

Fly Away

Steve Lukather and Edgar Winter

[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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[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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