

Satellite – Bebe Rexha feat. Snoop Dogg

Far beyond region
'Tis the season for pleasin'
What happens here, stays here
Am I loud and clear
Or is the smoke fuckin' with your ear?
Rollin' on the sofa, smoke another bowl
'til I black out
Floatin' on the ceiling,
Sink into the feelin', I'm spinnin' out
Flyin' over Venus, all the space between us
Just melt away
The sweetest dreams are waitin',
Chasin' my temptation to the Milky Way
Last night I got higher than a satellite (ah)
I took a one-way ticket,
It's a one-man mission to paradise (ah)
Last night I got higher than a satellite (ah)
I made a bad decision, baby,
Now I'm startin' to feel alright
Get left or get right
Seatbelt on, prepare to take flight
I'm the captain here, my dear
No veers, just steer, through the atmosphere
DP, GC, weepy, Snoopy, Bebe
More smoke would averse your life
It's private, no more commercial flight (ah)
I'm cool with the Neptunes and Mars
Stratosphere, outta here
What a night, what a year, what a life
Sat her down, sat her right, satellite (ah)
You can get it if the ticket is right
"Long day, afternoon,
We can kick it tonight" (what?)
Yeah, you know I love this shit
But I gotta get back to the mothership
Last night I got higher than a satellite (ah)

I took a one-way ticket,
It's a one-man mission to paradise (ah)
(we can do it again, we can do it again)
Last night I got higher than a satellite (ah)
I made a bad decision, baby,
Now I'm startin' to feel alright
(we can do it again, we can do it again)
Dancin' outside my body,
Don't even try to stop me
Dancin' outside my body,
Ground control, do you copy?
Dancin' outside my body (say what?),
Don't even try to stop me (woah)
Dancin' outside my body (woah)
Dancin' outside my body,
Don't even try to stop me
Dancin' outside my body,
Ground control do you copy? (woah)
Dancin' outside my body,
Don't even try to stop me
Dancin' outside my body (ah)
Last night I got higher than a satellite (ah)
I took a one-way ticket,
It's a one-man mission to paradise
(we can do it again, we can do it again)
Last night I got higher than a satellite
What you thought you was gon'
Get fuckin' with me?



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych