

Higher – Rihanna

This whiskey got me feelin' pretty
So pardon if I'm impolite
I just really need your ass with me
I'm sorry 'bout the other night
And I know I could be more creative
And come up with poetic lines
But I'm turnt up upstairs and "I love you"
Is the only thing that's in my mind

You take me higher, higher than I've ever been, babe
Just come over, let's pour a drink, babe
I hope I ain't calling you too late, too late
You're like my fire
Let's stay up late and smoke a J
I wanna go back to the old way
But I'm drunk instead, with a full ash tray
With a little bit too much to say



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych