

Higher

G.O.O.D. Music

[Intro: The Dream]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?[Hook: The Dream]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[Verse 1: Pusha T]Yeah, Ive 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, Ill 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, Barnies for the burglary

But these bands lit the whole store like Hercules

Get raunchy in Givenchy, my palm reads

Passports Pinot Noir in arms reach

Paddle shiftin, push-button, no car keys

The pent houses are poolside with palm trees[Hook]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[Verse 2: Mase]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 Im not concerned with
They wanna garnish my earnings before I send it I burn it
You know them people too convinced that my moneys gettin rinsed
Her Louis seven inch, they TMZ me through my tint
I bumped into Loon he like, Well, as-salamu alaykum
You know I aint Muslim my nigga, Im about my bacon
The shot niggas takin youd think Im rollin round with Reagan
A Mexican landscape and come rake in what Im makin
Think you blew me up with your bougie butt
But you aint slow me up, Im on the charts, you move me up
Im like a drug overlord, my jewelrys overboard
Its hard to believe dollar sign e-even know the Lord
Already wrote it off, so just ignore the cost
So when Im rollin off Im showin off with no remorse
Shmon[Hook]We buzzin, yeah
Higher than a motherfucker
Higher than a motherfucker
Higher than a motherfucker, yeah[Outro]Bitch hold smoke longer
Choke hold so strong, broke your armor
Now youre wide open right?
You aint even smokin right
Bitch hold the smoke
Cough hope, Harpo
Gotcha knocked out, now you know youre smokin loud
Youre higher than a motherfucker
High in this bitch, high as a motherfucker
Im high and this bitch fine as a motherfucker
Im high as a motherfucker
I hear sirens, she dying in this motherfucker
Moment of silence for this motherfucker
Im just higher than a motherfucker
Im higher than a motherfucker

Im higher than a mother

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