

# High Hopes

PARTYNEXTDOOR

Yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Go, yeah, oh  
Yeah yeah  
Yeah  
Oh, yeah  
Ooh, oh  
5 made me, 905 made me  
Yup, 5 made me  
905 made me  
The 5 made me, 905 made me

She call me daddy  
She call me daddy, daddy  
Call me daddy, I'm her daddy, I'm her daddy

Yup, spank that  
She just want that shit like that nigga from bankhead  
Call me over, I'm tryna smash that  
Won't call the feds on the pussy, I'm 'bout to tap that  
Hey, I just wanna sex, smoke and vibes, baby  
I want you by my side, baby  
And I want your jeans down to your ankles  
You're always mine and your man knows, oh  
Do we know you're bougie baby, you need you the best?  
Do he know you're freaky baby, do he keep it wet?  
Is you in to Louis, in to Gucci, she in the set  
Does he eat your pussy, does he tell you you're the best?  
I like the way you work it, no diggity, but don't you back it up (back it up  
)  
Taking trips down down memory lane  
I hope if we link up, things are the same

Time has passed, I hope that nothing has changed, oh  
Girl I hope you know the reason I came  
Girl, just know I'm just checkin' on ya  
Everything's still good with me  
I got high hopes when I'm checkin' on you  
I hope everything's just fine with you  
Cause I got high hopes when I'm checkin' on you  
I'm just checkin' on you  
When no one else gon' check up on ya  
I'mma check up on ya, I'mma check up on you  
When no one else gonna pull up on ya  
Baby, I'mma pull up on ya  
I'm just checkin' on you  
Wracking up flights, wrackin' up kilometers  
I'm just checkin' on you  
Just checkin' on ya, I'm just checkin' on ya  
Just checkin' on ya

Back with my ting on the Southside on the H  
We do these things cause it'll all be okay  
Especially when you are a king of the city you were raised  
All day, all day, all day, all day  
It's like I lost my mind and came to Houston  
I'm with my friends, you know this place is booming

I hate feeling like the boy  
I'm running through galleria with a bitch that lick galore  
Born and raised, I need bitches  
And my bitch need a big dick  
Plenty reasons why she stay  
Post that for rental estate  
I say shit I shouldn't say, damn nigga  
Three songs with a nigga wife, yeah  
These things shouldn't feel right, yeah  
Mixed bitch, but she fuck with white  
Tough dick but the dick her right  
Two seater in the driveway  
Nigga 95 on the highway, niggga  
Step back with the Wraith, ay nigga  
She ain't gay but her bitch gay nigga  
I hate feeling like the boy, I hit Miami Dade nigga  
No Ice Cube, better hope that's it some good dank

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I hope everything's just fine with you  
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I'mma check up on ya, I'mma check up on you  
When no one else gonna pull up on ya  
Baby, I'mma pull up on ya  
I'm just checkin' on you  
Wracking up flights, wrackin' up kilometers  
I'm just checkin' on you  
Just checkin' on ya, I'm just checkin' on ya  
Just checkin' on ya