

Fes Taylor

"Sky Walker"

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[Intro: Fes Taylor] You gotta have swag to pull this one off It's like ya'll rappers scared to make money, huh?
[Fes Taylor] Breeze wit the top down Kinda cool when you eating at the top now Still move like a player from the Chi-Town I'm S.I. bound, now I take the top down I ride around, what up, ma, jump in the car Pull in the hotel, you can jump on the rod I 'bust a rhyme' like 'oh my God' Playing wit the big joker, I hold my cards Place ya bet, pace my steps Park Hill Project, the place I rep Like Henry the VIII, I make my reps So I still chase paper til I face my death After we say grace, what's left Drop a jewel, out my chain or my bracelet I left Know the ones that's struggled, embrace this best We ain't have nothing, got a taste of the best [Chorus: Fes Taylor]
Fly, fly, fly, fly Fly, fly, fly away with me Fly, fly, fly, fly Fly, fly, fly away with me I'm so high, I can touch the sky So proud, I can walk on the clouds, say it loud now I'm so high, I can touch the sky So proud, I can walk on the clouds, say it loud now [Fes Taylor] We on the come up now, shorties smile Hoes looking at the kid like he come up, how I ain't trick no bread, I just run up town Trying, to flood the town wit a couple of pounds Last vacation, we spent ten thou' You know, sky high, looking down from the penthouse Haters rather see me in the big house So I make a couple bucks, slide 'fore the pigs out Big chain looking like he switch lanes When the light hit 'em like the signal flashing Nigga you ain't balling, you single flashing Plus I'm still single, I mingle in Aspen You a hasbeen, I was getting cash then Fucking with broads, pop ecst' like aspirins Past tense, he ain't been back sense Came back with a suntan and an accent [Chorus til fade]

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