Supafly

CB Automatic

Hey yo who's up in here
[Incomprehensible]We smashing thousand be the head of the class an'
Rollin thru ya party with the stereo blastin' we creepin'
It's bin' seven since last weekend
Everybody in the club freekin'
And in the corner, I can see ya standin' there
Black jacket an' long hair we've been exchanging stares
An' I know ya, an' what'cha thinkin' yeah right
Wearin' ya clothes air-tight at the club every night an'
Don'tcha know that brothers don't like the girls
That be into the guys that be tellin' them lies 'n' listen here hun
Life's more than this
Ya tryin' to tell me thatcha never get bored of this?
Yo, check this who you eyein' up for ya set list
Frontin' with ya fake gold necklace
Not respected, an' yet ya wonderin' why
Seen the gleam in ya eyes, as soon as ya spotted the dollar sign
Girl what's next? Who you hittin' up for the rolex?
Brothers need to clear their specs
Boy ya gettin' gamed on, thinkin' she loves you 'an' all that
Need to get it all back, move on an' step off that
She's the wrong type, but same goes for females
'Cuz' guys be spittin' lies, not tellin' the details
In the fine print, baby girl, don't sweat it
One of these days you'll regret it
And yo, the moral of the story is
Dogs and cats are notorious, for gettin' funny around cash money
So lesson learned, an' ya playin' with fire get burned
Respect yourself, peace, kid hope ya learned
You think ya somethin' more ya so superfly
To the fact you're blind, you're so empty inside
It's hard for me to get this through to you
To the fact ya blind, baby, blind, baby
You think ya somethin' more ya so superfly
To the fact you're blind, you're so empty inside

It's hard for me to get this through to you
To the fact ya blind, baby, blind, baby why?
Release these sundance kid

Yo the rap villain, man for real and
Peeps catchin' feelin's of the lyrical caps that I'm peeling
Makin' noise y'all, me an' my krutch boys y'all, stand tall
'Cuz yo we ain't never gonna fall, man forget that
Yo, we'll keep constantly comin' right back
Like christ when he rose on the third
Strikin' ya nerves take ya down, down, like Titanic to icebergs
If ya messin' with a girl for her curves
And yo, ya might be, you think ya somethin' high and mighty
Might be that you be frontin'
Most likely, no doubt, money be singin' the same song
Respect yourself hun, it's the 34th Psalm
And sometimes I feel, so unbreakable
I'm so forsakeable, I'm shattered
And things aren't as they seem
They're so in between, they're so make believe that it's unreal
And wake me up when things are better
'Cuz I can't take much more of this and take these rags
But leave my comfortable sweater
Leave me alone, leave me alone, alone, alone, alone
You think ya somethin' more ya so superfly
To the fact you're blind, you're so empty inside
It's hard for me to get this through to you
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