

# Supa Dupa Flying

K.Flay

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