

Cloud 9

Don Trip

Yeah

You got me on cloud nine
I love the way it feels
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I love the way it feels

You got me on cloud nine, I love the way it feels
The fire we make, it give a nigga chills
Shit so real that it feels surreal
I'm up sky high even when I'm standin' still
You're all I need, you're my mary jane
What is a whirlpool? You're my hurricane
Words could never explain
Since you stepped in, nothin' was ever the same
I'm up so high, I feel like a propellor plane
No comin' down, no crash landin'
I put that ring on you and started a family
Now I feel like a kite
Lightning never strikes twice, hope we have a safe flight
There ain't no escape, my lady, this is for life
Welcome to Death Row, baby, I'm Suge Knight
And we can fuck like honeymooners every night
Hang that ass off the balcony, baby, Vanilla Ice

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