Future, Gone To The Moon

I'm gone to the moon [x3]
I float like balloons
I'm gone to the moon [x3]
I float like balloons

[Verse 1:]
Yeah, I smoke a box of blunts for breakfast
Ay, and I woke up like Hugh Hefner ay
I had to switch her out my old phone
Ay, and I just got back from Tokyo ay
I put spikes on all my chucks now ay
I'm in pluto I ain't coming down ay
And I'm cooking Amy Winehouse ay
And it's stinking up the whole house ay
I been mix matching designs up ay
I get a hundred dollar line up ay
I bought the plasma for the weekend ay
You better see what my little beat in

[Chorus:]
I'm gone to the moon [x3]
I float like balloons
I'm gone to the moon [x3]
I float like balloons

[Verse 2:]
I drunk a gallon of lean (yeah,yeah)
Took a half of a bean (yeah,yeah)
Took shit to the extreme (yeah,yeah)
Young future supreme (yeah,yeah)
I'm chasing that cream (yeah,yeah)
I gliss and I gleam (yeah,yeah)
I popped a machine (yeah,yeah)
I jumped all 8 themes (yeah,yeah)
I went back to cali (yeah,yeah)
Found me a plug (yeah,yeah)
Came to Atlanta (yeah,yeah)
With L.A. bud (yeah,yeah)
You blood and you cuz (yeah,yeah)
Lets get us some guap (yeah,yeah)
Ralph lauren box (yeah,yeah)
Ralph lauren socks (yeah,yeah)
Snapback top (yeah,yeah)
Sit on my locks (yeah,yeah)
These hoes gone jock (yeah,yeah)
They work round the clock (yeah,yeah)
First by the flock (yeah,yeah)
Cooped up in the drop (yeah,yeah)
All this cash (yeah,yeah)
My rubberband pop (yeah,yeah)

[Chorus:]
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I'm gone to the moon [x3]
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[Verse 3:]
Solitary's twinkle (whoa)
Ice way pinkle (whoa)
10 flight pringle all the 10,000 single (whoa)
Drizzed it up the mellie (whoa)
Bag it up the celly (whoa)
Started off with nessie (whoa)

Ended up with nessie (whoa)
I got (brr) and my ear whoa
Got (brr) wrap my neck in the cold
Remix remix like whoa whoa
Got the whole club hollin out whoa whoa
Had to take the trip (whoa)
Million dividends (whoa)
All black lens (whoa)
Cash out on the benz (whoa)
Come through lik skerrrrrrrrrrrrrr on loud
Im always turnin up (whoa whoa)
Ain't gone never turn down
VV'S in my wrist (whoa)
And they smell like fish (whoa)
1 to the sky 5 fingers that's the sixth

[Chorus:]
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