How High

J. Cole

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
I get a little taste then I'm through with it
Then I send it right back to you with it
[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
I get a little taste then I'm through with it
Yeah I send it right back to you with it

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