

Flight School

Lloyd Banks

Let me get my theme music (x2)

'Aye, Let me get my theme music (x2)

Chorus:

Baby, just forget everything that you know

Let's take it all the way back to hello

They say you livin' like you died before

I got a place that only I can go

Let me take you to flight school

(We'll learn to fly)

Let me take you to flight school

(Above all the lights)

You've never been so high, kiss the ground goodbye

And you say, damn baby how did you get that fly?

Flight school

GLC

I got the airplane passes, the aviator glasses

she be lookin fly like aviator classes

so classy, Jacqueline Onassis

used to sneak and move like Ali, Cassius

Massive, like Kennedy's assassin

we was killin time like clocks in the casket

perhaps its time to prevail

I'll show you Gotham City like I'm Christian Bale

I can be Barack and let you be Michelle

Miguel. Gizelle. Dress fresh as hell.

Louis. Gucci. Ye in that pastel

adore Dior, ride down Lake Shore

She felt the vibe, I had to make sure

She felt deprived livin like she died

Slide with a G, now she felt revived

In town for the night, she's somebody wifey

The LE, she never seen these

so the moment i might seize

I done come up out the coma of livin lifes dreams
when you wake up in the morning you join the flight team.

Chorus

Kanye West

I got my superman power, my superman cape

These the last hours, but superman late
The clock is ticking, damn can you wait?
Man, will he come back and save the day?
Fly across the earth, put things in reverse
I wish this life was a movie I could just rehearse
Certain things I can't doctor, and you say I'm the worst
I ain't have enough patients, but I needed a nurse
Got to come by my head let, see if my head ache
Then get my head straight
Then give my head great
Every time I popped up like the VCR
I took your breath away
Then we performed CPR
With all the cars, the clothes, the lights, the boats
I guess I was just trying to sow my royal oats
In the penthouse position,
With penthouse bitches,
See I pimped my crib, so I must exhibit
Shit, these last years been a haze like Issac
So I close my eyes
Tighter than Asian eyes
Get realized
I got the same wings angels fly
With Louie Vutton feathers, now that some fly shit
Chorus

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