

# Higher Ground

Witt Lowry

W I Double T to the Y  
I pluck your wings, you think you're fly  
I do this shit all day, all night  
Don't need no weed, I'm NASA high  
Just met this girl, her ass a nine, but of course she talks so asinine  
And I'm out my mind, I'm about to slaughter every beat I fucking find  
Kill it  
Don't stop me dawg, I beef I'm kobayashi dawg  
The rap game kamehameha, I'm screaming mother fuck a broad  
If I'm not the shit, then I'm a mound of poo  
Fuck all the bullshit, I maneuver through  
And if ya'll don't like my music, well then fuck you, you, and you

Ha!

Real recognize real, and fake recognize fake  
So when this shit gets real how much can fake fuck take?  
None  
I promise you ho, you ain't the one  
You talking that shit well then pass me the gun  
They taking they shots, taking they shots, taking they shot to the back of a  
gun

Dumb, don't shoot yourself and I  
Haters are softer then pumpkin pie  
Out of my body, ain't even alive  
I find all the phonies, and sever the ties  
I spit that raw rap, but man this feel good too  
I try to chill with old friends, but they're like "who bring you?"  
I guess these people that I thought were friends, were fake..  
Who knew?  
So now I keep my circle small, and intact like glue

Man I'm out of your league, I'm out of your lane  
You all are so lame, I'm taking the game  
I just met a girl, now she giving me brain  
That head was insane, like she fighting Bruce Wayne

Ughhh, yeah

While the fuck ya'll making whack rap, I make Edgar Allen poetry  
And only scream Witty on a track, so they know it's me  
I'm looking at this freshman girl, like you a ho to be  
I probably shouldn't think so cold, but ya'll been cold to me  
My old girls they can't seem to stop talking about me  
My new girls are telling me that they can't live without me  
Oooh girl now stop lying through your teeth, you see  
The next guy you meet, you'll leave and love him like me

A beast, just off of my leash  
A chief, just minus the keif  
No time for ya'll ho's  
I pay no mind to a tweet  
I pay no mind to a text  
I'm feeling like I'm up next  
You're all a bunch of real pussies  
Guess that makes me a sext

Now all I want to have's an effect  
I know you ain't my girlfriend  
So I ain't paying no check  
I'm coming straight for the top  
I guess that makes me errect  
And ya'll can have my old girls  
All them ho's is a mess  
See I'm a testimate to real rap  
My heart? Watch me spill that  
I started here with nothing  
Know a lot of ya'll can feel that  
Built this shit right here from the ground up  
Now look at where we wound up  
I do this shit for me, the crew, and all the fans that found us

Ain't this a bitch  
I came in the game and I flipped a script  
You hating on my music  
Saying that my name is lame and shit  
You tweeting about my ass  
Because you jealous you ain't nothing  
Bitch, bow down  
You look pathetic when you write on my pics  
I'm eating out a fine dime  
I call that shit a fine dine  
Fuck with me?  
You out your mind  
Imagine me when I reach my prime  
Man  
Killing the beat, and I'm killing the flow  
Elevatin' to levels you don't even know  
Every track that I rap should be covered in gold  
When I give em' my music, I give em' my soul

Ughhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh