

Planes (Dj Butcher Bootleg Remix)

[Jeremih](#)

This one goes out to all sides worldwide
Let that play ass nigga thumpy be your guide
As we go on a ride with playa hatin' killers and hood niggas thrive
And lame mo'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 costs
Tell me, baby, if you 'bout that life right now
I hope it ain't tall, 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 guard 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 feel of the turbulence, girl, 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 it Would you like it better
If I hit the west coast?
Tell me, baby, if you 'bout that life right now
I hope it ain't tall, 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"
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When we land we can roll out
Show you somethin' you ain't know about (Cole World)
Tonight we be takin' off flight with a camera to show out I got it, I got it, I got it, listen
You need a nigga that's gonna 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 you 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 a low tide?
Deebo'ed yo' bitch, now she both ours
Nigga, little brown liquor in my liver
Pretty brown thang 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 'cause 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?

Songwriters

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