

High Standards

Wynne

Uh (PLIV)

It's only 'cause I live up to 'em

I got high standards

Call me, I don't pick up, I don't answer

How you tryna talk with no manners?

Uh, come on, baby, fuck I look like?

I can't let him cook, why should I?

Yeah, come on, give me a reason

How you shallow tryna dive into the deep end?

Gas tank, boy, I know that dick leaking

Wrap it up for real, nah, I don't want your penis

Hold on, let me step into my purse

You can play that one song, I still won't do a jerk

Look, I'm double cheeked up and they're peeking out the skirt

You can try all your life, but you're not Lil Durk, uh

I'm in a different league, argue with your mama

You must, you must be smoking marijuana

You make me wanna stick to the girls

Put that cat on her tongue, I'm at a loss for words

Ayy, I just got my nails done, I look bad as fuck

You're not kissing at my feet? It's not adding up

Ayy, look at all these fuckboys that I'm passing up

Yeah, someone's gotta do it, and I'm glad it's us

Ayy, batter up if I throw that ass back

If it's not a homer, I'ma do the mad dash

I'm a good investment, you can check the NASDAQ

Yeah, cat's fat, class act, big deal, blackjack

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I can't let him cook, why should I?

'Cause I really do live up to all the hype

I'm expensive and that shit's a fair price

I don't really have the time to waste

Baby, can you serenade and make me drop it low?

Barry White, ayy

No, you can't, let's be real

Yeah, it's fuck how you feel

I don't owe you shit, go on, spin the wheel

Taking off my heels, it's been a long night of curving

'Cause I'm curvy and I'm serving shit

And y'all so undeserving, did I hurt him?

Bae, that wasn't flirting, nah, I was just rehearsing

That was the Patrón, I don't recognize that person

I know my presence makes you nervous

You wanna look into my eyes because they're perfect

I already know, you a dub, it's set in stone

He got my waist all in his hand, okay, I'm ready to go
He say I look like I'm from Frozen, okay, let it go
You can't keep up with my clique, uh, metronome
Measure up to what? What you measure with?
I could kill all these hoes, but I'ma let 'em live
Yeah, y'all got no conviction, where's the evidence?
You a tryhard, baby, and I'm effortless

That's high standards
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(Come on, baby, you know I'm pressure)
Look, baby, I know you wanna be a hero
(Yeah, that's right, and I won't take lesser)
So why don't you save us both the time?
(Come on, baby, you know I'm pressure)
'Cause you know what me and your chances have in common?
(Yeah, that's right, and I won't take lesser)
Slim
(Come on, baby, you know I'm pressure)
Ooh, baby, give me that pressure
(Yeah, that's right, and I won't take lesser)
No, no, I won't take lesser
(Come on, baby, you know I'm pressure)
Ooh, baby, give me that pressure
(Yeah, that's right, and I won't take lesser)
No, no, I won't take lesser