Connected Flight

Summrs

Yeah
(Woah, woah)
(Ayo, Ian)
(Woah, woah)

Money got longer, cars got faster
The broads got badder, haters got madder
Pop me a Roxy, get higher than Saturn
To get where I'm at, you gon' need you a ladder
Thought you would get over me, right?
Didn't I tell you that other nigga wasn't gon' fuck you right?
I just hit a bitch on a stop, I had a connected flight
On my way to Miami, bitch, it's going up tonight

Fuck these bitches, show 'em no love, that's the motto
Knew I was that nigga when I hit a model
After this, you might never see me again
After this, I might fuck around and hit your friend
Rolls Royce with the top down, windows tint
She said she love this dick, we only five minutes in
Can't put that cup down, it wash down my sin
I hit it raw, she said we locked in till the end

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