

**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