

No Fly Zone

Trick Trick, Royce da 5'9" & K. Young

"But how much longer must we share in the masquerade
Could've known it's just a silly little game we play"

Yeah

Okay

What up though

Trick Trick

Nickel

Blade said what up nigga

My city no fly zone guy

Your clearance papers are waiting to be approved

Ha ha, BMB

Trick Trick

Okay

Hey

I'm just a phone call away

Come here without permission I won't hear shit you gotta say nigga

I created these laws so I enforce 'em

All we're coming for is our portion

They don't wanna do what we tell 'em so we force 'em

With the face full of Timbs and Air Forces

Get dead worse than a ho bitch in a foursome

I treat you like the Catholic church treat an abortion

We call it respect, you call it extortion

The big dogs out, put the little ones on the porches

This ain't my city, nigga this my fortress

And the kings been in corners in the 'Vettes and 4-door Porsches

We don't bust guns, we blow torches

Fire from the tip of these bitches for you informants

Cause it's important willing to risk seeing the warden

Or leaving your kids to be orphans

Gatekeeper

And we rolling, always smoking

Fuck your mama, fuck your hoes

If you ain't getting me what I want

My niggas hide in bandannas and sneak up on you

Like aye, we do or die

Cause this is no fly zone, call it a suicide

You should've made a phone call

You would've been alright, alright

I'm a Rock City boss player
Strictly sportswear chain wearer from the Northland Fairlane era
Now I'm just an OG, tell the crew to proceed
To grow weed with no seeds then then go pick up the proceeds
Product of no sleep, started the car then bought up the whole fleet
No problem cause I've been balling since '03
I'm impregnating my bitch left from right, her belly been showing
I'm high off life, they're like, "yeah, I bet he been stoned"
I took the shoes off the whip, now I'm tip-toeing
Through your hood with gold feet, you can call me Freddy Flintstone
I set the bar high like the coliseum roof
Ain't no I in team man no U in Trick, Hex, Blade
OCB, me, and Proof, nigga we the we it crew
We it, we up crew, we it
We on that Michigan state bitch, D Smith
'Fore your plane hit the runway we better hear these here
And we rolling, always smoking
Fuck your mama, fuck your hoes
If you ain't getting me what I want
My niggas hide in bandannas and sneak up on you
Like aye, we do or die
Cause this is no fly zone, call it a suicide
You should've made a phone call
You would've been alright, alright
As of here by the people
Detroit has officially become a no fly zone
Thank you for your cooperation
Flight 472 has been delayed
Please see the representative at the counter for details
"it's just a silly little game we play"

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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