

**Sean Brown****"Fly A Little Higher"**

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Diregard your opinion, it really doesn't matter,  
Why they wanna push me into a wall of disaster?  
Wake up in the a.m. and my phone is full of nonsense,  
They telling me what I should do, they try to make a  
profit.

Nowadays, everybody around me is an ANR,  
They try to hang around me when they see a future  
star.

Keep your change, I don't want your two cents,  
I ain't broke, tell me what the hell should I fix.  
If I felt it on me, I ain't got no shame,  
Sean motherfucker Brown, the only one I can blame.  
Creative individual, rhyming like a ritual,  
Rhyming since I was in ninth grade  
And the principal would kick me out the hall and tell me  
"hurry, get in class"  
I was only good in English, I was never good at Math.  
As long as I could count to sixteen in a hook  
I was always daydreaming to that calculus book.

This time around imma fly a little higher,  
Got to get away, I just have to clear my mind up,  
If you feel my pain, let me see you flick your light up,  
When I hit the stage imma make sure imma light up.

This time around imma fly a little higher,  
This time around imma fly a little higher,  
This time around imma fly a little higher.

It's like can I live, can a nigger breathe  
You know a nigger breathe hip hop, so let him be.  
And I'd be lying if I say I didn't care about the money,  
But I wanna do it, tell 'em my story.  
It's how my best friends became my worst friends,  
I don't think no man should really talk no shit,  
I just wanna zone out, be so hello,  
I don't need no crowd dust from a good fellow.  
Smoking all out, now my ears hurt,  
Looking in the mirror, who I fear first?  
Got through these rhymes when I spit a verse,  
Going through the pain and I know it hurts.

Rhyming's on my mind, who the hell could stop me?  
Freaking ass friends say they wanna watch me.  
Perform at my next show, for some reason they never  
show,  
That's why I pay no money when they're talking like a  
hoe.

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If you feel my pain, let me see you flick your light up,  
When I hit the stage imma make sure imma light up.

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Fucking entourage, I paid my own collage,  
My vision, I can see it, I know it's no mirage.  
City lights got me thinking twice,  
Does she really wants me or does she want the slave?  
And I ain't even made it, so I keep her around my circle  
Just another thing to worry about when writing these  
hurtles.

When I was immortal, my homie had it big,  
They made fun of me because I talked white but I was  
black.

Probably played a role in the way I act now  
I don't trust a soul and I never back down.  
Keeping pushing and I move in silence.  
Even through the violence you can catch a nigger  
smiling,  
'cause my soul is deep, probably couldn't find it,  
Play the track once, you will probably rewind it.  
Told my mamma wearing cuffs, now she doesn't mind  
it  
'cause she's seeing my success and she knows her  
son's shining.

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