

## 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 hyme '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