

High Grade

Eli Sostre

High grade, good liquor, yeah
Good weed, my nigga, yeah
Bad bitch, I'mma get her, yeah yeah
My cup stay filled up, ah yeah
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Relationships start to get borin'
The one that you call in the mornin'
Your friends, they don't look the same
You got a thing for my pain
Truly, I'm feelin' the vibe
I do this, I don't got the time
For all of the calls and the texting
All of the bitchin' and stressin'
I bet that you wasn't around
I bet that you look for me now
When I needed somethin' to love
I ain't have nobody to love
Spendin' your time in the club
I'm like: "Fuck all this rap shit"
You hate when I'm off of these percs
You just can't deal with the madness

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I got the city on ten
City on fire since I dropped a tape
My momma need a new Benz
Can't fuck with none of these snakes
Make sure my niggas is straight
They got some food on they plates (you know)
I got some things on my mind (whoa)
I know you got what it takes
Baby, I'm fucked up (baby, I'm fucked up)
Baby, I lucked out (baby, I lucked out)
Baby, I love ya (baby, I love ya)
Just can't trust ya (just can't trust ya)
I been tryna find the time
I been tryna find the wave
Girl, I wish that I could stay
There ain't nothin' left to say

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Ay

New Pirelli 'bout to count the millions, I ain't trippin', my nigga
The come up breedin' all the hate, so you look at me differently, nigga
Fuck a label, cut the check or just gimme my disses, my nigga (give me my word)
Play like the playas, we only in this for the victory, nigga
I give a fuck 'bout a scene bitch (fuck all these hoes)
I'm from the block, I done seen it before
I made my funds on some clean shit
I'm off some Hov and Bean shit, yeah
Where have you been?
You ain't workin', play the bench, yeah
Cop a burger for my bitch, yeah
Need a Prezi for the wrist, yeah
I told my momma I'll cop her a Rari
Momma, I'm sorry, it should've been sooner
I got a girl and I ain't tryna ruin her
Shoutout to all of the bitches that blew it
I got you feelin' the change (yeah)
Now you wonder where I been
Now it's like back in the day
Baby, I ain't seen you since, yeah
Fadeaway, feelings fade away (woo)
Hoop earring like I'm Michael J
Bullet holes in the windows (woo)
Lost some homies man, it hurtin' still
I might just pull up in drops now
She gave me top with the top down
I blow the herb out the sunroof (woo)
Phone ringin' cause I'm high now, yeah