

Higher Freestyle

Wrekonize

(You're now rockin' with the best)
Yep, when I was a kid, my mom said I was like
80 percent deaf, which really explains a lot
(Bow down)
Yep, ha, hey this goes louder right? Now louder, louder
(Turn my music high!)
Ha, Strange Music, ha
(Turn my music)

Higher than a helium balloon filling up full of holy smokes
Who be fucking with the Morse code mayhem?
Bet I batter anybody challenging the post
I'm assigned to the snake and bat
So you can throw away your basic facts
About them suckers and them ancient raps
With a baseball bat I (Turn my music)
High high lemme be your savior
Play the tunes loud, wouldn't wanna be my neighbor
Gimme the time to rhyme and I violate her
Blowing her mind I'm like a live vibrator
Back many many years ago
Rock-a-fella fronted me out of a single due
Just blaze made this track so I figure I would rap
On his shit it's the least he can do
If you looking for nemesis I'm the better
The genesis I been thinking of sending this
But I need you to bleed on your knees and I leave
A disease no dreams or schemes you can reminisce
In the city where the pity's indivisible
And the looking I been bookings all cynical
I been rocking so long in the interval
I'm here praying for a bit of the residual
Shouts to the stone, hit me with a himmi I'll be hymne 'til I'm gone
Strange on the linen Morse code on the bone
See a bunch of drones and I'm getting me a clone
How the fuck you think you gettin' by high
As kite when I'm out here raining bricks
Yeah you wanna be famous
You ain't even recognized by the strangers bitch!

Turn my music high, high, high
High High, high, high, high

Turn my music high, high, high
High High, high, high, high

(Bitches)
They keep on running with the other
Mother fuckers over this dope fella
7 years and we got mad cheers
And we still ain't never been invited to Coachella
But that's fine still on the grind
Record tour time, Show 89
Woosta (Worcester) been live Denver's alive
Little rocks fly damn I'm high
We in Tucson tattooed beauty with the boots on
Bap-boom ringing what are you on?

I bet ya get ya flows from the groupon
I used to battle for the dough
But they made the rules change
From the free to no beat with the pen
Well if I'm gonna write shit then I'm gonna write this
I don't need really need diss you to win
Give it away, give it away, give it away now
Free styles like I never had to pay rounds
Speak miles and I running round the playground
We foul and you loving every minute of it
Got 'em all going snake and bat shit
My fundamentals l-m-n-o take the hat trick
You in a rental going mental bacon back bits
I'm here in the kennel on some face the fact shit

Turn my music high, high, high
High High, high, high, high

Turn my music high, high, high
High High, high, high, high