

# Do Or Die, Higher (Remix, With Kanye West / Sha

Me and you, babygirl, is like best friends  
Let me hit you when I get the notion  
On I-55, you and I, let's ride, hittin' on potion  
Some say she's flicky-flicky  
Lemme kiss yo' little 'neeta  
I'm bending through the backs and curves  
Inhale, exhale the herb

Let me open up your mind to this concept  
Hit this, 'B, and take one step  
If you listen to the words from a wordsmith  
As the herb shift  
To the curb while my 22" spins  
In my baby-blue Benz  
Girls say, "That boy is acting up, but  
that's the way he is."

You lookin' good when you steppin' out a centerfold  
Tell me - would we, baby? Can I reach a pinnacle?  
But ever since I did a dime in this street game  
They left a motherfucker cold, and you know it  
I'll put you in a beat and I'll blow it  
Keep it real with the bitches and I never sugarcoat it  
You like tight herb and when I pull up to the curb it's like  
When I pull up to the curb it's like

When I'm laying in the back of my 745  
With my lips on you  
Spittin' good game  
Blowin' smoke through the woodgrain  
Gettin' brain like a hustlah should  
A hustlah would  
Chasin' paper to the ? [senators, city dust, silly ducks?]  
She said, "I'll run it through my hands and lungs"  
What that do?  
In the middle of your index and thumb  
Baby girl, you just got me sprung  
What that do?

Oh yes, she's one of the best  
That I've touched in the past tense  
Now I'm hurtin'  
Lurkin', searchin' for the merchants  
Coz I know that baby girl is workin'  
To the end of the roach she's smokin'  
To the hands to the Ziplock's closin'  
It's like Teddy Pendergrass but she wants an autograph  
But the sex is closin'

Open back up  
Last time  
Coz' a little dark off [?] in my mind  
She's just like one of a kind  
No "C"s, no stayin' behind  
This just like top of the line  
Perfect, wanna drop in her dime  
I'm on a roll again  
I'm 'bout to blow again

Babygirl, I can't pretend  
Your love got me high - on ten  
We mix like juice n' gin  
Do or Die - we at it again

Whether you ride in a six or the fin  
Shot out to my niggaz in the pen  
Tatted up with a few dead friends  
Do or Die - we at it again

Babygirl, I can't pretend  
Your love got me high - on ten  
We mix like juice n' gin  
Do or Die - we at it again