
Niggas know me (know me)
Blowin on the OG (OG)

[Outro]
Niggas know me, hahaha
High school nigga
Dev and Mac, Mac and Dev
Put it in a zag
Put it in a blunt
Do what you want, uhh

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>