

We Go High

Chance the Rapper

Yeah

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