

# Planez (feat. J. Cole)

## Jeremih

This one goes out to all sides world wide  
Let that playa ass nigga Thumpy be your guide  
As we go on a ride where playa hatin' killers and hood niggas thrive  
And lame mah'fuckers can barely survive Catch me rollin' through the city, ridin' with the top off  
Man, my whip so big when you in it, fuck around and get lost  
Told my bitch to let her hair down, what this shit cost?  
Tell me, baby, if you 'bout that life right now, I hope it ain't talk, no I can put you in the Mile  
High Club, what's up? Let's take a trip  
Have you ever read "The World Is Yours" on a blimp? Tell her be free, baby spread your wings  
Got your legs in the sky like a plane, let me guide that, I'm the pilot  
Can't nobody see you, 30 thousand feet  
On your knees in them Prada's, makin' freaky shit come up out her  
Get high baby roll one, cloud nine 'bout to go up  
Lovin' the feelin' the turbulence get when we turn up  
When we land we can roll out  
Show you somethin' you ain't know about  
Tonight we be takin' off flight with a camera to show out I got you in the air, your body in the  
air, how it feel up here?  
You can scream as loud as you want, loud as you can  
And ain't nobody gonna hear  
Would you like it better if I hit the west coast?  
Tell me, if you 'bout that life right now, I hope it ain't talk I can put you in the Mile High Club,  
what's up? Let's take a trip  
Have you ever read "The World Is Yours" on a blimp? Tell her be free, baby spread your wings  
Got your legs in the sky like a plane, let me guide that, I'm the pilot  
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When we land we can roll out  
Show you somethin' you ain't know about  
Tonight we be takin' off flight with a camera to show out Cole World, I got it, I got it, I got it,  
listen  
You need a nigga that's gon' come over and dig you out  
You need a nigga that you know is not gon' run his mouth  
You need a nigga when he done probably gon' put you out  
You need a nigga that's gon' put it in your mouth  
Dick so big it's like a foot is in yo' mouth  
And y'ain't babysitting, but my kids all on yo' couch  
And oh, you nasty, oh, oh, you nasty  
Both graduated so fuck keepin' it classy  
Look, they love me in the Chi like MJ

They love me in the Chi like Oprah  
No nigga could block, not even Dikembe  
Compared to Cole, boy, you're softer than a sofa  
And so far my new shit's so fire, nigga, check my profile  
Who you know make waves in the low tide?  
Deebo'ed yo' bitch, now she both ours  
Nigga, little brown liquor in my liver, pretty brown thing in my bed  
Been a long time since I had to ask for head, so god damn don't make me beg  
But I will if I need to cuh for real, girl, I need you  
I could put you on a flight, we could take off tonight  
If you scared of heights, shit I got a pill I could feed you, Cole  
I can put you in the Mile High Club, what's up? Let's take a trip  
Have you ever read "The World Is Yours" on a blimp?

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>