

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 erect
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

Ughhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh