

Super High (feat. Ne-Yo)

Rick Ross

From my nigga Diddy view, I think I see his vision too
Purple Rain over Central Park, chillin' with my goons
Big Pops and Sades, Cirocs and Chardonnay
My Cassie's sassy, so my penthouse my balloon We doin' it big, it's goin' down, 9/11
I'm doin' it big, pullin' up in a 911
I been tryna fuck for months, baby girl, it's now or never
Got the condo on the beach, hope through our storms we shall weather We shinin' when it's
pitch dark
Yeah, this bitch a movie but this time I play a big part
Fuck the marketing, look at what I'm accomplishin'
I'm beatin' niggas by margins bigger than Fran Tarkenton All these cars, all these stars all
around me
(Super high)
Put your eye to the sky, that's where you'll find me
(Ooh, ooh, ooh)
'Cause we are, we are super high
Ooh yeah, ooh yeah
(Bring your sexy ass here, baby) I wanna buy my bitch every bag
And she ain't ever, ever, ever gotta take 'em back
I wanna take my bitch around the globe
Hawaii, hand glidin' in the mountains, shittin' on these ho's Rare bottoms by the barrel
Pop the Giuseppe tags like it's American Apparel
20, 000 up in Barneys, haters'll never harm me
Rick Owens on me, bombers for my whole army Andele, andele, baby move fast
She drop it down and bring it back, I like that
I wanna buy my bitch every bag
So she ain't ever, ever, ever gotta take 'em back
All these cars, all these stars all around me
(Super high)
Put your eye to the sky, that's where you'll find me
(Ooh, ooh, ooh) 'Cause we are, we are super high
Ooh yeah, ooh yeah If you lookin' for me, you can find me in the Guinness Book
Only fly bitches ride with the boss, take a look
I'm super fly, I'm super high
You gettin' yours? I'm gettin' mine Women of a caliber
Only seen in magazines and calendars
And I'm sitting with Miss October
'Cause my birthday's in October Strawberry and her rosé on
I can see it in her eye and she wink and she toast me
And later on we gonna mosey
To a place less populated and get dirty If you lookin' for me, you can find me in the Guinness
Book

Only fly bitches ride with the boss, take a look
Put your eye to the sky, that's where you'll find
me

(Ooh, ooh, ooh)

'Cause we are, we are super high

Ooh yeah, ooh yeah
If you lookin' for me, you can find me in the Guinness Book

Only fly bitches ride with the boss, take a look

I'm super fly, I'm super high

You gettin' yours? I'm gettin' mine
What the hell are they yellin'?

What the hell are they yellin'?

(Super high)

What the hell are they yellin'?
What the hell are they yellin'?

What the hell are they yellin'?

What the hell are they yellin'?

What the hell are they yellin'?

(Super high)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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