

Trippin' in the Sky

Example

Oh shit, you're like Jeepers Creepers
Jesus Christ, look at his lips, they're like leeches
I out preach the preachers with seamless speeches
Can see I'm just one of God's heavenly creatures
From West Lon' to these golden beaches
Put a finishing touch like cream does to peaches
Your guns are needless, my words are ammo
All the trapping shit is giving me the hump like a camel
1247 gigs, 62 countries, they said I wasn't big
They said I wasn't relevant
Now I'm standin' in the room like elephant
Leading by example but you can call me Elliot
Covid got me rhyming for the hell of it
Hip, house, rap, rave, always keep it elegant
Tryna stay alive, hope somebody teach me
Music game still fucked, R-I-P Avicii

You know I kick it when I bring it
Let me sing it for the night
And I be spittin' to the rhythm
While we trippin' in the sky
You'll be giving it this
And I'll be giving that
I always bring the magic
Pulling rabbits out of the hat
You get me spittin' to the rhythm
We'll be trippin' in the sky

(Trip, trip, trippin') In the sky
(Trip, trip, trippin') In the sky (Ah)

Ayy
I was a rare variety
I tried to do it quietly
Show a different side to me
The side to me that wasn't sayin' much about my particulars
Ridiculous, change the way I'm kissin' this
Hit and miss but then had a hit
I'm so typical, seldom self-critical, sarcastic git
So grit your teeth and grin and bare it
Give me a mic, a platform, watch me tear it to pieces
This thesis, I'm my own kind of species
And so what? Kanye West thinks he's Jesus
None ego-centric celebrity stamina
You see me show my middle finger straight to the camera
A hammerhead shark, on the 'gram, it gets dark
Smash it out the park and get Arya Starked
Hammer your head like "Bam, bam" when the grand slam
Flow be delivering like white van man in a van
And the humour's dead pan
You've read the wrong plan
You've written your swan song
Your mum and dad, they should have used a condom
You ain't right son
Getting off the Mark like I'm Ronson

You know I kick it when I bring it

Let me sing it for the night
And I be spittin' to the rhythm
While we trippin' in the sky
You'll be giving it this
And I'll be giving that
I always bring the magic
Pulling rabbits out of the hat
You get me spittin' to the rhythm
We'll be trippin' in the sky

(We'll trip in) Th-th-th-the sky
(We'll trip, trip in) The sky