

# 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'?  
(Super high)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>