

# Taking Off

## clipping.

Ski mask on with a burner cell phone  
Desert Eagle 50 cal. imprint on the backbone  
This one is not to be tested  
Unless you got Smith and Wesson  
Quick at your disposal if not  
Better to head back home

This is the business the uniform isn't unusual if you make killing a job  
Money is good when it's coming from behind prison walls for someone who need to get off  
Plus it'll probably be the nine to five and there is time to be outside instead of sitting at a desk and making calls  
And for anyone to stay alive up in the jungle you should probably figure out a way to carry no remorse at all  
All day long it is bombs over Baghdad  
Right in the backyard no service no draft  
No reason to go out  
But it's no reason to stay in  
When the roaches are all raiding  
And your neighbours bumping Black Flag  
Tired of living like this but not ready to die  
Cause he isn't notorious yet

Everyone wants to be somebody know for doing something people call glorious, yes  
So he keep it pushing through the blood and the gunning down of all the people that he knew and loved to just  
run out of time  
And the mantra that is bumping on the Walkman in the pocket probably something that's synonymous to money  
on the mindIt's action  
No time for your planning  
The lifespan like this fuse is too short  
That rocket is taking off  
Taking off, taking off, it's taking off  
Party in the sky  
Thug mansion was real as it turns out  
These gangstas ride rockets  
They taking off, taking off, taking off, they taking offWhat is in the mind of a motherfucking killer when he  
chillin' on the porch with his daughter in his lap, peace  
That man just doing his job fam  
No demons for the damn mean  
And if they live in hell  
They can't bring it to you, you see?  
What's a goon to a goblin?  
Essentially, living in the ghetto cause the rent is cheap  
And the cost of living is the life you living

And the life you living is the nicest giving  
That you ice the living  
That they cry for more of that good poison  
That hood oil  
That cash cow need cash now  
Just add water and back off of what momma taught ya  
Parents just don't understand, apparently always talking to Jesus, please  
The only God here is the Jesus piece they rocking like hipsters rock Jeezy tees, ironic  
Don't you think? Or don't you think about it?  
Stop all the thinking, instincts is how you kill a giant  
They might stocking up rubbers and robbing prisons for taxes  
Death and that shit  
Everyone trying to be the king of this landfill  
Probably get just a hill of bodies, you stand still, you cancelled  
So no settling down, they hit the pedal  
The pen, and then pawn your metal  
You're drowning in exhaustion  
And lost in the smoke is a chokin'  
And unspoken, and human urge, and unprovoked  
It is all good with professional posture  
The thought stirs and murders the motherfucker quicker than notIt's action  
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They taking off, taking off, taking off, they taking offMeet up in the parking lot  
Taking off, sparking up  
Do that shit again  
Meet up in the parking lot  
Taking off, sparking up  
Pass it to a friend  
Got the spaceship in the parking lot  
Spark a lot  
Take it off  
Do that shit again  
Always chill up in the parking lot  
When the block it hot  
Taking off, yaGet fly baby, they die regular  
Don't want to just deteriorate on a cellular level  
The devil is a meddling motherfucker  
That [?] for all these fucking guns  
You can bust into uncles and nieces and cousins going to war

Blowing the score  
Pedalling pedals for more guns than a Scorsese blockbuster  
Bust the block, show stop  
Mustard to mayonnaise  
Make the cars hop scotch  
Soda, pop, cap  
Doesn't [?] a pound of who can rap  
And a pound of who can ball  
And the rest of ya'll  
Welcome to the trap get ready for war  
Welcome to the hood go and cover your head  
For the patron saint Treyvon and bring out your dead  
Ring the alarm under the sound is drowning  
And the beat it banging so hard that you can't get a shout inIt's action  
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Songwriters

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