

# How High

## Sir Joe Quarterman

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  
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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