

## We Go High

## Chance the Rapper

Yeah

(We love you, we love, we love you, God)  
 (We lo-lo-lo-lo-lo-lo-love you, God)  
 (We love you, love you, love you, God)  
 (We lo-lo-love you, we love you, God)  
 (We love you, God, we love you, God, we love you, God)

My baby mama went celibate  
Lies on my breath, she say she couldn't take the smell of it  
Tired of the rumors, every room had an elephant  
Tryna find her shoes, rummagin' through the skeletons  
She took away sex, took me out of my element  
I tried to do the single-dad mingle-dance  
At the club with the iron in my wrinkled pants  
You could fall much faster than you think you can  
Big hands for my ring, I'ma need a Pringles can  
I just want the shine back like a Eagles fan  
My ego like "Ah damn, there he go  
Prayin' again, again, the same ol' thang"  
I mean, I ain't gon' promise that the pain go away  
And you can take your sweet time, but she ain't gon' wait  
'Cause a new coat of paint don't make the stain go away  
But he go high (We love you, God)  
And we go high  
They go low, we go...  
Higher, higher

My wife nanny like Fran Drescher  
Three damn Grammys, my granny like, "No pressure"  
So much style, my stylist got no dresser  
Fuck goin' straight to the pros, I'm professor  
Fuck bein' one of the G.O.A.T.s, I'm Gotenks  
Tried to try that with my girl, she "No thanks"  
Dropped the bomb, I couldn't find a Tom Hanks  
Got me pressed, tryin' to find a Von Frank  
Who the fuck rocked the boat? It's gon' sank  
Shootin' at me point blank with those blanks  
They don't take teenage angst at no banks  
(We love you, God)  
Tried some new hues like Langston gon' paint  
You gotta come harder than that

Eh, eh, eh, eh, eh  
It's two different things  
It's too bad, and it's so sad  
It's too bad, and it's so sad  
It's two things (We love you, God)  
It's too bad, and so sad

We give the glory to you, God  
One livin' true God, he make us booyah  
And throw up the Wu like U-God  
They prop up statues and stones, try to make a new God  
I don't need a EGOT, as long as I got you, God  
Deep breathe, the woosah  
Pretty sure I need you in this season like a flu shot  
I just sit and wait like I'm with Kirsten when she shoe shop

Know you always with me like how Diddy be with Blue Dot  
Got us movin' 'round without the straps like a tube-top  
Got me big comfy like Molly's couch  
Floatin' 'round the city like Malcolm X, Dali'd out  
They highly doubt, I guarantee it  
This the part of my life my lifetime movie prolly 'bout  
When they come to jump a board, I won't ollie out  
I too was once a snotty nose with a potty mouth  
One day you get 1 OAK, then popped out  
And poppin' out don't seem as popular as just passin' out  
When time get rationed out, you get rational  
Folks become pageants inside the fashion house  
They start to clash and you let 'em hash it out  
But stay passive, so if they crash, you got a fastened belt (Huh)  
Lord bless my lineage, let me be the skinniest  
Let me get some time with him, let him know who Kenny is  
Children born in one's youth are like arrows in the hands of a warrior  
Well, I got an extendo with a long nose like Phineas  
Kids proud like Penny is  
BeBe & CeCe, I need like 20 twins  
Got her in my family like Indian  
Feel it in your gut like when you uppercut Ballchinians  
Speakin' of guts, hers pokin' out like Winnie in the red shirt  
I don't have to teach you a lecture about how sex works  
I found out diamonds make pressure  
I used to dive head first, just know I had to let go of the flesh first  
It's true, God, this union was for you, God  
We standin' at the at the stoop, we want to make it to the rooftop  
You told us bring some people through, we tried to bring a few, God  
We tried to form a new bar, just tell us what to do, God