

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

04/05/2026

High So High

Par Bo Bundy

Album : The Lonestar (Side A)

Is it recording?

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Ayy, yeah

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I'ma roll twenty-sixes, scraping on the switches

Boney got the single cab filled up with bitches

Boney never misses when he shoot his shot

Got a bitch like Beyoncé and I took her to the spot

Took her to the Nawf, off the jail route

Fucked the bitch good, now we eating Nihao

Creepin' through the hood, jamming to Secreto

Too much potholes, you know I'm riding lento

Que toquen Los Dorados, rumbo pa'l Mayitos

Stop by Rollie and pick up some perico

Pick up some gallitos 'cause I like to get high

When I drive by, the bitches wave hi

Me dicen "El Goloso", vato paletoso

Con los ojos rojos traigo ritmo muy sabroso

Chingos de feria, pero yo no lo presumo

Bajo la ventana y se sale todo el humo

Fumo yo la mota, screaming, "Fuck the chota"

Y de mi la torta con tu hermana la gordota

Homie, ¿qué te importa if I'm getting paid?

Hating on me won't get you laid

Bone play your maid with the taper fade

I'm the Lone Star, check the diamonds on the chain

Gripping wood grain or I'm riding Billy's

Worried 'bout my bread, give a fuck about your feelings

The bitches say they miss me, send me hugs and kisses

Got more dough than Shipley's, more coco than Disney

The game up for grabs, so you know I took it

Jordan 95 'cause I'm back on my bullshit

Saca la bolsita, saca la ollita

Para que se jalen todas las morritas
Morenas, güeritas, gordas, flaquitas
Altas y chiquitas, aquí no se agüitan
Bebecita o bebesota
Cuerpo de diosa o cuerpo de pelota
A mí no me importa, tráeme la que afloja
Una pelirroja quiso pasar la boca
I could've bought a Lexus, but I'm from Texas
Lifted F250 'cause I like to drive reckless
Fifty on the necklace, fifty on the cuello
Bet fifty bands, bet it on Canelo
Bet on Bam Rodriguez out of San Antone
Telling all you hoes never call my phone
Never call my línea, coca de la fina
Pura da badichi, mi bien la esquina
Pa' la codeína for the codeine
Yeah, I got the fuego like the cumbia king
The bitches love me like I'm Pee Wee
French kissing bitches, yeah, they want the wee-wee
I got the chocolate, but ain't shit sweet
Like Pedro Infante coming out the streets
Salsa y aguacate, wagyu on the meat
Y como cacahuete, I go nuts on the beats, motherfucker