Fly Away

Jonathan FritzÃ©n

[Baby]
Hey
Wassup pimp?
Birdman motha fucker!

[Baby] + (TQ)
The financial adviser of this get money game
It's stunna the big money man
So loosen up your strings cause you can get shot
The Crystal absolute on the rocks (on the rocks)
Ey nigga I gotta stay fly money
No baseball player I got the a-ride money
I go to Jamaica homie and ball like a dog (ball like a dog)
The leaf that sticky homie and fog up the car (fog up the car)
It's nothing to the icky icky Harlem world sticky sticky
Fifty fifty a gram raw cut dilly
Got minks on my body cause it cost too much (cost too much)
250 on the bird had to frost me up
See these gangstas pimps and thugs make the world go round (gangstas, pimps and thugs)
Ride for uptown and till they lay you down
Birdman with them big chips with the bird lady and the benzes (benzes)

[Chorus: TQ]
It's the fly away
Fly fly away
Or you can hit the highway
That's the only way that we do it
Love when we do it
Fly away, fly away
Fly away, fly away
Cause we gon get you high today
I know you wanna see how we do it
You know how we do it
Fly away, fly away

[Baby (TQ)]
So get your stock up nigga
Get our brains rapped right
The hood fucked up cause the nigga changed like

The birdman daddy keeps the bricks taped tight
A hundred of them things got my chips same night
Pull up in the Bentley with them skinny ass tires
Ice all over cause a nigga so fly (so fly)
? and i'm doing what i'm doing
If them clubs gone pop i'm getting straight to em
Nothing on chain put them dubs on the thangs
Wipe a nigga down bitch give a nigga brains (wipe a nigga down bitch give a nigga brains)
Call a nigga changed ma wash a nigga range
Bird baby down with them cardier frames
Gucci from head to toe and stunna my name
Make winter weather and that's my thang
I'm iced up nigga smoke pounds of dro
And I'm labeled as a pimp and I mack a hoe
biatch!

[Chorus: TQ]
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[Baby (TQ)]
It's the world wide callin' and the boss of the ballin'
The hood rich nigga money tall as all
The youngers of 20 cheerin' and nobody starvin'
Nobody borrowin' cause nobody starvin'
Ey ey TQueezy! the dro man callin'
Get it in the jar Jeff pense is callin'
Buy ounce, buy pound, buy enough for the rounds by mouth
Cause ya know how it's going down
Dro party with the magnolia chicks
Smoke just fly nobody givin' lips
They all on the floor cause the brains is flying
On the outside it's just them 20 inch tyres
Bentley, lexus, lams & vets
Them ragtop guccis with the smitt n wess
Got the old school caddie's and them new school too

Platinum mouth niggaz and them gold mouth too
biatch!

[chorus: TQ]
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Fly away, fly away
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I know you wanna see how we do it
You know how we do it
Fly away, fly away

[voice]
The birdman bitch
coming to a city near you
now how you luv that nigga
now I know what this is
you know what you need to do?
you need to look on the back of your cd cover
and get that sticker for the mom burberry g-nites
You want to come pick them up? come pick them up on 6 and magnolia
and holla at ya boy c-ya?
you understand?
and we gon holla at ya another time
holla! biatch!

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