

## **J.Cole**

### **"Higher"**

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[Chorus]

Come here I'm about to take you higher  
We about to set this bitch on fire  
Pour a little gas, spark up your lighter  
You might not be the one but you the one that I desire

Come here I'm about to take you higher  
We about to set this bitch on fire  
Pour a little gas, spark up your lighter  
You might not be the one but heyâ€¦

[Verse 1]

Uh, what up girl, tell me how you feelin'  
You look sweet enough to make a n-gga need a filling  
If you gotta man, do that n-gga need a fill in  
She said looks kill and I'm tryin to make a killin'  
And God willing, I'd be chilling on the boat n-gga  
Love is a gamble, I ain't dealin' with no broke n-gga  
Down in Miami, with a super hoe team  
Tryin' to bag a brother with a Super Bowl ring  
Down in Dallas at the All-Star game  
Spittin' All-Star game  
Tryna get a n-gga with a all-star name  
Somethin' like James, somethin like Wade  
If you somethin' like paid, you can f-ck the night  
Yeah, she said f-ck some nice jay's  
What about your life savings, won't spend our lives  
slavin'  
So she graduated, rich n-gga, wife training  
And if you got money man the head is amazing

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

What up girl, tell me how you been  
Ain't seen ya since the 12th grade, even back then,  
Thought you was a cutie, though your booty mad thin  
But you done got thick on a n-gga, god damn  
Hey now got a thing for you  
Its been a long time comin, I should hang with you  
Cause see way back, I thought to f-ck with you was

impossible  
Count your baby daddy's now, 2 aint impossible  
Uh, you still got it though, yeah you still got it though  
Girl your body lookin' like a f-ckin' pot of gold  
You got your mean little walk with the model pose  
You got your head did, you got designer clothes  
You still got it though, yeah you still got it though  
You got your nails did, damn girl your on a roll  
Do you get brains, did you make the honor roll  
Don't worry bout your man baby, he ain't gotta know

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Hey, I get bored so fast that they won't last  
But girl you're special like i met you in the slow class  
Cause yo ass got me fiending for ya so far  
My life is like a movie, would you be my co-star  
Like Halle Berry, your old n-gga act like a bitch, like  
Tyler Perry  
You caught him down in Memphis cheating like Calipari  
lyrics courtesy of  
I see you like to stay up on your ESPN  
If your mind is on sex you must got ESP then  
Had a crush on way back, I wasn't VIP then  
But I was plotting on you, I really wish I had got to know  
you  
Before we grew up and I blew up with these benjamins  
That way I know for sure your love is really genuine  
Is you my homie, well show me what kind of friend you  
is  
Well if its phony your only cause I can get you ins  
Too late for turning back, f-ck it we continuing  
Get your ass in that position i love to bend you in

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[End]

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