

Cloud Surfing

The Alchemist

I need it from the top!
This is history, baby!

Yeah, the Wright brothers, the flights covered
First class, light puffer, red-eyed type motherfucker
The loudest smoking, out in the open
Enough to crowd the clouds chosen
Witness how the sky is now closing, frozen
That's the bit of chills
It's cold when you flying this high over the littered hills
Heavy moving higher speeds, yet you sitting still
Until the turbulence hit, then you feeling like you getting killed

But that ain't going down, we finna stabilize
Pressurize off pure jet fuel, we finna take the skies
My hand on the globe. To the neck you die
Respect the vibe, but get your necklace tied

That's a bad passenger, gotta reject the rider
You ain't got the juice, no insider, for y'all to climb higher
The attitudes at an all-time altitude
Longitude, all in line to route the fuel, the mountain view
I doubt you knew

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I need it from the top!
This is history, baby!

This is pure ascension
Racing the Urus in a trench coat with a fur extension
Garments at discount, but the man behind the shirt expensive
Let off a sweep, they hopping over cars and hurdle fences
Smoke aromatic drug, get beauty sleep on magic rug
Bursting out the dugout when they call for the next batter up
Before I swing, I point to the heavens gate
And play the game better than I can explain, so allow me to demonstra
te
Do more e-boogie on a cumulonimbus
I'm 'a die fresh, what you digest don't do me no difference
We have now reached a comfortable flying speed
The first of the living double Gs
The last of the dying breed

I'm weightless, with perspiration
Fall out of clouds like precipitation
I was just on a couch in the basement
It's all how you lay it out, it's the placement
If I'm not on top of a cloud, then I'ma chase it
The foul doctor fix you up with a face lift
This is history baby!