

Ferry Bryan

"Postin' High"

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[VERSE 1]

Here we go, we're on the late night tip
Master Ace with a tight grip
Tight enough to hold the crowd, control the loud
People, they gather to hear a rather proud
Brother, originator of the Third Power
Action the posse grows just like a flower
Check it out, here's the scene
The nightclub, you know what I mean
The dancefloor - nuff heads
Gucci girls, a few tuff dreds
Homeboys dipped in silky
Leatherseats in the Benzes often milky
Cuban link, a lotta Mo'et to drink
Cash spent as fast as you blink
And all you hear is (do-si-do-do)
None of these folks are livin low
They're livin on the (high)

(High)
You're postin high

[VERSE 2]

Yo, look at slim (word) she's soft as satin
Livin on the Upper Westside of Manhattan
She's paid, I mean bucks
She's got it made and her butler wears a tux
And look, look at the car that she's drivin
Before we leave here tonight, watch me get live, and
Swing it, rope it up and string it
Open up and sting it...
O-oh, what's up, you think I'm jokin?
Just because I'm broke and I came here by a token?
Yeah aight, sleep and keep snoozin
Give me a week, in her Benz you'll see me cruisin
I'll be like, "Yeah, what up, yo?"
(Yo) "Want a lift to the 3 train?" (Yeah, man...) - no
Call a cab to come and getcha
Cause I'm too damn fly to be seen witcha
I be chillin, livin like the most guy
Lookin fly, cause I know how to post high

(High)
I be postin high

[VERSE 3]

Ah, Master Ace, and how are you?
Enjoy the party? Word, yo, I am too
So what's your name? Hm, that's kinda different
I must say hard to spell, I trust - Hey!
Is that a diamond in your gold front?
Cute - so is that custom-made Gucci suit
Cost a lot? Damn, that's kinda steep
Oh yo, I think you got a beep
The payphone is right - oh, you got a carphone?
Go right ahead, I be at the bar alone
Hurry back, okay? hurry back
Cause as I look around, these other girls are very wack
(*humming to the music*)
Damn, hey yo, what's takin her so long?
I want us to dance, they just put on my song
(Yo Ace, there she is) Hey yo, who's that she's with?
(That's Merlin, he drives a Sterling, he's kinda swift)
Oh, it's like that? Well, go head, Miss Fly
I see how you're livin, you're livin on the high
Post

(High)
Yo, she's postin high

[VERSE 4]

Alright, alright, maybe you are right
I need to stay down off the post, because the hype
Might make me light in the head, so instead
I stay down on the ground where they frown, cause
they're fed
Because they wanna live a life with glamor
They hope and hope and hope, but like a hammer
Reality shatters every single hope
So what they do, is simply try to cope
But who can be happy livin in the state of poverty
Watchin the next man live greater?
All he ever does is wish for a chance
Wishin he could buy the suits and the silk pants
And all she ever does is pray
That one day she'll have a full-link mink, but hey
They want somethin for nothin
You gotta work, jerk, it's not that tough, and
Wise up, rise up, and then you can size up to the fly
And wear the clothes of those that post high

(High)

Postin high

Post high - but keep a level mind
Post high - but never live blind
Post high - but never make that
The most important whisker on your cat
Post high - but never put the next man down
Post high - but keep your feet on the ground
Post high -but don't forget your friends
While you're doin laps in your Benz
Postin high

DJ Steady Pace - is postin high
Mr. Cee - is postin high
Craig G - is postin high
King Asiatic - is postin high
Biz Mark and Cool V - are postin high
Roxanne ShantÃ© - is postin high

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