

## Big Sean "Higher"

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

My, my, my, as the world turns  
Today if I don't earn, best believe I'm gonna learn  
If I can't do either or, shit it's none of my  
concern  
Watch my enemies burn as I f-fill every urn, ah  
Reminiscing on the rappers I would look up to  
The ones who want my feature price and the hookup  
too  
The girls I fantasized about tryna hookup too  
Niggas seven feet, telling me I'm who they look up  
to  
Huh, and bitches still telling me to grow up  
Don't invite 'em to my shows but always still  
manage to show up  
Man, I made myself a boss and then I gave me a  
promotion  
And I step into the booth and change the world like I be  
voting  
So when you step inside my office, treat that shit like  
it's the Oval  
El presidente, lord, sensei  
Do ya job, I could be pay your rent day, getting riskay  
Crazy nigga, they ain't seen it like this since 'Ye,  
yea  
Well this the life that I live  
Collecting everything overdue, for all the work that I  
overdid  
D-Town but Chi-Town they love me like I'm Oprah  
kid  
Tryna make it to the top so I can let my dogs know it  
exist  
'Cause when you come from the bottom man it's  
so hard to get a glimpse  
So hard to get a glimpse, so while I'm here I might  
take a pic  
And show 'em that it's more to the world than  
tryna make a living  
Like changing it then looking back and saying that we  
did it  
Okay, como me llamo  
Ingles, no hablo,

man unless itâ€™s eat me out though  
Benihani, my McDonald  
, all black leather jackets  
While I ride in my Diablo  
swear I feel like Iâ€™m Keanu  
Wishing Lamborghinis made a five doâ€™t  
â€™Cause I got too many real mufuckas I ride for, die  
for, uh  
Straight out the metropolitan  
My city need a hero so I treat it like Metropolis  
And itâ€™s a few bad Lois Lanes I canâ€™t name  
Even though Iâ€™m me, Lord knows that I canâ€™t say  
But Iâ€™m still the same me, same clique, the same  
hood, the same bitch  
I came up, my bank up, but I stack that like I ainâ€™t  
rich  
Back when we was on college tours with Wale, man we  
ainâ€™t make shit  
From Greensboro to SoCal, man all the way back to  
Cambridge  
And Michigan State, close to my Michigan estate  
Man we was trying to get away, man we was trying to  
get our day  
And damn (and damn), tomorrow never seemed so  
close  
And life ainâ€™t what it seem no moâ€™t (no moâ€™t)  
â€™Til I was standing next to Puff and Hov, off the  
French coast  
A million dollars never seemed so broke  
And every bitch Iâ€™m fucking praying they the one I  
settle with  
And niggas suing me and they just banking on the  
settlement  
Never settling, life is too fast just to settle in  
So many rocks up in my bezel, police thought  
embezzlement like damn!

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