

# Higher (feat. Ludacris)

## Twista

Yeah, you know what's about to go down right?  
Yeah  
Gotta let 'em know who is this  
Ludacris  
And who else nigga?  
Twista, nigga, uhh, uhh, check it out Sometimes I think that I gotta see a little bit of brighter  
days  
'Cuz I confine myself to a city near you in a solid cage  
And you can look to tha left and tha right  
But I'm trapped on center stage  
And I can rap to tha' beat but I don't know how to change my ways  
I still hear a fool and I'll track 'em, distract 'em, and wack 'em  
Jackin' a nigga for tha 'Dame of Dames' and I'll, yack 'em  
Attack 'em, and sack 'em, get a weapon and I crack his brain  
'Cuz I'm a hustler, baller, pro, and it wouldn't be right for me  
To be around busters and crawlers and hoes  
But I'm a pimp at night so talk shit and I'ma lift 'em up off they toes  
Wit' a street sweeper, regulatin' quarters and keys and O's In tha' two-seater, Ludacris and  
Twista with tha' bags of 'dro  
Smokin', chokin', get em open, croakin'  
Its so potent, I'm hopin' to keep on floatin'  
I'm soakin' wet and you can bet, people I'm high  
I'm seein' lions and tigers and bears, oh my  
And I can't hide it or keep it hidden, good riddance I'm feelin' good I'm weapon concealin',  
stealin' my neighborhood  
Would it, could it, should break a nigga off  
They'll see you later, go to tha doctor, hold my balls and  
You caught tha vapors and I caught tha' throne  
Brain blown, honey I'm home  
Give me tha' microphone and fool's is like "Leave me alone"  
Throw it up, if you get high, get blowed, get drunk  
If you want what I'm on, come on and kick it  
Let's ride, smoke 'dro, beat tha' trunk  
All tha bad ass bitches that wanna party  
Just shake it while players get buck, me and my thugs and hustlers  
In tha party get money, fuck hoes, get crunk Look out I put a little bit of hash as the  
motherfuckin' purple haze  
I feel it all over my body, adrenaline wit' tha Bacardi, got me off fifty  
Rippin' shit in a rage, in a navy blue Pelle he 'bout tha belly  
Coogie Timbalands steppin' on the pedal up in the Llac truck  
Wanna get me for the wood, better get the whole motherfuckin' hood, to  
Come and give you some back up, we can get into it if you wanna do it I'm to get my fluid out at

them bodies that wanna come at this, empty  
 Out fuck wit' yo girl for fuckin' wit' thugs, that'll bury opposites bet it won  
 On the Twist, represent for my city anybody that differs wit' me got into  
 Thinkin' it's a game and whether you from my city and I talk shit  
 I'ma kill 'em, especially if he say my name, I bend up on 'em  
 I handle my business on 'em and stick him up for tha skrilla from K-TillaSmokin' on a fat pillla,  
 murder haters at no filla  
 Niggas came and they wanna bring up a real adobe killa  
 Ballin' out so hard, tha size of my rims roll  
 To a hell-a-fast ice scene  
 When they don't make 'em no bigger  
 Im'a flip a drop Vet 2000 and 3 on nineteensThrow it up, if you get high, get blowed, get drunk  
 If you want what I'm on, come on and kick it  
 Let's ride, smoke 'dro, beat tha' trunk  
 All tha bad ass bitches that wanna party  
 Just shake it while players get buck, me and my thugs and hustlers  
 In tha party get money, fuck hoes, get crunkWhen ballin' outta control I floss on, flame on,  
 pimp on, a speed demon  
 Pedal to tha metal when I'm in the zone, hang on, 'cuz him gon'  
 In the motherfuckin' wind while I'm sippin' on Hen  
 I got cake while you owe somethin' and I done came a long way  
 From lettin' these hoes suck, I'm 'bout to roll somethin'  
 Found a victim I fill him wit' venom plus some adrenalineKill 'em and send him to the  
 cemetery, wit' a flow full of  
 Horror like a poltergiest, he called to Christ, when he saw  
 How many men I buried, shit and when it come to cheefin' good  
 Nigga who that? Do that, I got tha sack open  
 And tha herb got the flow so strong that I might crack tha track  
 While back-to-back smokin', never come up when the mobs eliteNigga you ain't untouchable  
 not when I spark the heat  
 Comin' at you like sharks to meat, the blood start to leak  
 I can tell when a mark's heart is weak, come at me fully loaded  
 'Cuz I'm hard to beat, always screamin' where tha drink and tha 'dro at  
 You know we love that cutta, in the back of tha club  
 Wit' purple and the black chronic, Twist and Ludacris get fucked upThrow it up, if you get  
 high, get blowed, get drunk  
 If you want what I'm on, come on and kick it  
 Let's ride, smoke 'dro, beat tha' trunk  
 All tha bad ass bitches that wanna party  
 Just shake it while players get buck, me and my thugs and hustlers  
 In tha party get money, fuck hoes, get crunkPass me the, let me smoke myYeah  
 This is a Wildstyle Production  
 Twist and Ludacris collabo  
 Get it, get it, get it, uhh, yeah

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