## We Go High

## **Chance the Rapper**

Yeah

(We love you, we love, we love you, God) (We lo-lo-lo-lo-lo-lo-love you, God)(We love you, love you, love you, God) (We lo-lo-love you, we love you, God) (We love you, God, we love you, God, we love you, God)My baby mama went celibate Lies on my breath, she say she couldn't take the smell of it Tired of the rumors, every room had an elephant Tryna find her shoes, rummagin' through the skeletons She took away sex, took me out of my element I tried to do the single-dad mingle-dance At the club with the iron in my wrinkled pants You could fall much faster than you think you can Big hands for my ring, I'ma need a Pringles can I just want the shine back like a Eagles fan My ego like "Ah damn, there he go Prayin' again, again, the same ol' thang" I mean, I ain't gon' promise that the pain go away And you can take your sweet time, but she ain't gon' wait 'Cause a new coat of paint don't make the stain go awayBut he go high (We love you, God) And we go high They go low, we go... Higher, higherMy wife nanny like Fran Drescher Three damn Grammys, my granny like, "No pressure" So much style, my stylist got no dresser Fuck goin' straight to the pros, I'm professor Fuck bein' one of the G.O.A.T.s, I'm Gotenks Tried to try that with my girl, she "No thanks" Dropped the bomb, I couldn't find a Tom Hanks Got me pressed, tryin' to find a Von Frank Who the fuck rocked the boat? It's gon' sank Shootin' at me point blank with those blanks They don't take teenage angst at no banks (We love you, God) Tried some new hues like Langston gon' paint You gotta come harder than thatEh, eh, eh, eh, eh It's two different things It's too bad, and it's so sad It's too bad, and it's so sad It's two things (We love you, God) It's too bad, and so sadWe give the glory to you, God One livin' true God, he make us booyah And throw up the Wu like U-God They prop up statues and stones, try to make a new God

I don't need a EGOT, as long as I got you, God Deep breathe, the woosah Pretty sure I need you in this season like a flu shot I just sit and wait like I'm with Kirsten when she shoe shop Know you always with me like how Diddy be with Blue DotGot us movin' 'round without the straps like a tube-top Got me big comfy like Molly's couch Floatin' 'round the city like Malcolm X, Dali'd out They highly doubt, I guarantee it This the part of my life my lifetime movie prolly 'bout When they come to jump a board, I won't ollie out I too was once a snotty nose with a potty mouthOne day you get 1 OAK, then poppied out And poppin' out don't seem as popular as just passin' out When time get rationed out, you get rational Folks become pageants inside the fashion house They start to clash and you let 'em hash it outBut stay passive, so if they crash, you got a fastened belt (Huh) Lord bless my lineage, let me be the skinniest Let me get some time with him, let him know who Kenny is Children born in one's youth are like arrows in the hands of a warrior Well, I got an extendo with a long nose like PhineasKids proud like Penny is BeBe and CeCe, I need like 20 twins Got her in my family like Indian Feel it in your gut like when you uppercut Ballchinians Speakin' of guts, hers pokin' out like Winnie in the red shirt I don't have to teach you a lecture about how sex works I found out diamonds make pressureI used to dive head first Just know I had to let go of the flesh first It's true, God, this union was for you, God We standin' at the at the stoop, we want to make it to the rooftop You told us bring some people through, we tried to bring a few, God We tried to form a new bar, just tell us what to do, God Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/