

Higher (Ft Pusha T, Mase & The-Dream)

The-Dream, Pusha T, Ma\$e & Cocaine 80s

Look at your money
Ooh momma, this could be you
On the right side of this drop
Ooh momma, throw it in reverse
I call that back it up and drop a
Baby, baby baby, baby baby
Baby, baby baby, baby baby
Baby, baby baby, baby baby
Baby, baby baby, baby baby
Ohh, girl I think that she like
I got that shit that make niggas want fight
I got that shit that make bitches act right
Make bitches act out of spite, aiight
Ohh momma, I got that bomb
I got that shit make your ass go run
My shit, not make niggas get guns
But the white girls say, "Where you get that cool beat from?"
She love it (She love it)
Every beat of the drum, she sprung
She say I make her wanna touch it
She love it (She love it)
She make me wanna touch it
I love it (I love it)
We buzzin', yeah
Higher than a motherfucker
Higher than a motherfucker
Higher than a motherfucker, yeah
Yeah, I've been known to chase 'em
Known to replace 'em
Shoe game outta this world, I outer space 'em
Known to have a hundred and one, like Dalmatians
Maybe if she special enough, I'll glass case her
Get caught cheating and I gotta let you stick me up
Let you shop 'til you drop as a pick-me-up
Bergdorf bandit, Barney's for the burglary
But these bands lit the whole store like Hercules
Get raunchy in Givenchy, my palm reads
Passports Pinot Noir in arm's reach
Paddle shiftin', push-button, no car keys

The pent houses are poolside with palm trees
She love it (She love it)
Every beat of the drum, she sprung
She say I make her wanna touch it
She love it (She love it)
She make me wanna touch it
I love it (I love it)
We buzzin', yeah
Higher than a motherfucker
Higher than a motherfucker
Higher than a motherfucker, yeah
Uh, one-two one-two guess who back again
Uh, Harlem in this-what? Yeezy let Manhattan in
Get my mic right, turn my levels up
Get the light right, turn my bezel up
You either bounce on it, go 'head throw your mouth on it
So many ghosts in my garage they think my house haunted
Long as my buckle say Hermes, the rumors I'm not concerned with
They wanna garnish my earnings before I send it I burn it
You know them people too convinced that my money's gettin' rinsed
Her Loubis seven inch, they TMZ me through my tint
I bumped into Loon he like, "Well, as-salamu alaykum"
You know I ain't Muslim my nigga, I'm about my bacon
The shot niggas takin' you'd think I'm rollin' 'round with Reagan
A Mexican landscape and come rake in what I'm makin'
Think you blew me up with your bougie butt
But you ain't slow me up, I'm on the charts, you move me up
I'm like a drug overlord, my jewelry's overboard
It's hard to believe dollar sign e-even know the Lord
Already wrote it off, so just ignore the cost
So when I'm rollin' off I'm showin' off with no remorse
Shamone!
She love it (She love it)
Every beat of the drum, she sprung
She say I make her wanna touch it
She love it (She love it)
She make me wanna touch it
I love it (I love it)
We buzzin', yeah
Higher than a motherfucker
Higher than a motherfucker
Higher than a motherfucker, yeah
Bitch hold smoke longer
Choke hold so strong, broke your armor
Now you're wide open right?
You ain't even smokin' right
Bitch hold the smoke
Cough hope, Harpo
Gotcha knocked out, now you know you're smokin' loud

You're higher than a motherfucker
High in this bitch, high as a motherfucker
I'm high and this bitch fine as a motherfucker
I'm high as a motherfucker
I hear sirens, she dying in this motherfucker
Moment of silence for this motherfucker
I'm just higher than a motherfucker
I'm higher than a motherfucker
I'm higher than a mother

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>