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?)
(Fly how high, how high?)
(Fly how high, how high?)
(Fly how high, how high?)

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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