

# 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, topples, 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 revolu-tion!

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 bi  
nd 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