

I'm So Fly

Lloyd Banks

Yee, ayo 50

They only do it like us nigga, yee I'm so fly, I got money so that's a good enough reason

To buy the things I buy

I'm so high, I'm on point and I can tell that you jealous

By the look in your eye

When I ride by, I don't care, G-Units goin' straight

To the top this year

Nigga, I'm so fly and I got money so that's a good enough reason

To buy the things I buy Banks is fresh out the gutta to smooth to stutta

His cig will melt a riva like 2 scoops of butta

Before I leave the crib I tell my mother I love her

Grab the burna 'cuz she ain't concerned 'cuz he's a earner

My bitch lays it out real nice for me to murda

Fight, wake up n' fuck like Ike 'n' Tina Turner

It's a privilege to ride with a celeb

'Cuz them girls over three don't got a problem given head Paranoia is on ya that's why your mama's in your bed

Fuck a rare chinchilla and bossin' mama for ya head

Where the block I'm from niggas be damn near 40 and still tuckin'

And niggas baby mama is pregnant and still fuckin'

It's either 'cuz their boyfriend is a scrub like brillow

Or 'cuz banks is cooler than the other side of the pillow

The chronic is blown for my niggas that got locked up and deported

And now they gotta go back home I'm so fly, I got money so that's a good enough reason

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To buy the things I buy Don't confuse me with these suckas 'cuz when I spit

You hear more ouus, then a skip to my lil' move at the rucka

Thank God for given Banks the gift, you think that bandana

Makes you look gangsta but all I see is a handkerchief

Nigga there's no one out the click that freeze us

Believe that 'cuz I ain't scared of shit but Jesus

Look dawg I don't roam with the poodles

Difference is I'm eating in Rome and you eatin' Roman noodles Ya boys corrupt kid, Banks will send a bitch to the store

Just for a piece of cheesecake like puff did

You jokes cant afford these homes
Look around I got 40 clones now look down that's 40 stones
And that's only in the necklace
I'm bony and I'm reckless there's Tony in a Lexus
I'm fresh out the gutta scrap whatcha man thought
I'm in the hood with more straps than a Jan sport I'm so fly, I got money so that's a good enough reason
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To buy the things I buy When I travel I know I'm gonna get stuck
'Cuz they harass us in the airport like I'm the ones that's blowin' shit up
I got the patience of a high school teacher
And a bright future, why the fuck would I have a bomb on my sneaker
Will the goody girls back of us, my heart's colder than Jack Frost is
We pack shows and attract bosses
Black clothes and my black forces
A black rose for a rats coffin, blowin' O's in that black coffin Blowin' the road and I'm back flossin'
No one knows how much that's costin'
Fuck ass only the green moves me
I got a clean Uzi a pair of gloves and a mask from the scream movie
So if your plottin' on poppin' off, sceem smoothly
Or get a little red spatter on ya cream coogy
My name ring each state
So you ain't gotta go all the way to L.A. to get your MC eight I'm so fly, I got money so that's a good enough
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