

Still Fly

Big Tymers

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

What's up, Fresh? It's our turn, baby
Gator Boots, with the pimped out Gucci suit
Ain't got no job but I stay sharp
Can't pay my rent 'cause all my money's spent
But that's okay 'cause I'm still fly
Gotcha car play gems on shine
Said it's mine, get a mink, baby girl, let's ride
You da Numba 1 stunna and we gonna glide
And go straight to the mall and turn out the inside
Prowler Gucci full length leather
Bourbons cooler, Coogi sweater
Twenty inches pop my feather
The Birdman daddy, I fly in any weather
Alligator seats with the head in the inside
Swine on the dash, G-Wagon so Fly
Numba 1, don't tangle and twist
When it come to these cars, I am that fella
The Gucci with the matching interior
3 wheel ride with the tire in the middle
It's Fresh and stunna and we like brothers
We shine like paint daddy, this our summer
Gator Boots with the pimped out Gucci suit
Ain't got no job but I stay sharp
Can't pay my rent 'cause all my money's spent
But that's okay 'cause I'm still fly
Got a quarter tank gas in my new E-class
But that's alright 'cause I'm gon' ride
Got everything in my momma's name
But I'm hood rich, da, dada, dada, da
Have you ever seen the crocodile seats in the truck?
Turn around and sit it down and let em' bite yo' butt
See, the steering wheel is Fendi, dashboard Armani
With your baby momma, playa is where you can find me
Pushing through the parking lot on 24's Cadillac
Escalate with the chromed out nose
With the navigation arrow headed straight to I-hop
Aunt Jamima really loves me 'cause my syrup is so hot
Put the Caddy up, start the 3 wheel Benz
Hyper white lights, ultra violet lens
Sumitomo tires and they gotta be run flat
TV where the horn go, boy, can you top that?
I'm a show you some, rookie press that button

The trunk went, eh, eh and all of a sudden
4 15's didn't see no wire's and then I heard boom from the amplifiers
Breakdown
Let me slide in the Benz with
the fished out fins
Impala loud pipes, drinking that Hen
It's the birdy, birdy man I'll do it again
In the Cadillac truck 24's with 10's
Looking at my Gucci, it's about that time
6 bad broads flying in at 9
New suburban truck with the paint job showing
Up and down and up they go
And bodies on the Roadster Lexus
You know with that hardtop beamer
Mommy, that's your truck
I'm coming up the hood been lovely
New shoes on the whip and I wake up the bubbly
430 lex with convertible top
The rims keep spinning every time I stop
I got a superman Benz that I scored from Shaq
With a old school Caddy with a diamond in the back
Gator Boots with the pimped out Gucci suit
Ain't got no job but I stay sharp
Can't pay my rent 'cause all my money's spent
But that's okay 'cause I'm still fly
Got a quarter tank gas in my new E-class
But that's alright 'cause I'm gon' ride
Got everything in my moma's name
But I'm hood rich, da, dada, dada, da

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