

Brb
Dumbfoundead

Standard tuning

The chords for the whole song are: C Em G Am

Verse 1

C **Em**
Fire up the jet pack, no plans to land or head back.

G **Am**
Stacking bread, jackin cheese off a trap of dead rats

C **Em**
Flap my wings and sweat raps, the captain needs a wet nap.

G **Am**
Get the Zags, and blunt wraps. Grab the swisher gut that

C **Em**
Pack your bags, get some traction blasting off the launch pad.

G **Am**
You might get the ashes on you I don t think you want that

C **Em**
Ain t gotta help me up I did that for my drunk dad,

G **Am**
been there done that I don t need to flaunt that

C **Em**
I m on that grown shit, blow dro smoke spliffs.

G **Am**
Four door space shuttle out the O-zone, shit

C **Em**
I don t fly coach I coach folks on fly-ness.

G **Am**
Boatloads of dope flows, hope flows, the tides in.

C **Em**
Gold touch of Midas post up and light it

G **Am**

Get toasty, stay crispy like a roast duck that s flying.

C **Em**
I m in the sky and I ain t sure when I ll be coming down

G **Am**
Go ahead without me I ll be on the next shuttle out

Chorus

C **Em**
Haven t been home in a minute, so independent

G **Am**
no way to know where I m going.

C **Em**
But Imma be right back,

G **Am**
Imma be right back.

C **Em**
Flown to the limits, always been a mission.

G **Am**
So distant.

C **Em**
I keep missing my flights back,

G **Am**
but Imma be right back.

Repeat troughout the whole song