

Bob "High"

Visit "[High](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

High, High, High (yeah)
High, High, High, (yeah)
High (yeah), High (yeah), High (yeah)
High, High, High
(It's B, O, B, O, B, O, B.o.B)
(Haha)

So high
What's beneath me I can't even call it, high
Like ticket holders when the seasons started
It ain't much to say when actions speak for themselves
So just the fact that I'm in this mother fucker means I'm
balling
So next time you take shots, keep an extra cartridge
Niggas handcuffing hos like the police department
(haha)
You think you're flying but you're really falling
You just ain't hit the concrete yet
Nigga you stalling
They say pop means being popular to the population
So excuse me for being the topic of your conversation
I just keep banging verses and rocking your mom's
braces
What you blaze in a week, pshh, that's what I start my
day with
My cheque's worth more than your neck worth
I got a network about the size of the next earth
I'm laid up
So much head that my neck hurt
I'm living the dream, I never once wet the bed first, ya
dig?
So what should I do with so much hate? Well fuck it
I've turn crabs in a bucket to a buffet
And beef to a full-a
That's a full course entrÃ©e
And girl I turn that avocado to some guacamole
So Spanish girls olÃ©
We can skip the foreplay
Roll up some good hays and stay high for four days
We can do it four ways
Left, right, up, down
My cup runneth over, but I won't put my cup down

You haters cheerleading while I'm out here running
touchdowns
But I won't be rundown, I run shit, you run down
Thread it, blowing whistles like "Please get sun-down"
Meanwhile I'm globetrotting from sun-up to sun-down

But still I'm straight
Penthouse stuff, all kinds of specs
No time to play
cos I know they don't want me on top, anchovies
But still I'm blazed
So many trees, don't need no shade
Living that step life
I think my passport needs more space

Haha
Yeah
It's B, O, B, O, bitch
Haha
So long
Don't get mad when your girl come up to me in public
like ("hi")
Hahaha
Just keep it moving bra
All you haters, I don't even want to hear no ("hi")
(aha)
I don't even know why I got smoke for man,
It's like, it's like I just can't even get (high), not even a
little bit (high) at all!
(ahaha)
But still man, you know how I do it
Grand Hustle in the building
yo, T.I.P coming home soon so you know its apolom
(hahaha)
yo, I'm gone, feelin gogi

Visit [Bob](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.