

Fly As Hell

Dom Corleo

(Aeros')

(It's like screaming, where no one can hear)

I get high and I think I can fly (Yeah)
Get so high that I think I'ma die (Yeah)
Bitch, I'm fly than a bird in the sky
I stay with them birds, we move like the mob (Move like the mob)
My brother pop shit, 4th of July (July)
And we might have to pop him, won't let that slide (Won't let that slide)
Bitch, I'm in this Maybach, alright
I'm in this brand new Rick, disguised (Okay, come on)

This some new shit I got off of Graild
All black shades, it's brand new Chanel (Brand new shit)
Brand new ho, she straight out of Yale (Brand new ho)
She just throwin' that brain like it's Yale (Come on)
As soon as I get in that shit, make her yell
But I know she gon' get too attached, I can tell (I can tell)
Freak bitch, she ride me slow like a snail (Yeah)
I told her hit hard on the net like a bell (Let's go)
And I told that bitch, "Don't lie" (Yeah)
I showed her this life and she won't lie
Show you I'm the one, they be outside (Yeah)
And we gon' do drugs with all my guys
In a smooth fit, I feel like God
And we don't care about shit, bitch, I get high
Kick back, I do what I want all the time (What I want)
Kick back on the stick, it'll blow yo' mind
I be cooler than a bitch and I know that
I'm cool on the beat, I start snappin' like Kodak
The first thing I ask this lil' bitch, "Where the throat at?"
Then I'm asking her, "Like, you gon' throw that?"
Then I put out my dick, she gon' hold that
She got that BBL, she gon' throw back (Throw back)
Chanel, double CC be on my coat back
That ain't my ho, let me get my coat back
Expressin' myself off this motherfuckin' Perc 10

Yeah, yeah-yeah

There's a lotta this shit that I talk about on songs that ain't on the surface

If I gotta spill my blood, it's worth it, yeah
I spill my blood and now I'm high as fuck
I spilt the blood, I'm going super up, yeah

Yeah, we just pulled up in that big body truck
Psych, like, who got a problem? Pull up
Got this Glock 17 and it's doin' push-up's (It's doin' push-up's)
He just gon' talk on the net, won't push up
If it's up with me, boy, then you know that it's stuck
Throw up the shot and you know that it's stuck (Damn)
Lil' bitch, I'm fly in the pent' like a dove

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