

Parachute

Upchurch

Whoa, whoa, whoa
Lonely is the only top parachute me I'm comin' back down God dang, everyone comin' at my
throat now
I'm bouta sell all my real estate
Who need a three million dollar house?
Who need a whole damn car collection that goes back to 1948?
I'ma buy a trailer park and put Earnhardt flags in every single window pane
Like ayy-ayy-ayy my life is like a zombie land would be
Strapped up like Call Of Duty in the future blastin' plasma beams
My Chevy's from a galaxy, nobody's human I can see
And I get pulled over by UFO's, moon-rocks in the seat
A hundred years from now I'll be cruisin' in the clouds
A thousand angles in the crowd but for right now
I'm on a lonely rock, hidin' in a lonely spot
Lonely is the only top parachute me I'm comin' back down
Whoa, comin' back down
Whoa, comin' back down
Whoa, lonely is the only top parachute me I'm comin' back down The past three years I've been
climbin', still not tired, I can see the top
Ain't walked into their party yet 'cause I'm from a distance only here to watch
I'm a dark magician to the mental blocks, everywhere is my mental spot
Xfinity with it, my thought process got it's own motherfuckin' routin' box
I'm bulletproof to y'all cyberspace, not co-dependent of a record label
I beat the game, they know I did, check this missed call from these millionaires
Atlantic probably lookin' like they found Atlantis, hand standin' like a human prayin' mantis
Fortnite your whole hill top take the fuckin' glider back to my golden palace
A hundred years from now I'll be cruisin' in the clouds
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I'm on a lonely rock, hidin' in a lonely spot
Lonely is the only top parachute me I'm comin' back down
Whoa, (Parachute me, parachute me) comin' back down (Parachute me, parachute me)
Whoa, (Parachute me, parachute me) comin' back down (Parachute me, parachute me)
Whoa, lonely is the only top parachute me I'm comin' back down The top is no place for me, oh
I've seen it through a scope and they don't know
Yeah, the bottoms where the party's at
Where I can roll up super fat
Get baked in random parkin' lots
Like yeah, yeah, yeah
Mainstreet can't even handle this
I'm good cannabis when you ain't smoked no good since '96
And I stay rollin' up like I'm 2Pac Shakur
Lightin' up to Biggie Smalls, conspiracy theories in the blood A hundred years from now I'll be

cruisin' in the clouds
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>