

# Fly

## 2 Brothers on the 4th Floor

I came to win, to fight, to conquer, to thrive  
I came to win, to survive, to prosper, to rise  
To fly, to fly  
I wish today it will rain all day  
Maybe that will kinda make the pain go away  
Trying to forgive you for abandoning me  
Praying but I think I'm still an angel away  
Angel away, yeah strange in a way  
Maybe that is why I chase strangers away  
They got their guns out aiming at me  
But I become near when they aiming at me  
Me, me, me against them  
Me against enemies, me against friends  
Somehow they both seem to become one  
A sea full of sharks and they all smell blood  
They start coming and I start rising  
Must be surprising, I'm just surmising  
I win, thrive, soar, higher, higher, higher  
More fire  
I came to win, to fight, to conquer, to thrive  
I came to win, to survive, to prosper, to rise  
To fly, to fly  
Everybody wanna try to box me in  
Suffocating every time it locks me in  
Paint they own pictures, then they crop me in  
But I will remain where the top begins  
'Cause I am not a word, I am not a line  
I am not a girl that can ever be defined  
I am not fly, I am levitation  
I represent an entire generation  
I hear the criticism loud and clear  
That is how I know that the time is near  
See we become alive in a time of fear  
And I ain't got no motherfucking time to spare  
Cry my eyes out for days upon days  
Such a heavy burden placed upon me  
But when you go hard your nay's become yea's  
Yankee Stadium with Jay's and Kanye's  
I came to win, to fight, to conquer, to thrive

I came to win, to survive, to prosper, to rise  
To fly, to fly  
Get ready for it, get ready for it, get ready for it  
I came to win  
Get ready for it, get ready for it, get ready for it  
I came to win, to fight, to conquer, to thrive  
I came to win, to survive, to prosper, to rise  
To fly, to fly

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