

# Takeoff (feat. Kembe X)

Alex Wiley

Uh, its ya boy who you?  
Yeah yeah aye  
The way I feel, aye its like I'm all that shit  
Uh, and the way I feel  
Aye, we don't owe you shit  
Aye aye  
I take a dub of the target  
And cop a whole ass fit, uh  
Cryptic on the phone keep it cautious  
Cause I don't trust that bitch  
Aye aye  
Uh, I'm the affirmationer  
Rap game information age  
Blast on, penetration age  
That's that generation age  
That's that, that's that moving state to state  
But don't nobody give a fuck bout that  
Niggas talk shit but ain't bout that  
You bitch where yo house at?  
Nigga, I don't mean to offend ya  
But you are no contender  
I just came off a bender  
And I am the descendant of gods  
I am the descendant of gods  
So motherfucker just don't be surprised  
When I takeoff, when I take flight  
When I go crazy, when I go dumb  
Bitch I go dumb  
Oooh ooh oooh oh Aye, aye  
Wooooo  
Look it, I'm sittin' crooked, aye  
I hope them coppas don't look at me  
They probably throw the whole book at me  
And I ain't pressing her for pussy, no  
Maybe ducats, aye  
Cause I been living off a dream  
I been sending off and kushin', every minute off of E  
Hope the vibe I'm feeling when I'm giving off it  
Just don't be surprised  
When I takeoff, when I take flight  
When I go crazy, when I go dumb  
Bitch I go dumb

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