

How High

Electronic Swing Orchestra

Whats love got to do, go to do with it
I get a little taste then I'm through with it
Then I send it right back to you with it
(How high)

Whats love got to do, go to do with it
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[J. Cole - Verse 1] Visionary play your position, no missionary

But yet I pack Gospel in the quotes I spoke
You listening to the most high like the Pope on dope
Now picture that

My poetry's deep now fish for that
Only real niggas catch something, phoney niggas fail
Shit you gotta feel like it's only read in braille
Both did the crime but his homie didn't tell
So he f-cking bitches while he sitting lonely in a cell
Thinking well, what the hell I been on
They gave a nigga five then they threw another ten on
By the time I'm back on the streets like a bachelor
I gotta play the clubs like an old ass woman
Life is a movie, pick your own role

Climb your own ladder or you dig your own hole
Sit around crying thats like sitting round dying
You wanna touch the sky bitch you figure out flying
[Chorus] Nigga how high, so high that I could touch the sky

How sick, so sick that I could f-ck yo' bitch
Nigga please, my squad stack plenty of G's
And if your girl like to smoke we got plenty of trees
Nigga how high, so high that I could touch the sky
How sick, so sick that I could f-ck yo' bitch
Nigga please, my squad stack plenty of G's
And if your girl like to smoke we got plenty of trees

[J. Cole - Verse 2] Hey, as the troubles of the world unfurl
My niggas hit the trees like squirrels

Tryna get a nut with your girl
Think I need to quit trying 'fore some nigga out there try to hit mine
Karma for the karma sutra
A lot calmer when the ganja's through ya
You need ya armour cause them niggas out here tryna shoot ya

Kinda crucial, police piranha, gon snatch you out that Honda

For stashing that marijuana

Yes, ya honour, I feel ashamed

I broke the law but look I'll never smoke or steal again

In your courtroom wylin' out, I don't mean to keep smiling

But right now I'm high enough to probably steal a plane

Man, just look at me, what if I couldn't read?

Would you throw the book at me

What if I'm feeling sad, am I supposed to look happy

It's been a long time coming

Tell my nigga roll me up something

[Chorus][J. Cole]No I dont smoke, maybe once in a blue

When the tention gets thick than there's nothing to do

Through the windows of my soul, open the blind

My eyes get shut but I open my mind

How high, la la la la

how high, hey hey hey

how high, yeah yeah yeah yeah

How high, la la la la

Is that a shot that you threw little man?

I understand, you frustrated career aint going how you planned

Make it worse, you're friends, now when they talk rap

All you hear is "J Cole this" and "J Cole that"

It must be hard for your projects to take all that

I know your weak heart gotta break off that

Boy, look, Cole World this is your worst fear

I'm burning you n-ggas and I'm only in first gear

I'm serving you niggas this is only the first beer

12 months from now, you'll be having the worst year

No tears for the haters, I'm still counting money

Cole aint dropping, thats real f-cking funny

Grade A dummy, sleeping on a nigga raps

Something like a mummy

But I'mma wake yo' ass up

Something like your mommy on school day

I smoke two l's with ya girl this is Cool J

How high

How high

How high, yeah

How high, yeah

Whats love got to do, got to do with it

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Yeah I send it right back to you with it

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