

Atlas Sound

"Higher Living"

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Follow me, everybody spread around, I want you all to
hear this

Join me, sit down, sit down

I wanna tell you guys something, I got story listen

I knew this girl named Roulette-lette-lette

The coolest woman I ever met, met, met

I never tried to hook it up, up

But I used to fantasize about the guts

Fuck, bust nuts, rush

Grab the gold and carry it in your mouth

But I'm a try to hold the microphone and turn the party
out

And if it's the type of crowd that doesn't like to shout,
fuck it

I'll give 'em something to chew on, something to talk
about

Snap, crackle pop rock, never had a sawed-off

Don't never wanna blow up, cause I never wanna fall off

Adjacent to that vacant lot, next to the weed spot

Sits a head shop, beneath a tree watching peace talks

So let me catch a round of applause

So maybe I can persuade some lady out of her bra
(come on baby)

Ladies and gentlemen...

We now ask that you give a warm Minnesota nice
welcome to MC

I've your man on the mic, you know...

Ladies and gentlemen, give it up

Put your hands together, put your hands...

Cause if we can't do it together

We'll do it apart

Ain't no way we'll ever make it how it was at the start

But that's a given

Now within the distance of your vision measure the
persistence

How are you living?

I'll smack the whack and sell 'em crack while I'm laying

down my mack
(I'm trying to tell you homeboy)
I'll get sick on a trick, talking shit firm grip on my dick
(Ayo bitch I got what you need bitch, yo, yo)
I make moves and get loose wearing a camouflage
goose
(And that's juice, like what, what, what, what)
Yes, yes, I never stress
Make a mess on the mic sipping a Becks, wearing a
vest
Cause well, you know
It's that Rhyesayer with a razor, truck jewelry, Chuck
Taylors
(Yo man, pass that blunt kid, yo kid, kid)
Tall sharp and handgun, paid a ransom for these pants
dun
So step off kid you're playing me too close

If we can't do it together
We'll do it apart
Ain't no way we'll ever make it how it was at the start
But that's a given
Now within the distance of your vision measure your
persistence
How are you living?

Killed all the thoughts about killing all the cops
No longer get as pissed off when I have to jerk my dick
off
I just want a mic and a crowd and if that's asking for
too much
Fine, lemme just have that mic and I'll be alright (I'll be
alright)
Stuck, between a rock and the sky
With an option to buy and I got lost in a lie
Tossed them fakes out the door, I ain't your whore
I make music, can you feel it?
Cool, then I'm a make some more
Yes, yes y'all you are now rocking with the best of the
mess hall
In root to the basement, while Ant drives the vessel
All apologies to those insulted
By the repulsive vultures that fly loose when I'm
seduced by the impulses
(By the impulses)
Defense mech in effect, protect the rep
From all forms of public infliction
But listen I love the ripping, so fuck the friction
It takes focus off what's the mission
(Yo tell 'em what's the mission)
To be the man on the mic, to be the man on your mind

To be the man that made you push rewind
To be that mother fucker over there on that mic
You know what that means?
That means I can show you what I need you to see, see,
see
(See here, what you need to do is follow, follow us baby
Before you can... what you need to do is see, see, see,
see, see)

If we can't do it together
We'll do it apart
Ain't no way we'll ever make it how it was at the start
But that's a given
Now within the distance of your vision measure your
persistence
How are you living?
Measure your persistence
How are you living?
Measure your persistence
Higher living
Higher living, higher living
How you living?
Higher, higher, higher, higher, higher than heaven
The music's gonna take you there
Higher, higher, higher, higher, higher than heaven
The music's gonna take you there
Higher, higher, higher, higher...

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