

High Stakes

Bryson Tiller

Hey, yeah
Haha, I had to put a time stamp on this, yeah
It's my birthday
And I'm feeling great
I feel great
Yeah, fuck it, I'm feeling great
24 today, by the way
Okay Came a long way (yeah, I came a long way)
Ayy, I looked up and said Goddamn I came a long way
In the VIP, this shit feel like a showcase
Take me to a place I'd rather be, there's no place
I gotta pocket full of cash, it's more than I made last year when I was packing
Oh wait, it's been two years, I lost track and
No way I'm going back, I been in mansions
Been in whips so quick that you lose traction
And made 6 figure transactions
Met a lot of pretty women, A.K.A distractions
And some fuck niggas with subliminal captions
I won't, I won't show these lames no compassion
Wanna play the game, gotta have expansion
Ex sent me an email, came with attachments
And like a fan of the show, nigga I started snapping
What's happening? What's happening?
What's happening? What's happening, oh, what's happening?
Woah, woah, high stakes got me feeling like I'm gambling (I can ball out but lose it all)
Drink got a nigga rambling (like I'm talking to myself)
But hit me up I wake up and see a roof over my head
Used to be the roof of a '04 Audi
That shit used to be my bed
Lot of disrespect from those who used to be my friends
Lot of chicks to replace, hoes used to be friends
I don't fuck who I offend, real and fake cannot blend
And I pray to God I never lose a cake, Amen (Amen)
With the high stakes, I'm in
I'm in, even when niggas after me
I still stroll through the city casually
RIP Staten G, Ali gone, that's another tragedy
Oh my God, who gon' show the kids strategy?
I done seen so many things they gotta see
I made it to the game using honesty
I know my mama proud of me
God tell her she gave birth to a young prodigy

Ayy, ayy, thank you
To the most up
High up, high up
Praying that them blessing don't stop
I'm praying that them blessings don't
Yeah

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>