

# High

## B.o.b

High, High, High (yeah)  
High, High, High, (yeah)  
High (yeah), High (yeah), High (yeah)  
High, High, High  
(It's B, O, B, O, B, O, B.o.B)  
(Haha)  
So high  
What's beneath me I can't even call it, high  
Like ticket holders when the seasons started  
It ain't much to say when actions speak for themselves  
So just the fact that I'm in this mother fucker means I'm balling  
So next time you take shots, keep an extra cartridge  
Niggas handcuffing hos like the police department (haha)  
You think you're flying but you're really falling  
You just ain't hit the concrete yet  
Nigga you stalling  
They say pop means being popular to the population  
So excuse me for being the topic of your conversation  
I just keep banging verses and rocking your mom's braces  
What you blaze in a week, pshh, that's what I start my day with  
My cheque's worth more than your neck worth  
I got a network about the size of the next earth  
I'm laid up  
So much head that my neck hurt  
I'm living the dream, I never once wet the bed first, ya dig?  
So what should I do with so much hate? Well fuck it  
I've turn crabs in a bucket to a buffet  
And beef to a full-a  
That's a full course entr

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>