

High Hopes

PARTYNEXTDOOR

Yeah yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah yeah
Go, yeah, oh
Yeah yeah
Yeah
Oh, yeah
Ooh, oh
5 made me, 905 made me
Yup, 5 made me
905 made me
The 5 made me, 905 made me

She call me daddy
She call me daddy, daddy
Call me daddy, I'm her daddy, I'm her daddy

Yup, spank that
She just want that shit like that nigga from bankhead
Call me over, I'm tryna smash that
Won't call the feds on the pussy, I'm 'bout to tap that
Hey, I just wanna sex, smoke and vibes, baby
I want you by my side, baby
And I want your jeans down to your ankles
You're always mine and your man knows, oh
Do we know you're bougie baby, you need you the best?
Do he know you're freaky baby, do he keep it wet?
Is you in to Louis, in to Gucci, she in the set
Does he eat your pussy, does he tell you you're the best?
I like the way you work it, no diggity, but don't you back it up (back it up
)
Taking trips down down memory lane
I hope if we link up, things are the same

Time has passed, I hope that nothing has changed, oh
Girl I hope you know the reason I came
Girl, just know I'm just checkin' on ya
Everything's still good with me
I got high hopes when I'm checkin' on you
I hope everything's just fine with you
Cause I got high hopes when I'm checkin' on you
I'm just checkin' on you
When no one else gon' check up on ya
I'mma check up on ya, I'mma check up on you
When no one else gonna pull up on ya
Baby, I'mma pull up on ya
I'm just checkin' on you
Wracking up flights, wrackin' up kilometers
I'm just checkin' on you
Just checkin' on ya, I'm just checkin' on ya
Just checkin' on ya

Back with my ting on the Southside on the H
We do these things cause it'll all be okay
Especially when you are a king of the city you were raised
All day, all day, all day, all day
It's like I lost my mind and came to Houston
I'm with my friends, you know this place is booming

I hate feeling like the boy
I'm running through galleria with a bitch that lick galore
Born and raised, I need bitches
And my bitch need a big dick
Plenty reasons why she stay
Post that for rental estate
I say shit I shouldn't say, damn nigga
Three songs with a nigga wife, yeah
These things shouldn't feel right, yeah
Mixed bitch, but she fuck with white
Tough dick but the dick her right
Two seater in the driveway
Nigga 95 on the highway, niggga
Step back with the Wraith, ay nigga
She ain't gay but her bitch gay nigga
I hate feeling like the boy, I hit Miami Dade nigga
No Ice Cube, better hope that's it some good dank

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