

Supa Dupa Flying

K.Flav

Check the sky, not a bird or a plane
In a nimbus cloud is where this Cali girl hangs
Weaving in and out of lanes, no traffic for me
Not a metaphor, I'm speaking actually
Strapped onto my back is a jetpack
Jets in my path like the Beatles saying get back
I am exactly 20 miles high in the air
You are down here, I am up there
Got a supersized smile on my countenance
Hot shit, stoners, you can roll an ounce to this
I'm bouncing all over the place like Pong
Head up to the heavens, ring the bell, "ding dong"
Sippin' on vanilla malts, chillin' as I regard the tectonic faults
Trace out the lines of the long Great Wall
Skinny-dip for a little bit at Niagara Falls
Zoom through the drive-through, hyperspeed
Like, "hi, can I please get a number three?"
Hamburger in my hand, cruise across the land
Add a W-O, and, homie, I am the man
You can't understand 'til you've done it
Revvin' up the engine sky high, then gun it
Stuntin' like my daddy in the trade wind flow
Yo, if the air was my bitch, I'd Superman that ho