Higher

Lil Durk

Oh my god what is this, an L beat? One thing I hate is a liar Niggas don't know me They act like my homie And hate on me and my attire I just put on, for me and my city And ever since, shit been on fire I'm good, but I'm tryna get higher Bitch I'm a dog, I'm a fighter, yeah Higher Higher Higher Higher Higher Higher Higher Yeah I'ma keep it G like a band Looking for the money not the friend Sleeping on me like a Xan' This is my blessing, my plan I wanna thank all my fans To y'all I'm forever the man Fall off like most of these rappers I don't even like most of these rappers (Fuck 'em) Either you gang, squad, hitters, killers, savages, or trappers (Be yourself lil' nigga) I'm a bossed up savage ass nigga, and ima stack up (let's get it) Durk in the club, call for the backup (Brrrr! Bow!) He gone make it rain Dead people, and poor up the liquor (Bubbly, bubbly) I'ma get money Give me my credit, instead of taking it from me (let's get it) The burner is on me (bow!) I'll shoot, but I don't condone it (Nooo) Ion wanna rent shit. I'd rather own it (let's get it) Free my niggas I hate that phone shit Two cups and I get higher One thing I hate is a liar Niggas don't know me They act like my homie And hate on me and my attire I just put on, for me and my city And ever since, shit been on fire I'm good, but I'm tryna get higher Bitch I'm a dog, I'm a fighter, yeah Higher Higher Higher Higher Higher Higher Higher Yeah

Pass me a cup, I need to get high Real street nigga, I don't need to lie Nigga my shoes, he been want to die Cry, marry the streets like a Yeah Bride Remember my name, in case and devide Money and family it do not compare My brother was here, no one was there Stressed, and pulling out hair Price is at a higher For the people that's dead Pour up and hold you up a lighter Be silent one time, one time like, ohhhh One time, one time like, ohhhh, yeah Don't understand me like "Signed to the Streets" Look at my son, remind me of me Niggas is bitches, and apples don't fall far from the tree Gave 'em the chance, like the rapper (yeah) So that was they chapter (one time) With this forty I'ma go cray' cray' (let's get it) So don't get mixed in the massacre (Bow, bow, bow!) I'm tryna get higher One thing I hate is a liar Niggas don't know me They act like my homie And hate on me and my attire I just put on, for me and my city And ever since, shit been on fire I'm good, but I'm tryna get higher Bitch I'm a dog, I'm a fighter, yeah Higher Higher Higher Higher

Higher Yeah

Higher Higher