

How Fly

Curren\$y

Ugh, Jets nigga, now where haven't we
Taylor Gang, stay rollin' up them paper planes
Yeah, Jets nigga, now where haven't we
And I'm trying to get Grease to smoke joints man
Trying to convert him to EZ Widens or Zig-Zags
Before I get back to New Orleans
Ugh, How Fly, yeah

Ugh, same nigga that I always been
Mets hat with green under the brim
I shop in bulk, my closet a vault
Gettin' dressed, sippin' Rose' & OJ like pulp
Lookin' like myself in my old Easter photos
Socks and the rugby is Polo
Stop, freeze, on three's my low low
Airplanes, dollar signs, Ortiz my logo
Kush smokin circles in my dojo
Sneaker collector, I bring 'em out kid
Kicks all over the crib, roundhouses
Ugh, fuck you talkin' about well
If your bitch fuckin' with Spitta cause she like her stroke different
Celebrate the moments of your life
We party all night, smoke all day
Eat breakfast at the airport, get drunk the whole flight, yeah

This is how we do
Everyday chase money
Make bitches chase you
Nigga, this is how we do
Race to the club
Hop out and valet the coupes
Nigga, this is how we do
Under the shade of the good trees
We stay cool, yeah
And if the bitch can't roll weed
No need to bring her through

Ugh, I had a dream that I was smokin' California weed
And brother I tell her give me what I need
Pull up in car service, fly private when I leave
I'm chillin' with two pretty women who speakin' Japanese, nigga please
I'm selling out concerts, some 501 pants that sag
Zig zags and my Converse
Spitta to my left, let him hit the bomb first
Lame nigga asked if he get a hit
Little do he know that's a guaranteed way to get skipped
I find beautiful women and politic
Wakin' up, still drunk, feelin' sick
I'mma smoke one with you, roll another one for the whip
Listenin' to my brand new shit
My doors suicide, though my trees big chop provided
Fly society, and Taylor Gang or get hanged
Smokin' weed with your bitches when she told you she'd never do it again

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