

# Aim for the Moon (feat. Quavo)

## Pop Smoke

(Yeah, haha) Shoot for the stars (woo), aim for the moon  
You ain't cool (I'm feelin' treeshy), 'til I say you cool  
Yeah, yeah, yeahYeah, yeah (oh), yeah, yeah (I'm on Venus)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah (that's why I say woo)  
Yeah, yeah, are you dumb? Look (ooh)You don't know what you started, I pop a Perc', go  
retarded  
I got the drip, it came straight from the faucet  
Mr. Dior-Dior, they know where it started, yeah (oh)  
She wanna Netflix and chill, fuck off the pill  
Go in the store, shop at Dior (oh)  
Come at my crib, take off my shirts  
Pop all my Percs and sleep in my draws  
You talkin' too much, baby, pour up a four  
We both bust a nut, now leave me alone  
When we at Miami, we stay at the Mondrian (oh)  
We pull up then leave in the Cullinan  
Welcome her to the party  
The afterparty's afterparty, then party again (oh)  
Hundred bitches, hardly any men (oh)  
In my room is where the party began  
Let's take a flight to Bora Bora, it's time to catch a tan, look (woo)  
I said free up my niggas that's sentenced,  
Stuck up in the jail (free all my niggas, yeah)  
I could show you how to vibe, but I can't be ya man (yeah, yeah, yeah)  
Uh-huh (no, no, no, yeah)  
Shoot for the stars (shoot, shoot, shoot)  
Aim for the moon (for the moon)  
You ain't cool (you ain't cool), 'til I say you cool  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah (skrrt-skrrt), yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah (skrrt-skrrt), yeah, yeah (yeah, yeah)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (yeah)  
Yeah, yeah (skrrt-skrrt), yeah, yeahYeah, Pop Smoke the woo (Pop)  
I play with the check and it's blue (blue)  
We mobbin' and tyin', no shoe (tie)  
You play with the group, we gon' shoot (shoot)  
He in Dior, I'm in Prada (Prada)  
We rich, we came from the bottom (rich)  
I'm a Migo, I feel like a doctor (Migo)  
Goin' surgical with the new chopper (grrah)  
Five hundred thousand, I'm in flex mode (yeah)  
We got all the work, we make your trap close (trap)

Gang havin' loyalty, we ten toes (ten)  
Nah, nobody givin' up, why would the gang fold? (Yeah)  
We outside, we totin' them bangers  
We not shootin' at strangers (we outside)  
Say what you wanna say  
Long as it ain't us 'cause my niggas gon' hang ya (grrah)  
Look at them young niggas goin'  
Crazy-crazy, man, them niggas too dangerous (crazy)  
We gonna make 'em famous  
The beautiful country got stars and bangers (stars)  
Shoot for the stars, aim for the moon  
You ain't cool 'til I say you cool  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>