

# Get Fly

## Atmosphere

[chorus]

They want us to fight but we just wanna get high  
Work all day all night tryin to get fly  
When I get some money imma buy me some time  
I cant fight your war until I'm finished with mine  
(x2)I used to be mad at the government  
Redirected some of my anger towards the mother ship  
Tryin to guess which shell living hell sleeps under  
When the grand scheme plan keeps all these people wondering  
Why we still runnin in place frustrated  
Pride is mistaken for hate it's upgraded  
I got a little breath left let's suffocate it  
Point at the epiphanies and call 'em all drug related  
The time I spent with my life on bent  
Tryin to find the friends inside my head  
Must have disengaged every phase of the stage  
With my I'm coming I'm coming I'm coming of age  
My unofficial autobio  
Will be accompanied with tips on how to smile  
'cause I found that when they don't see you frown  
They never know that you're a threat and they don't sweat you  
When you come around  
So who's gonna be my next door savior  
Step up to your neighbor and do me a favor  
Take off the mask let it all collapse  
Empty the pack and watch your wings grow back[chorus]society becomes jealousy  
intimacy becomes intensity  
say it with a smile like it's meant to be  
and all of a sudden BOOM American family  
and I could tell when you're mad at your past  
because you tend to take them turns just a little too fast  
I could tell how you pushed your foot on the gas  
that you already knew that you was gonna finish last  
slow it down and take a little time  
to look up at them clouds with that fake silver lining  
up in a tree knowin damn well you'll never reach the top  
but you don't stop, you keep climbing  
well O-K it's settled  
no more nights in this weed and thorn infested meadow

uh uh from this day forth only forward I pedal  
get the memo I'm cutting the strings Geppetto  
shuffle the cards and let's argue  
rooted in between the computer games and cartoons  
stop it watch us all get lost  
between God and a shot of scotch  
let's get fly[chorus]uh huh... gon' work all day work all night  
uh huh... won't fight your war until I'm finished with mine  
uh huh... gonna forward move, gonna buy me some time  
uh huh... I'm cutting your strings and keeping my smile  
(x3)

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