

# High Five

Tom Cardy

I wanna, high five  
I wanna, high five

I really want a high five  
And if you give me one, I'll put my hand down  
But if you don't give me a high five  
Then I'll leave my hand up and cause a fuckin' scene

Cryin' grown man at your sister's birthday  
Everybody askin' who brought that guy?  
I'ma get weird and ruin your life  
If you don't give me five and make it—make it hi—high  
Down low, too slow, oh, no  
I just offered your nephew blow  
Stepped on shit talkin' mostly speed  
And I'ma tell everyone you sold it to me

I really want a high five  
And if you give me one, I'll put my hand down  
I've met your family, I know your home address  
You better slap a brother's metacarpus, otherwise, I promise consequences

Heel toe, heel toe  
Welcome to the friggin' pain rodeo  
I hope you brought your fightin' chaps  
'Cause I'm about to get you slapped  
A-ea-ea, what's that sound?  
Could it be me buyin' everyone a round of  
Fireball, but then drinkin' them all  
And then tellin' your girlfriend that you're cheatin' on her with me  
Someone pissed in all of your indoor houseplants  
Oh, who could that be?  
Somebody organized a threesome with your parents  
Oh, I'm a little bit naughty  
Someone constructed an apiary in your bathroom  
Thirteen thousand bees  
Someone hacked your Twitter account  
And now you're followin' Jeffrey Epstein  
Does your employer know that you starred in a TV show  
Called, "Michael once admitted to me that he had sex on his boss' desk"  
And yes, that show exists, but I guess that you just missed  
That I constantly film you for an occasion just like this  
An occasion just like this  
Ruined because you're bein' a dick  
You'll damage our friendship, you'll break up the band  
If you don't slap my hand

I really want a high five  
And if you give me one, I will stop ruinin' your life  
I don't know how it started, but this is how it ends  
If you just slap my hand, we go back to best friends