

Highs

Bas

Strange highs, no day jobs, new address
Old vice, new temptress
Settle down one day this is practice
Where every coach is a model or an actress
Fiend
I just wanna meet some lawyer bitches
Fuck that, I just wanna meet some loyal bitches
So like Christmas Eve I just toy with bitches
Got hoes on beans like they Goya bitches
I, Minnesota bitches
Destroy the bridges
But you won't see my shoes wet
What you sayin ain't paid my due yet?
Well, fuck boi I be on the road still puttin work in the Duet
Fuck nigga, can you hear it? Me and your bitch gon sing a duet
(La- La- La- La)
No hero to them hoagies
Cause hoes get loose like bogies
If my nigga ask for it he could have her, I could only have two
left
Broads all look from afar see the same view
Could accept who you are till they change you
Can't lose what you ain't choose
As far as I see it

Ironic, I was just lookin for a lighter but I found you now let
's go
And fuck the night up (the night up, the night up)
Let's go and fuck the night up (the night up, the night up)
Let's go and fuck the night up