

Still Fly (Big Tymers cover) (Album)

The Devil Wears Prada

What's up Fresh, it's your turn baby
Gator Boots, with a pimped out Gucci suit
Ain't got no job, but I stay sharp
Can't pay my rent, cause all my money's spent
But that's okay, cause I'm still fly
Gotcha car play gems on shine, said it's mine, get a mink, baby girl lets ride
You the Number 1 stunna, and we're gonna glide
And go straight to the mall, and turn out the inside
Prowler Gucci full length leather, Bourbons cooler, Gucci sweater
Twenty inches pop my feather, The Bird man daddy,
I fly in any weather
Alligator seats with the head in the inside
Swine on the dash, G-Wagon so Fly
Number 1 don't tangle and twist
When it come to these cars I am that fella
The Gucci with the matching interior
Three wheel ride with the tire in the middle
It's Fresh and stunna and we like brothers,
We shine like paint
Daddy this our summer
Gator Boots, with a pimped out Gucci suit
Ain't got no job, but I stay sharp
Can't pay my rent, cause all my money's spent
But that's okay, cause I'm still fly
Got a quarter tank gas in my new E-class
But that's alright cause I'm gonna ride
Got everything in my momma's name
But I'm hood rich da dada dada da
Have you ever seen the crocodile seats in the truck?
Turn around and sit it down and let em' bite your butt
See, the steering wheel is Fendi, dashboard Armani,
With your baby momma, player, is where you can find me
Pushing through the parking lot on 24's Cadillac Escalade with the chromed out nose
With the navigation arrow headed straight to IHOP
Aunt Jemima really love me cause my syrup is so hot
Put the Caddy up, Start the 3 wheel Benz
Hyper white lights, ultra violet lens
Sumitomo tires and they gotta be run flat
T.V., where the horn go, boy can you top that?
Ima show you some, rookie press that button
The trunk went Eh-eh and all of a sudden
Four 15's didn't see no wire's, and then I heard 'boom' from the amplifiers
Oh! Let me slide in the Benz with the

fished out fins
Impala Loud pipes, Bringing the mayhem
It's the birdy birdy man I'll do it again
In the Cadillac truck 24's with 10's
Looking at my Gucci it's about that time
Six rad dudes flying in at nine
New Suburban truck with paint job showin'
Black and White and Red and Gold and
Bodies on the Roadster Lexus You know with that hard top beamer
Momma that's your truck
I'm coming up the hood been lovely
Open up the top and I wake up the bubbly
430 lex with convertible top
The rims keep spinnin' every time I stop
I got a superman Benz that I scored from Shaq
With a old school Caddy with a diamond in the back Gator Boots, with a pimped out Gucci suit
Ain't got no job, but I stay sharp
Can't pay my rent, cause all my money's spent
But that's OK, cause I'm still fly
Got a quarter of tank gas in my new E-class
But that's alright cause I'm gon' ride
Got everything in my momma's name
But I'm hood rich da dada dada da

Songwriters

THOMAS, BYRON O. / WILLIAMS, BRYAN Published by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>