Way 2 Fly

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 Armessy 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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