

# How High

## Rhymefest

Everybody wishes they could live this life  
(Cause it's the life to live baby)  
So when the chance come don't let it pass you by  
(Naw, don't let it walk on by, no)  
Everything you went through are your means to fly  
(So what you gon' do?)  
I'm about to jump up here and touch the sky  
Here we go

(Fly how high, how high?)  
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Follow it just leave  
No team, no car  
Dreams, no lights, one star  
Me, so good, so far  
Chi-Town boss can get you from behind bars  
It's padlocked  
Hold my hands up when the cash drop  
Music was the last stop  
I was a have not  
Dropped out of high school, still had high hopes  
Puffin' that hydro, it kept my eyes closed  
Caught a felony for some things that I sold  
So when Barack ran man, I could not vote  
Heart felt sting  
Pushed pass the pain  
But I still stay fly when it rains on my wings  
Icarus  
Sky high, picture this  
Look down  
It's all insignificant  
Look up  
Oooh, it's magnificence  
It's so intense I feel like my wings left prints  
On a cloud

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My lifetime line  
Is every line you repeat  
A piece of my soul designed for you to keep  
The price that I pay ain't cheap  
I gotta go harder  
Tryin' to fight sleep  
Fightin' off contentment  
I got a long way to go  
I long way from sleepin' on floors

Niggas came a long way from knockin' on doors  
To workin' two jobs  
Sellin' out shows

Fans yellin' out "Ho"  
Cause we don't be yellin' out raps  
We articulate prose  
My rhymes is tighter  
Take a walk through the crowd  
And niggas tell me, LB bring the hoes/hose out like fire fighters  
I won't stop rockin' till I expire  
And I inspire dudes to get on they lunchbox  
Make your own meal  
Fuck waitin' for an alley-oop  
Get up off your ass and work on your jump shot  
Get high nigga

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My eyes got sick  
I'm tryin' to get rich  
Best cure for depression is to make more hits  
Girls everywhere, "El Che's that shit."  
Push your top down, sign my name on your tits  
Ooh this the life that I dream 'bout  
Dream girl, yeah, hustle with her wings out  
I want an angel I ain't got to strangle  
Don't try to con me, baby what's your angle?  
Maybe I'm paranoid  
Thinkin' bout the past tense  
Cause in the past, real love took an absence  
You my Sarah Palin baby, we mavericks  
Introduce to the Johnson, Magic  
What you want, material or passion?  
Or what I'm doin', am I tellin' or am I askin'?  
We got to break it all down like fractions  
Cause when they leave, am I'm cryin' or I'm laughin'  
I think I'm laughin'  
Ha ha ha ha ha

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