

## 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

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