

I Can Fly

Lexa Gates

Yeah, yeah
Yeah, oh

I believe I can fly
I might just go to the top and let my body drop
I would prove them all wrong
When all along I knew I'd fly away someday
Ricochet, gravity

Look, look, look at my wings
Look, look, look at my rings
Burberry trench, marijuana stench
Wrist might make your eyes sting
Drip hard like an ice cream
Don't mind me if I scream
I've been living like I'm sure I'll wake up in my dreams
Life's hard, never not mean
Might just pop a few beans
Bring me all the hope I left back when I hit my teens
Such a while ago
There was much to know
So I believed that I

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Could I be the one to get us out of this mess? (Bitch, please)
Think about it while I'm laying on this mattress (Shit hurts)
Sick of tuna and it's giving me the stank breath (Hella hot)
Sick of waiting for the day you get your next check
I think I was supposed to be Blue Ivy Carter
But I don't even have a father
Feels like life can't get harder
But let me not speak too soon
I'ma be out by noon
Finna bool with buffoons
Get high, eat shrooms
Let the smoke fill with room
I refuse to be doomed, I'm still not fully bloomed
Fuck what you had assumed, I'ma be someone soon
So soon, you won't even get the chance to say
I could never sip Perrier in a limo on the way to San Jose
Yeah, no delay

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