

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
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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
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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
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