

We Fly High

Jim Jones

We fly high, no lie, you know this
Foreign rides, outside, it's like show biz
We stay fly, no lie and you know this
Hips and thighs, oh my, stay focused
Ya boy gettin? paper, I buy big cars
I need fly rides just to drive in my garage
Stay sky high, fly wit the stars
G4 flights, 80 grand large
So we lean wit it, pop wit it
Vertical Jones, mean wit the top missin?
I?m sayin? clean wit the bottom, kit it
I hopped out, saggy jeans and my rock glisten
But I spent about 8 grand
Mami on stage doin? the rain dance
She let it hit the floor, made it pop
Got my pedal to the floor screamin?, ?F*** the cops!?
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Hips and thighs, oh my, stay focused
Here tonight, could be gone tomorrow
So I speed through life like there's no tomorrow
100 Gs worth of ice on the Audemars
And we in the streetlife till they call the law
I made the whip get naked
While I switch gears, ***** lookin? at the bracelet
Step out, show me what you all about
Flashbacks of last night of me ballin? out
1 am, we was at the club
2 am, ten bottles of bub
About 3 somethin? I was thinkin' about grub
So I stumbled to the car, threw the drinks and the drugs
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I keep 20 in the pocket
You talk a buck 80 if the Bentley is the topic
But of course gotta fly the spur

To the hood and roll dice on side the curb
Now I know a G a bet may sound absurd
Drive 80 up Lennox ?cause I got a urge
The rap game like the ***** game
Lifestyle rich famous, livin? in the fast lane
So when I bleep shorty bleep back
Louis Vuitton belt where I'm keepin' all the heat strapped
I beat the trail over Rucker
All guns loaded in them back mother*****
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You ***** need to stay focused
When you?re dealin? wit a motha***** G
You know my name, Jones, One Eye, Capo Status
All the above mother*****
It's Dipset Byrd Gang we born to fly
Y'all know the rules, fall back or fall back
Somebody tell my ***** Summer I?m lookin? for her
Ya dig? Another day another dollar, the fast life *****
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