

Burning Stuff / Fly Me To The Moon

Rizzle Kicks

Fly me to the moon
Let me play amongst the stars
Let me see what spring is like on jupiter and mars
In other words, please be true
In other words, I love you

Yes,
Soon I'll be shooting the stars like a dude in the car who refuses to ask
Everybody dance now, start moving your arse
I'll make my mark over mars but I'm not dutch, beneath the stars I'm key but I'm not hutch
I'm cool, yeah I'm with it, sitting on the clouds you'd be more than with it
I'm Wicked, been on the ground since brith,
But that's not my philosophy
People say I'm down to earth but, well, that's the last place I wanna be
I want wings, I want jet packs
Gravitys abit of a set-back
Eff-that fly away like Kravits
Hit the bass, hit the plantes

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Yes,
Let's get down to Rizz-ness
Don't other rappers get bored of shou-ting
I use my nozzle, now I'm being booked on moron mountain?
I'm setting the pace man, man waste man
I'm an original I make fans
My jobs to bake brown geeze, Now I chill with stars, like space jam
And my names is Jordan, but my claimed to fame isn't ballin'
While I'll raise my tapes and recording
Step on the stage and the place starts calling
Rizzle, kicks, rizzle, kicks
Yeah we get astronomical reception
So Rizzle, Kicks, sikk? ermm, rhetorical question

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