

High Note

Lupe Fiasco

And they say, and they say
And they say
They say, they say, they say, they say

High note (High note)
Got you on a high note (Got you on a high note)
Catch you on a high note (Catch you on a high note)
Catch you on a high note baby
High note
You were on a high note (You were on a high note)
Livin' through the high notes
Moves you to the high notes, baby

Uh, endless wonder, extend the comfort
My comfort, the drummer, heard the trumpet across the tundra
Stumbles, toppling, and tumbles in its attempts to try to run from ya
High note, high profile I suggest you hum a little humbler
But these songs can grab you by the jugular
Juggling publishers until you find one to fall in love with ya
Your very own tubby until then, just keep it quiet place
Sign language, what's a stethoscope to a silent safe?
Steph Curry step back for more points
Across the line and shoot to two and choose to lose, it's your choice
Get used to boos, we ghost write
Acoustic cues, the music pools
The fluid woos to move the moods into the grooves
That soothe the blues with your voice

High note
That you on a high note
Catch you on a high note
Catch you on a high note, baby
High note
You were on a high note
Livin' through the high notes
Moves you to the high notes, baby

It's hard battlin' odds being ethical
With all-stars, basketball traveling charge, it's technical
When it's era of french fries versus vegetables
Restaurants esoteric chance of mass collective dance at the festivals
Wave your hands, these stages are just professional pedestals
Dedicate a record to, battling whoever who'll do whatever you'll never do
Tryin' to keep your repertoire respectable, it's revolution!

Excommunicate a communicator
They loop you out the group, a future computer player
No room to take ya, like a warmer consumer beta
All part of the plan, all artists expand for small market demand
Pallbearer y'all's calls, the calls applause stalls and falls off as a fan
Blondes pause, they've all logged off, thinkin' get outside the box
You was ballwork with the hands now they found freedom outside the locks
They beat their case, now they moving to BJJ
The good times is behind us, from iron Mike Tyson to goin' Ryan tryin' to bind us
Should the igno-norers been more vandant trainin' for when they blind us
Silent sight siphon light outta lime

Pluck shine plus time inducts prime outta your wine cup
Mountain goats flow struggle with the ropes of your crime
I'm no longer sharing locs, hoping we'll feel good that they find us

I know
I hope I left you on a high note
I hope I kept you on a high note
As we maneuver through the high notes
It sounds cool in the high notes, I know
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah