

# High Key

Steven Malcolm

Sheesh

High key, high key, high key, high key, high

Hey, haha, midwest

Yeah

I keep it lit

Dress swank all in my face

I feel the base, yeah

I'm with the squad, yeah, we be wylin'

Tear up the place, yeah, ah, belt on my waist, yeah

I think they smell, what that boy cookin', yeah, sheesh, ayy

I might just be on a roll, you know the grind never slow

I gotta bring up my ears, I gotta level to go

I might just kill the scene, they gon' hand your boy an Oscar

I feel like Denzel, I feel like Leonardo

I might just kick up my tennis, big shoutout to my Sensei

And I got all my noblest youngins, they never disappoint like [  
?] Kitana

There's so much rage, I feel like Nirvana

When I see the crowd, I wanna surf

Hop on the wave, I'll get put in the dirt

Running in place and I still come in first

Hop in the whip and put it in reverse

Runnin' since I hit so many curbs

Swervin' in lane, 45 with that look in my eye, like I bodied a  
verse

Come bring in a hearse, yeah

D.O.A. be the bit with the E.M.T. on the scene

I step to the line fo' the free throw, and they chant MVP

I keep it lit

Dress swank all in my face

I feel the base, yeah

I'm with the squad, yeah, we be wylin'

Tear up the place, yeah, ah, belt on my waist, yeah

I think they smell, what that boy cookin', yeah, sheesh, sheesh

High key, high key, high key, high key, high key (Skrt)

High key, high key, high key, high key, high key

High key, high key, high key, high key, high key (Yeah)

High key, high key, high key, high key, high key (Wooh)