

# High Notes

Nafe Smallz

Yeah, this that thug shit, ain't no love shit  
This that zone shit, ain't no ho shit  
We back in motion  
I just mixed the weed with a  
That's my potion, y'know mean?  
Let's go, let's go

Smoking while I'm singing on the stage  
Thousand people screaming out my name  
Shawty with me going both ways  
See, I just want the money, fuck the fame  
Picture's looking bigger than the frame (Big)  
I'm drowning and there's no one else to blame  
The shit I'm thinking's harder to explain  
Thinking with my heart and not my brain

Working on myself and I been going so long  
If they all switched on me, told 'em, no love lost  
Drinking to my wins, I end up so fucked up  
When I'm drinking to my sins, I end up so far gone  
Trying to let her in but still my heart's so cold  
I just catch her in the shower and she's singing my song  
Sex in the city and we on the sky floor  
And when she moan she hittin' them high notes (Let's go)  
All of a sudden, everybody needs a favour  
Nowhere to be seen until they seen a little paper  
I'm a trill nigga, always know a real from a faker  
Make ya or break ya, this shit is a soul taker  
It's a thug world, you're in at your own cost  
I been in these streets, you know I'm my own boss  
If they all switched on me, told 'em, no love lost  
Drinking to my sins, I end up so far gone

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Thousand people screaming out my name  
Shawty with me going both ways  
See, I just want the money, fuck the fame  
The picture's always bigger than a frame (Big)  
I'm drowning and there's no one else to blame  
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Trying to get higher in this bitch, give me the lighter  
P's provide and never cease to fire  
Mama raised kings, my grandaddy a fighter  
Big barrels spin and sing at you like a choir  
Smoking Mariah, Hennessy on the rider  
Even in your eye, I see you're an outsider  
If you a tiger, you don't run with the spiders  
They try deprive us, knowledge, we share the choir  
Hustle and maintain, I hustle and make gains  
The music is straight flames, we coming for main stage  
The street's the same game, they hustle for Plain Janes  
I hustle for more ounces, bricks and cocaine  
Don't slip, the wrong lanes get clipped, there's no shame  
Your bitch gon' move on, your clique, they won't change  
Na-na-na-na, told 'em that it's no love lost

Drinkin' to my wins, I end up so fucked up

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Yeah

You know a motherfucker just be going through this shit man

Thinking with my heart

Yeah

Careful what nonsense you let lie on your conscience

I'm trying to be here for the long run

Let's go