

Clouds

DJ Drama

This some boss shit right here, huh!

I wanna kiss your mind, babe
Let's take a walk on a cloud, yeah
Let me taste your thoughts, babe
Let's take a walk on a cloud (DJ Drama, rozay)

Last night I fell asleep counting a million cash
Life wild, I only smile when I see my stash
Large yacht, fast money, she need a slow cruise
Cigar, Ciroc, her nigga old news
Old money always put me on my new shit
Hermes ahead in my to-do list
Rollin' up loud, take a walk in the clouds
Take a look at my niggas, young, rich and we wild
Ain't no bitches allowed, acting like snitchin' in style
Got this gold on my neck, we teachin' new principles now
Startin' the Lotus, revin' the motors
Walk on the clouds, and I'm second to no one

I wanna kiss your mind, babe
Let's take a walk on a cloud, yeah (Oh that's what that feel like, you know)
Let me taste your thoughts, babe (Closet full of thousand dollar shoes and s
hit)
Let's take a walk on a cloud (Feel like you walkin' on clouds huh?)

Just tell 'em courtesy of King Push'
Uh, I got you walkin' on cloud nine, yeah
Your shoe collection now crowds mine
Uh, you only second to my first love, haha
But we'll just refer to her as alpine
Alpina, the B7 on each headin'
Like you ridin' in first class to reach heaven
Woo! Close enough to see the gates open
Waterfront, you don't wonder if the lakes open (Life)
Balconies have you bent over (Love)
Chanel samples being sent over (Uh)
Shit, I swear she was born for me
Right? Just keep it tight and keep it warm for me, Push'

I wanna kiss your mind, babe
Let's take a walk on a cloud, yeah
Let me taste your thoughts, babe (Soon as I heard this one I told Drama I ge
t it right back to 'em)
Let's take a walk on a cloud (That's what we gon' do)

I could never go broke what my name is?
I'm a brand, I'm a man who became rich
New cars, new crib, but I ain't a switch
The same old niggas I been wit'
Got this loot together, same ones gon' spend it
Circle of winners baby girl I done brung you in it
No iPhone pictures, you gotta live off memory
Pop the hood I show you the engine
Roll through my old hood, put you up on my history
Smoke joints with my niggas and cash stunts on them bum ass niggas
I don't deal with, with a caught fire now them suckers catchin' feelin's

But they can't reach us
We in the God ceilings, cathedral-style homes
Rosaries in my Rolls Royce, God put me on
Rollin' somethin' choice, lighten up RAW cones
She never wan' come down, I promise her she won't, yeah

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Let me taste your thoughts, babe
Let's take a walk on a cloud, yeah