

Janelle Monae, Tightrope (feat. Big Boi)

Another day
I take your pain away

Some people talk about you
Like they know all about you
When you get down they doubt you
And when you tipping on the scene
Yeah they talkin' about it
'Cause they can't tip all on the scene with you
What you talk about it
Talkin' about it
When you get elevated,
They love it or they hate it
You dance up on them haters
Keep getting funky on the scene
While they jumpin' round you
They trying to take all your dreams
But you can't allow it

'Cause baby whether you're high or low
Whether you're high or low
You gotta tip on the tightrope
(Tip, tip on it)
Tip on the tightrope
(Tip, tip on it)

Baby, baby, baby

Whether you're high or low
(High or low)
Baby whether you're high or low
(High or low)
You got to tip on the tightrope
(Tip, tip on it)
Now let me see you do the tightrope
(Tip, tip on it)
And I'm still tippin' on it

See I'm not walkin' on it
Or trying to run around it
This ain't no acrobatics
You either follow or you lead,

I'm talkin' about you,
I'll keep on blaming the machine,
I'm talkin' about it,
Talkin' about it
I can't complain about it
I gotta keep my balance

And just keep dancing on it
We getting funky on the scene

Yeah you know about it,
Like a star on the screen
Watch me tip all on it

Then baby whether I'm high or low
(High or low)
Baby whether you're high or low
(High or low)
You gotta tip on the tightrope
(Tip, tip on it)
Yeah, tip on the tightrope

(Tip, tip on it)

Baby, baby, baby

Whether you're high or low
(High or low)
Baby whether you're high or low
(High or low)
Tip on the tightrope
(Tip, tip on it)
Baby let me see you tight rope
And I'm still tippin' on it
/2x

[Big Boi]
You gotta keep your balance
Or you fall into the gap
It's a challenge but I manage
'Cause I'm cautious with the strap
No damage to your cameras damn I thought that
Can I passy
Why you don't want no friction
Like the back of a matchbook
That I pass as I will forward you
And your MacBook
Clothes shows will shut you down
Before we go-go backwards
Act up, and whether we high or low
We gonna get back-up
Like the Dow Jones and [?]
Sorta like a thong in an ass crack,
Come on

I tip on alligators and little rattle snakes
But I'm another flavor
Something like a terminator
Ain't no equivocating
I fight for what I believe
Why you talkin' about it
She's talkin' about it
Some calling me a sinner
Some calling me a winner
I'm calling you to dinner
And you know exactly what I mean,

I'm talking about you
You can rock or you can leave
Watch me tip without you

Now whether I'm high or low
(High or low)
Whether I'm high or low
(High or low)
I'm gonna tip on the tightrope
(Tip, tip on it)
(Tip, tip on it)

Baby, baby, baby
Whether I'm high or low
(High or low)
High or low
(High or low)
I got to tip on the tightrope
(Tip, tip on it)
Now baby tip on the tightrope

You can't get too high
(You can't get too high)
I said you can't get too low
(We can't get too low)
Cause you get too high
(You can't get too high)
No you'll surely be low
(No, you'll surely be low)
1, 2, 3, Ho!

Now shut up, yeah
Yeah, now put some voodoo on it
Ladies and Gentlemen, the funkier horn section in Metropolis
We call that classy brass

Do you mind?
If I play the ukulele
Just like a little lady
Do you mind?
If I play the ukulele
Just like a little lady
As I play the ukulele
If I play my ukulele
Just like a little lady