

HIGHER LEVEL

Killer Mike

Ayy

Listen, listen, mister, I been, I been ridin', grippin'
On my pistol, sippin' liquor, liquor, I ain't got two nickel, nickels
I can rub together, weather, weather, stormy weather
Will ever end for me, but if it don't, hey, it's whatever
It's whatever, ever, I will never, ever, ever, ever
Give up on my mission to take Michael to another level, level
Baby mama, I got several, several new hustles, a plethora
Cheddar, cheddar, parmesan, mozzarella, mozzarella
I been po' as Allan Edgar, never been a beggar, beggar
Even when I stood on corners and I served like Roger Federer
No compared are better, better, meaning you will never, ever
Ever, ever, never, ever, ever get up on my level

Any teller, teller tell ya that, that I won't be successful
Must be blind and fuckin' deaf, like Helen Keller smokin' Pressure
Smokin' Pressure, ain't no pressure by no measure whatsoever
Box Chevy, Louis sweater, high, fly as eagle feather

I like-

I like bitches, books and business, witness, can I get a witness?
To this thickness shakin' asses my way and them big ol' titties
Witness, can I get a witness? Stop askin' for permission
Just make the play and make it work and then ask for forgiveness
I had a white girlfriend and mistress, good fella like I was Henry
'Til I woke up with that trey-eight to my face held by my missus
Damn, I miss my nigga Jimmy, I miss my nigga Jimmy
In real life, that ain't no bar about no goofy mobster snitchin'
My cousin schizophrenic, 'phrenic, so sometimes he get missin', missin'
I just pray to God that he okay and God was listenin'
Swear to God, God as my witness, even though it ain't your business
He called my auntie Linda, told her that Mike was Grammy-winnin'

Any teller, teller tell ya that, that I won't be successful
Must be blind and fuckin' deaf, like Helen Keller smokin' Pressure
Smokin' Pressure, ain't no pressure by no measure whatsoever
Box Chevy, Louis sweater, high, fly as eagle feather

Swear to God, prayer works
Swear to God, it heal hurt
Swear to God as I sit in my vert
Swear to God, I put in my work
Swear to God, swear to God
Thank you, Lord, thank you, Lord
Ah, yup
My cousin called to tell me, ayy
"Boy, I feel like I just hit the lottery," my sister told me that
Swear to God