

Way 2 Fly

Z-Ro

I'm way too fly and way too high
I don't smoke with homie I am way too dry
I'm cooler than a fan in the summer time
You can spend the night with her if she's one of mine
Im way too fly and way too high
I don't want that pussy if its way too dry
I'm hotter than stove on three seventy five
I put all my trust in that weapon of mine

I'm in a suit I'd rather be in a white tee
So clean thirty niggas wanna fight me
We keep it one hundred is a must not a might be
Spill a couple thousand at the bar is how they like me
We tip the scales yeah you still wanna indict me
So many vehicles it's hard to find the right key
Ho I'm the man how the fuck you don't want me
If it's between being one deep and lonely
Yeah bitch I'm still stomping in my gator shoes
You can sit still and chill I 'ma make a major move
If it ain't about money I got nothing to say to you
Smile bitch cuz same dee been charging you to lay with you

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Yeah, fourth quarter I'm on the way, what it do mac
Seven hundred dollars just to tell me what it do back
I was in that blow blow he was in that blue black
Armesty in the car but ya'll already knew that
Good weed good drank big money man
Big money bracelet big money chain
And I'm guna hold up in big money rain
Lil wayne that's my homie I am big money wayne
Forget about the jokster, never think I lost my holster
When put my goon hand on ya
I ain't in the studio I'm in the kitchen whipping crabs

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Hold up, I'm young enough for young broads to wonder where's he rolls at
On the other hand I'm throwback like Bobby Womack
Just left the kush man already gotta go back
Twenty minutes later kush man where my smoke at
Uh, I'm pimp C up in this mother fucker

Better nobody gone pimp me up in this mother fucker
I don't even need a key up in this mother fucker
If you ain't real you ain't gone be up in this mother fucker
Corey Mo on the track your head bobbing huh
Ya'll lucky I rap if not I'd probably be robbing ya
Ho wanna leave ain't stopping ya I don't like ya anyway
That's why a rider never been on top of ya

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