

## GLC "Flight School"

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Let me get my theme music  
Let me get my theme music  
Aye, let me get my theme music  
Aye, let me get my theme music

Baby, just forget everything that you know  
Let's take it all the way back to hello  
They say you livin' like you died before  
I got a place that only I can go

Let me take you to flight school  
(We'll learn to fly)  
Let me take you to flight school  
(Above all the lights)

You've never been so high  
Kiss the ground goodbye  
And you say, damn, baby, how did you get that fly?  
Flight school

I got the airplane passes, the Aviator glasses  
She be lookin' fly like Aviator classes  
So classy, Jacqueline Onassis  
Used to sneak and move like Ali, Cassius

Massive, like Kennedy's assassin  
We was killin' time like clocks in the casket  
Perhaps it's time to prevail  
I'll show you Gotham City like I'm Christian Bale

I can be Barack and let you be Michelle  
My girl, Giselle, dress fresh as hell  
Louis, Gucci, yeah, in that pastel  
Adore Dior, ride down Lake Shore

She felt the vibe, I had to make sure  
She felt deprived, livin' like she died  
Slide with a G, now she felt revived  
In town for the night, she's somebody wifey

The LE, she never seen these  
So the moment I might seize

I done come up out the coma of livin' life's dreams  
When you wake up in the morning you join the flight  
team

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I got my Superman power, my Superman cape  
These the last hours, but Superman late  
The clock is ticking, damn, can you wait?  
Man, will he come back and save the day?

Fly across the earth, put things in reverse  
I wish this life was a movie I could just rehearse  
Certain things I can't doctor and you say I'm the worst  
I ain't have enough patients, but I needed a nurse

That'll come by my bed late  
See if my head ache  
Then get my head straight  
Then give me head, great

Every time I popped up like the VCR  
I took your breath away  
Then we performed CPR  
With all the cars, the clothes, the lights, the boats

I guess I was just trying to sow my raw oats  
In the Penthouse position  
With Penthouse bitches  
See I pimp'd my crib, so I must exhibit

Shit, these last year's been a haze like Issac  
So I close my eyes  
Tighter than Asian eyes get  
Realized I got the same wings angels fly  
With Louie Vutton feathers, now that some fly shit

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