

# Postin' High

Masta Ace

Here we go, we're on the late night tip  
Master Ace with a tight grip  
Tight enough to hold the crowd, control the loud  
People, they gather to hear a rather proud  
Brother, originator of the Third Power  
Action the posse grows just like a flower  
Check it out, here's the scene  
The nightclub, you know what I mean  
The dancefloor - nuff heads  
Gucci girls, a few tuff dreds  
Homeboys dipped in silky  
Leatherseats in the Benzes often milky  
Cuban link, a lotta Moët to drink  
Cash spent as fast as you blink  
And all you hear is (do-si-do-do)  
None of these folks are livin low  
They're livin on the (high)

(High)

You're postin high

Yo, look at slim (word) she's soft as satin  
Livin on the Upper Westside of Manhattan  
She's paid, I mean bucks  
She's got it made and her butler wears a tux  
And look, look at the car that she's drivin  
Before we leave here tonight, watch me get live, and  
Swing it, rope it up and string it  
Open up and sting it...  
O-oh, what's up, you think I'm jokin?  
Just because I'm broke and I came here by a token?  
Yeah aight, sleep and keep snoozin  
Give me a week, in her Benz you'll see me cruisin  
I'll be like, "Yeah, what up, yo?"  
(Yo) "Want a lift to the 3 train?" (Yeah, man...) - no  
Call a cab to come and getcha  
Cause I'm too damn fly to be seen witcha  
I be chillin, livin like the most guy  
Lookin fly, cause I know how to post high

(High)

I be postin high

Ah, Master Ace, and how are you?  
Enjoy the party? Word, yo, I am too  
So what's your name? Hm, that's kinda different  
I must say hard to spell, I trust - Hey!  
Is that a diamond in your gold front?  
Cute - so is that custom-made Gucci suit  
Cost a lot? Damn, that's kinda steep  
Oh yo, I think you got a beep  
The payphone is right - oh, you got a carphone?  
Go right ahead, I be at the bar alone  
Hurry back, okay? hurry back  
Cause as I look around, these other girls are very wack  
( \*humming to the music\* )  
Damn, hey yo, what's takin her so long?

I want us to dance, they just put on my song  
(Yo Ace, there she is) Hey yo, who's that she's with?  
(That's Merlin, he drives a Sterling, he's kinda swift)  
Oh, it's like that? Well, go head, Miss Fly  
I see how you're livin, you're livin on the high  
Post

(High)  
Yo, she's postin high

Alright, alright, maybe you are right  
I need to stay down off the post, because the hype  
Might make me light in the head, so instead  
I stay down on the ground where they frown, cause  
they're fed  
Because they wanna live a life with glamor  
They hope and hope and hope, but like a hammer  
Reality shatters every single hope  
So what they do, is simply try to cope  
But who can be happy livin in the state of poverty  
Watchin the next man live greater?  
All he ever does is wish for a chance  
Wishin he could buy the suits and the silk pants  
And all she ever does is pray  
That one day she'll have a full-link mink, but hey  
They want somethin for nothin  
You gotta work, jerk, it's not that tough, and  
Wise up, rise up, and then you can size up to the fly  
And wear the clothes of those that post high

(High)  
Postin high

Post high - but keep a level mind  
Post high - but never live blind  
Post high - but never make that  
The most important whisker on your cat  
Post high - but never put the next man down  
Post high - but keep your feet on the ground  
Post high -but don't forget your friends  
While you're doin laps in your Benz  
Postin high

DJ Steady Pace - is postin high  
Mr. Cee - is postin high  
Craig G - is postin high  
King Asiatic - is postin high  
Biz Mark and Cool V - are postin high  
Roxanne Shanté - is postin high