

Fly Boy (Remix) (feat. Mike Jones)

Lil' Flip

[Lil' Flip]

Hey pimpin' (hey pimpin')

Them diamonds you wearin' (which ones?)

Them yellow diamonds (oh these?)

They ain't real yellow diamonds homie (how you know?)

Them treated diamonds playa, haha

I'm baaacckk[Hook]

I'm a fly boy

I'm a I'm a fly boy

I'm a fly boy

I'm a I'm a fly boy

I'm a fly boy

I'm a I'm a fly boy

Save all the talkin' cause you blowin' my high boy (Aye, aye, aye)[Verse 1]

You see my paint (you see my paint)

Nigga you see my whip (you see my whip)

On twenty-siiiixes, bitch you know it's Flip

I got my stunna shades (I got my stunna shades)

I got my game tight (I got my game tight)

I fly G-5's, I don't have to change flights (haha)

Oh yes, the chest got VVS (VVS)

So many drugs I can open up a CVS (come get it)

Gucci flip flops (Gucci flips flops)

Gucci tank top (Gucci tank top)

'Fore my patna Screw I pour a lil' drank out (rest in peace)

Who flyer than me? (you?)

Who higher than me? (stop)

I'm gettin' head like Shawna ??

I'm supplyin' the streets, it ain't no denyin' a G (nope)

Look I'm the first one (wit what?), wit platinum on his teeth cause[Hook 2x][Verse 2]

When I pull up all them hoes be

Tryin' to leave the club

Will they smoke some bud wit us?

Good girls like thug niggas

Po' nigga, I dare any one of y'all to try me

Even when I take a shit that pistol right by me (which side?)

I'll be, grindin' til they put my body in a tomb

Screens in my whip, bigger than the ones that's in your living room (yeah)

Candy paint shined up, twenty cars lined up (ooohh-weeee)

And they all cost bra (how much?) triple your house dawg (haha)
Call me Flip or 'Flipperachi' call me anythin' but broke
All I need is V12 nigga I can cook coke (yeah)
I'm the number one fly boy you peepin' out my chain (bling!)
I'm at the strip club, makin' hundreds rain cause[Hook (2x)][Verse 3]
Yo my Chevy ridin' high boy
Twelve hundred dollar shades on my eyes boy
Twelve thousand dollar blades on my ride boy
Four 18's got me soundin' like a quire boy, haha
I slow the car down and speed it up
Hey chump, I slowed your broad down and beat it up, haha
So don't be playin' wit a G shawty
Cause I can make you disappear for a G shawty
They always talk about the kid in the street shawty
The kid got more beef than the meat market, let me park it
Cause I don't trust valet wit my keys
Let's make a bet for 50 large, who flyer than me? nobody[Hook]

Songwriters

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