

Higher

Lil Durk

Oh my god what is this, an L beat?

One thing I hate is a liar
Niggas don't know me
They act like my homie
And hate on me and my attire
I just put on, for me and my city
And ever since, shit been on fire
I'm good, but I'm tryna get higher
Bitch I'm a dog, I'm a fighter, yeah
Higher
Higher
Higher
Higher
Higher
Higher
Higher
Higher
Yeah

I'ma keep it G like a band
Looking for the money not the friend
Sleeping on me like a Xan'
This is my blessing, my plan
I wanna thank all my fans
To y'all I'm forever the man
Fall off like most of these rappers
I don't even like most of these rappers (Fuck 'em)
Either you gang, squad, hitters, killers, savages, or trappers (Be yourself lil' nigga)
I'm a bossed up savage ass nigga, and ima stack up (let's get it)
Durk in the club, call for the backup (Brrrrr! Bow!)
He gone make it rain
Dead people, and poor up the liquor (Bubbly, bubbly)
I'ma get money
Give me my credit, instead of taking it from me (let's get it)
The burner is on me (bow!)
I'll shoot, but I don't condone it (Nooo)
Ion wanna rent shit. I'd rather own it (let's get it)
Free my niggas I hate that phone shit
Two cups and I get higher

One thing I hate is a liar
Niggas don't know me
They act like my homie
And hate on me and my attire
I just put on, for me and my city
And ever since, shit been on fire
I'm good, but I'm tryna get higher
Bitch I'm a dog, I'm a fighter, yeah
Higher
Higher
Higher
Higher
Higher
Higher
Higher
Yeah

Pass me a cup, I need to get high
Real street nigga, I don't need to lie
Nigga my shoes, he been want to die
Cry, marry the streets like a
Yeah
Bride
Remember my name, in case and devide
Money and family it do not compare
My brother was here, no one was there
Stressed, and pulling out hair
Price is at a higher
For the people that's dead
Pour up and hold you up a lighter
Be silent one time, one time like, ohhhh
One time, one time like, ohhhh, yeah
Don't understand me like "Signed to the Streets"
Look at my son, remind me of me
Niggas is bitches, and apples don't fall far from the tree
Gave 'em the chance, like the rapper (yeah)
So that was they chapter (one time)
With this forty I'ma go cray' cray' (let's get it)
So don't get mixed in the massacre (Bow, bow, bow!)
I'm tryna get higher

One thing I hate is a liar
Niggas don't know me
They act like my homie
And hate on me and my attire
I just put on, for me and my city
And ever since, shit been on fire
I'm good, but I'm tryna get higher
Bitch I'm a dog, I'm a fighter, yeah
Higher
Higher
Higher
Higher
Higher
Higher
Higher
Higher
Yeah