

You Ain't Fly

The Roots

You ain't fly

You ain't fly

You ain't fly

So go 'head, witcha self I'm just playin the wall, I'm just playin the wall

Coolin with my niggaz on the right, hold tight

Late Friday night strobelight shine bright blind

Coolin at this party with the sugars on my mind

It's the sex patrol, the sex patrol

Yeah the young sis was stacked wicked, wanted me to kick it

Said I never dance, made advance outside

Took a glance to expect, Shorty was correct

So it seemed, her name Shavon, age seventeen

I flipped when I seen her eyes, bloodshot green

She said she wanted riches and a nigga with cash

Lex Land' or a Path', didn't know the half

I react to flip the script and get ill

My man Malik B kept telling me to relax

Diggin how you're livin on some unreal high

As I realize -- you're not that fly You ain't fly

You ain't fly

You ain't fly

So go 'head, witcha self Dig it, you see sisters is thinkin that I snooze

She must don't know, I have a sister confused

Thinkin that she's pretty and saditty when I spill

She said, 'I might, I think I can, alright I will.'

Tossed up was the digits cause the game is like splendor

I said, 'Sabrina yea, I met you way back in Decemberyou remember.'

She said, 'I guess.'

Substitute to Santa, she was sittin on the desk

And then she said, 'You never called meMailk you never tried to press

You never tried to push the seven buttons and address.'

I said, 'Hold up sis -- you're out of order, man you lost it

My name ain't JakeMalik's no Flake that's Frosted.'

Tryin to cause a scene Sabrina's rest is self-redeemed

She thought she was cute, but never made it on my team

I should beam up, about-face fall out

And don'tcha even dare to ask why -- because you're not that fly You ain't fly

You ain't fly

You ain't fly

So go 'head, witcha selfMmmmmm strollin in my Pumas down the avenue

Not token on a J, not sippin on a brew

Saw a soul sister on the streets of five-two

'MMM, my name's Question, ummmm, who are you?'

She didn't respond, she didn't respond

?*MUFFLED VOICE*?-- Continue on

Thought to myself, should of said a little louder

Bet hurry up before she gets lost in the crowd of

'Excuse me Miss, excuse me miss'

'No, I'm not havin it!' I just got dissed

I didn't get mad, was calm and collect

I didn't call her bitch, I didn't break her neck

Start to wonder why the brothers disrespect the cutie

It's a place of 180's and the high-priced floozie

As she walked away, man I couldn't deny

Started lying to myself, man she wasn't that flyYou ain't fly

You ain't fly

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So go 'head, witcha selfBlack, butter umm that's what I be

Had to tell a girl to set her mind free

Use the Third Eye possibly you will see

What you get, with material objects

Wanna be the envy of the whole projects gettin loot

Pretty in your cute limited Express suit

Baby I can see everything you wanna be

See you're gamin as a key to escape poverty

Known to be shown around, sport about her niggaz

Thinkin you a woman cause your ass got bigger

Kickin it to me as if I don't know the time

But I'm the BlackThought, I'm all up in your mind

I figure you the kind to say, 'Give me a call'

But then switch to act strange, countin on my change

Pay to the order of who?Not you

Why? You're not THAT flyYou ain't fly

You ain't fly

You ain't fly

So go 'head, witcha self

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