Young Fly Flashy

Lloyd Banks

L's from every corner steam up
Told myself just 10 more years and I should be clean
But I'm a fiend, smoke so much purple I shit green
Bitches tryin to Face Time naked, I need a split screen
Top dollar to the mechanics so the Beamer's sit mean
I give you six or seven hundred, I can dream of 16
69 never! Ma you gon' do me and I'm done
See you gon' find better, see if I mind I'm not the one
Bougie hoes blitzin, they sprintin when they get my calls
Look at y'all trickin, same piss different stall
Me I'm never slippin, it's pimpin when I get involved
I'm lookin like chicken, they hungry and you give of course
Cold cash triple Porsche, another nigga lost
A low pass get exhaust, a hoe's ass isn't yours
Bullshit on my line, the sour got me gettin by
The best you can find, I feel like I'm in the sky
Old school Impala spoken, s'a lil' momma open
O.G. by the pound I puff, I'm never tired of smokin
We gon' light up all the shit until it's re-up time
Coppin chronic so long, the weed dealer can read my mind
Shorty hawkin, she'll be with the team in time
Fattest ass I ever seen, she done made a demon bomb
Pulled up on her smoother than the magazine I seen her on
Music up loud, cause I ain't got to beep the horn
[Chorus: x2]
I'm a young high, dumb fly, gettin money nigga
Nigga dumb high, young fly, gettin money nigga
I'm, I'm a young, I'm a a young, I'm a young...
... nigga dumb high, young fly, gettin money nigga
Uh! Thirty bottles later and I'm stumblin out; bitches with me
Ass and titties comin out the nightclub like Mahala House
I know I'm in trouble, cause she moppin from the passenger
I think I'm seein double, their asses'll back the traffic up
Funny thing - I'm thinkin 'bout money while it's happening
My passion, she took it all down, don't need a napkin
Ask me if I give a fuck if I'm a see her again
I ain't your friend, I ain't got a pot to pee in or lend
Bitch I'm a young fly, dumb high, stuntin #1 guy
Rich nigga, swim tides, G'd 'em both in one ride

Risk taker; I'm a need you to take a chance
Close your don't know nuttin mouth up while I lead you with the plan
Plenty more on deck hoe I don't need you I'm just sayin
This the perfect spot for both you and you ain't gon' get there playin
What's my name? Mr. I Don't Love Her, leave her when I fuck
What's my aim? Spend that [?] remaining evening with these bucks[Chorus: w/ minor variations]
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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