

Fly High (feat. Nikkiya)

Dizzy Wright

Dizzy Wright nigga. and I'm back
I feel better than ever this time though nigga Look, my mama told me I could grow to be great (Right)
I talked to God and told him show me the way
Look, I took the time just to work on me
And now all the problems I had are just rolling away (I hear you)
Funny how you sit back and you think musically (Come on)
Looking past the jewelry, all I'm seeing is foolery (Come on)
Usually I keep quiet but on the low
I did a show and y'all do not understand what these fans do to me
Yeah, I'm building my pride
My lungs black, how you feeling inside? I'm still on the rise
Not tryin' to be in a place I know I'm not
I'm just tryna get to the top so I could see my mama get it right
Slow thinker, fast talker
Your fast thinking positioning you to act harder
I know the game like I know my name
And I ain't Frank, but I novacane
I'm so insane, why you so ashamed?
I'm speaking my mind, I'm on my grind like sleepers of crime
You need a deal, all I needed was time
Got the Q and then I penetrated
Setting the bar so they looking like they intimidated (I see you)
Yeah, I purposely put the pressure on
Vegas made me hot, it's kinda cool to see em catching on (Real shit)
Now I'm in the position to make a living
Off of making these niggas listen, so it's only right I set the tone I know I might sound crazy
But I love what life done gave me
I fly high
(We get high to get by, doing what we want if the limit is the sky)
And I'm all up in my feelings
But I guess I'm just a realist
I fly high
(We get high to get by, doing what we want if the limit is the sky)
I grew a high-top fade like Penny Hardaway
Something that I thought of during Daddy Daughter Day
When I'm in town I'm always with my daughter
But it's cool cause it made my favorite holiday Father's Day
Look at me now
You looking down, I'm up in the clouds

Picture-perfect moment
Ain't accepting all the foolery now
But it takes some time to be as good as me, pal
Lord, I know my body don't deserve this
And I'm not fittin' cause I'm tryin' to make this verse sick
I'm in this booth and not nothin' but the truth and my thoughts
Still a student tryna learn shit
No college education
Marijuana meditation got me on my shit with no hesitation
Niggas segregated, I ain't with it
Was sellin' weed out of the Honda Civic
Now we use my voice to show 'em how to get it
I, got a beaten up soul
Believe in everything and I believe in what I know
Secrets of the game, I ain't teachin' you to flow
Only speaking cause I honestly believe that you should know
I got your back, hit me if you need some advice
Roll it up and let me enter your life
Dizzy Wright is the name
Spit game and got inside of the game
Get high to get inside of your brain
Let 'em know like
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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