

# So Fly

## The Yay Boyz

Yeah, welcome to tha Church, Volume II  
Exclusive 213  
Got my nephew Nate Dogg in da house  
Nate Dogg holla at 'em, where you at?  
Ridin' in my car  
And I'm listening to the radio  
I'm listening to a sad girl sing  
Sing about how she got her heart broke  
You were reaching for stars  
I just want me something natural  
When you're alone it gets mighty cold  
Don't act as if you did not know  
She let me play with her heart  
I'm working late I said, "I'll soon be home"  
All the while the girl was home alone  
Let me tell you what she crying for, why? 'Cuz I'm fly  
Yeah, he super sly, Nate Dogg  
Ohh ohh ohh I'm fly, yeah  
You know he supa sly  
But me I'm supa dupa and I'm supa dupa fly  
I'd be the great at this I know you waited this  
And I wanted this to be elaborate and so strenuous  
And then you just slide by and wiz-ave  
You on another piz-age, is that the way you gon' be-hiz-ave?  
I know you're feeling all hurt inside  
But won't you talk to a playa? Let me help out your pride  
I'm like a counselor, a pastor, a priest or a physchologist  
A shrink, on a freak, peep my technique  
And I wear minks, gator boots  
And I'm the rip that gets the loot  
And I ain't afraid to shoot  
And I love to toot toot  
Beep beep as I slide up the street  
I'm from the LBC and I don't know what y'all done heard about me  
But I'm a C-R-I-P with some P-I-M-P too  
I'm a real pimp playa from the 213 crew  
Now look here boo  
If you gonna bang or hang with tha Dogg  
You best to get in

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Warren G, 3 piece with a mink  
Gotta think my shit stinks  
Stacy Adams with a drink  
Pockets pad up, they come from Brinks  
So what the ladies wink  
You the one in the Mercedes  
Shotgun with the thing  
Coat chillin' watchin', "The Lion King"  
Crying and thangs  
'Cuz I'm with Snoop and Nate, singing, rhyming and things  
I'm out late 'cuz I'm rhyming for change  
I ain't with dime for dames  
Hop back and I'm trying to aim  
At everything, that be hating my fame  
Since regulatin', been lacing the game  
Ain't no mistake in the game  
Two-one mother f'in dwizzle sippin' on the sizzle  
And that's for shizzle  
Four times for da riddles  
You know these bars  
Everywhere we go, you know who us are  
You could tell by the car  
Champagne caviar  
Bubble bath, I say I love you and I laugh  
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