

# Parachute

## Upchurch

Whoa, whoa, whoa  
Lonely is the only top parachute me I'm comin' back down God dang, everyone comin' at my  
throat now  
I'm bouta sell all my real estate  
Who need a three million dollar house?  
Who need a whole damn car collection that goes back to 1948?  
I'ma buy a trailer park and put Earnhardt flags in every single window pane  
Like ayy-ayy-ayy my life is like a zombie land would be  
Strapped up like Call Of Duty in the future blastin' plasma beams  
My Chevy's from a galaxy, nobody's human I can see  
And I get pulled over by UFO's, moon-rocks in the seat  
A hundred years from now I'll be cruisin' in the clouds  
A thousand angles in the crowd but for right now  
I'm on a lonely rock, hidin' in a lonely spot  
Lonely is the only top parachute me I'm comin' back down  
Whoa, comin' back down  
Whoa, comin' back down  
Whoa, lonely is the only top parachute me I'm comin' back down The past three years I've been  
climbin', still not tired, I can see the top  
Ain't walked into their party yet 'cause I'm from a distance only here to watch  
I'm a dark magician to the mental blocks, everywhere is my mental spot  
Xfinity with it, my thought process got it's own motherfuckin' routin' box  
I'm bulletproof to y'all cyberspace, not co-dependent of a record label  
I beat the game, they know I did, check this missed call from these millionaires  
Atlantic probably lookin' like they found Atlantis, hand standin' like a human prayin' mantis  
Fortnite your whole hill top take the fuckin' glider back to my golden palace  
A hundred years from now I'll be cruisin' in the clouds  
A thousand angles in the crowd but for right now  
I'm on a lonely rock, hidin' in a lonely spot  
Lonely is the only top parachute me I'm comin' back down  
Whoa, (Parachute me, parachute me) comin' back down (Parachute me, parachute me)  
Whoa, (Parachute me, parachute me) comin' back down (Parachute me, parachute me)  
Whoa, lonely is the only top parachute me I'm comin' back down The top is no place for me, oh  
I've seen it through a scope and they don't know  
Yeah, the bottoms where the party's at  
Where I can roll up super fat  
Get baked in random parkin' lots  
Like yeah, yeah, yeah  
Mainstreet can't even handle this  
I'm good cannabis when you ain't smoked no good since '96  
And I stay rollin' up like I'm 2Pac Shakur  
Lightin' up to Biggie Smalls, conspiracy theories in the blood A hundred years from now I'll be

cruisin' in the clouds  
A thousand angles in the crowd but for right now  
I'm on a lonely rock, hidin' in a lonely spot  
Lonely is the only top parachute me I'm comin' back down  
Whoa, (Parachute me, parachute me) comin' back down (Parachute me, parachute me)  
Whoa, (Parachute me, parachute me) comin' back down (Parachute me, parachute me)  
Whoa, lonely is the only top parachute me I'm comin' back down

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>