Fly Shit

Philthy Rich

[Featuring: Lloyd][Intro:]Young Lloyd
Aye Holiday we got one
Zone 6, East Atlanta
Stand up
Aye baby you know I'm a raise this motherfuckin cock house
Don't spend nothing in my shit
[Bridge:]I ain't makin this shit up, ho I ain't Maybeline
I got some shit off in my cup that's gonna make ya lean
I told er cool it, please don't make a scene
'Cause I'm a fool with it, this is every day for me
[Chorus:]She want that fly shit (fly shit, fly shit)
Expensive clothes and diamonds (diamonds, diamonds)
Just remember you in my shit (my shit my shit)
If you don't like the ruse then bye bitch (bye bitch, bye bitch)
[Verse 1:]Higher than a pilot, fresher than a stylist
You a bad bitch, I'm a take you to a island
Across the watch game, give the daughters real ballin
If you a grown mane then why you actin all childish?
Bought a new Bentley, I don't even gotta drive it
Parked outside so I jumped inside it
Life fuck out it, the seats can't hide
Probly just flash, smoke a clitch with the pilot
Head so good that will keep me smiling
Forge another rim so I keep on flyin
So as a boss so I keep on divin
And Too Short told me to keep on rhyming
2 Pac taught me to keep on riding
Biggest boss says yo mama be cryin
Owe me buddy and you keep on lyin
I'm a grab my good, I'm a keep on firin
Ball so hard I can touch the sky
I can't even lie, I don't wanna leave I
Goon came in and you tune up yo chain
Fuck them niggas I'm a keep on mine
Your girl so fly and she gonna know why
I ain't gonna tell you, remember one time
Slide in with me, you can come in free
You can stand and freeze in that long ass line

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[Verse 2:]Runnin down the criss and the Bentley move something
Little hand choppa and the big weed goin
Born by myself, I don't need no one
If you don't got no enemies, make you some
Sometime buddy can make you dumb
Run it on yo head, better get yo gun
Broke ass nigga can't even make bun
I don't trust that bitch, money make er cum
Flyin to the nigga, tryna go to the park
Smokin on kush like fuck my lungs
None of these hoes can't meet my mom
At the end of the day you want a sucka son
Love as like I don't so I feel like frontin
I ain't never ever had so much fun
500$ gun and a million on jewels
And I whip yo ass up like you jumped in the pool
Feeds wanna get me just like Ja Rule
Five ass bitches, that deja-vu
Wutchu gonna do with no scrubs on you?
And kicks so fly, got a birds eye view
Gucci 2 times, 2 times times 2
All this money can't fit in these troops
This a T neck so my neck hurt too
But I pity the fool tryna try my crew
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