

Craneberries

"I'm Known to Get Fly"

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[Trae]

I'm a 20 twin glider, four do' lane shaker
Jazzy bitch conversater, with mo' game than the Lakers
A renegater on the block, for you jocks that knock
Fit around my drop swanging the lot, for all you jackas
and cops
It don't stop roll the block, sitting low in the Hoopa
Screens on shining bright, we hang and witness the
Koopas
I'd done grabbed the ruger for the plex, to let you know
I ain't pardon it
Bogaarding the boulevard, and bleed the block till I'm
scored in it
With Mr. 3-2, we glass 4's on fo's
The Screwed Up Click in the do', just to let a nigga
know
Southside Houston Texas, so hatas you better chill
We thugging with many skills, my nigga that's on the
real
I'm 21 young in the game, never be shady
Running through all the ladies, now they wanting my
baby
Never that, I'm too playa to fall off
And I ain't taking no loss, know what I'm talking bout

[Chorus - 2x]

I'm known to get fly, when I drop my top
Vibrating the block, we grind and yellow bops
Like a SK shot, I'm known to stand out
Five screens on drop, know what I'm talking bout

[Mr. 3-2]

It go down with me, it ain't hard to see
The G-O-V, I represent reality
Mr. 3-2, fat domino
Street game in the line, I'm in a 6 double 0
Big Benz, I'm pulling up on boys
2002, I'm in a brand new toy
Huh, pretty much, really though
Mr. 3-2 said, Snoop Dogg is a hoe
I said that huh, what you wanna do

Bitch don't make me, click on you
It go down, with The Screwed Up Click
All y'all get off, the Southside dick
It go down, with the S.U.C. (S.U.C.)
It go down, with the G-O-V (G-O-V)
It go down, with the G-O-V (G-O-V)
Mr. 3-2, bitch vote for me

[Chorus - 2x]

[Dougie D]

What you know about a Southside, GS nigga
Dougie stepping out with the locks, on the blocks when
I'm flipping
Flyer than a motherfucker, so you bitches gon watch
me
Top down, screens on, while the trunk steady knocking
Spinning out on 22's, skating lane down the field
With a brown or a yellow, or a throwed seniorita
Trying to catch me trying to stop me, but you boys gon
chill
Down South we wood wheels, blowing pounds of the kill
Catch Dougie popping collas, showing out on you hoes
I ain't tricking with these bitch niggaz, I ride for my
dogs
Peep me two deep, sideways on a switch
My baby Rain in the back, on the Playstation and shit
Candy dripping still sipping, shining bright like a star
In the big body Benz, drinking straight out the jar
A H-Town hot boy, represent for the Maab
I'm known to get fly, nigga cause of my job

[Chorus - 2x]

I'm known to get fly
I'm known to get fly, when I drop my top
I'm known to get fly
I'm known to get fly, when I drop my top
I'm known to get fly
I'm known to get fly, when I drop my top
I'm known to get fly
I'm known to get fly, know what I'm talking bout

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