

## **Baby** **"Fly Away"**

Visit "[Fly Away](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Hey, wassup pimp?  
Birdman mothafucker!

The financial adviser of this get money game  
It's stunna, the big money man  
So loosen up your strings 'cause you can get shot  
The Crystal absolute on the rocks  
(On the rocks)

Ey nigga, I gotta stay fly money  
No baseball player I got the a-ride money  
I go to Jamaica homie and ball like a dog  
(Ball like a dog)

The leaf that sticky homie and fog up the car  
(Fog up the car)  
It's nothing to the icky, icky Harlem world sticky sticky  
Fifty fifty a gram raw cut dilly

Got minks on my body 'cause it cost too much  
(Cost too much)  
250 on the Bird had to frost me up  
See these gangstas pimps and thugs make the world  
go round

(Gangstas, pimps and thugs)  
Ride for uptown and till they lay you down  
Birdman with them big chips with the bird lady and the  
Benzes  
(Benzes)

It's the fly away, fly, fly away  
Or you can hit the highway, that's the only way that we  
do it  
Love when we do it, fly away, fly away, fly away, fly  
away  
'Cause we gon' get you high today  
I know you wanna see how we do it, you know how we  
do it  
Fly away, fly away

So get your stock up nigga, get our brains rapped right

The hood fucked up 'cause the nigga changed like  
The Birdman daddy keeps the bricks taped tight  
A hundred of them things got my chips same night

Pull up in the Bentley with them skinny ass tires  
Ice all over 'cause a nigga so fly  
(So fly)  
[Unverified] and I'm doing what I'm doing

If them clubs gone pop I'm getting straight to 'em  
Nothing on chain put them dubs on the thangs  
Wipe a nigga down bitch, give a nigga brains  
(Wipe a nigga down bitch, give a nigga brains)

Call a nigga changed ma wash a nigga range  
Bird, Baby down with them Cardier frames  
Gucci from head to toe and stunna my name  
Make winter weather and that's my thang

I'm iced up nigga smoke pounds of dro  
And I'm labeled as a pimp and I mack a hoe  
Biatch!

It's the fly away, fly fly away, it's the fly away  
Or you can hit the highway, that's the only way that we  
do it  
Love when we do it, fly away, fly away, fly away, fly  
away  
'Cause we gon' get you high today  
I know you wanna see how we do it, you know how we  
do it

It's the world wide callin' and the boss of the ballin'  
The hood rich nigga money tall as all  
The youngers of 20 cheerin' and nobody starvin'  
Nobody borrowin' 'cause nobody starvin'

Ey ey TQueezy! The dro man callin'  
Get it in the jar Jeff Pense is callin'  
Buy ounce, buy pound, buy enough for the rounds by  
mouth  
'Cause ya know how it's going down

Dro party with the magnolia chicks  
Smoke just fly nobody givin' lips  
They all on the floor 'cause the brains is flying  
On the outside it's just them 20 inch tyres

Bentley, Lexus, Lams and Vets  
Them ragtop Guccis with the Smitt n Wess  
Got the old school Caddie's and them new school too

Platinum mouth niggaz and them gold mouth too  
Biatch!

It's the fly away, fly, fly away, it's the fly away  
Or you can hit the highway, that's the only way that we  
do it  
Love when we do it, fly away, fly away, fly away, fly  
away  
'Cause we gon' get you high today  
I know you wanna see how we do it, you know how we  
do it  
Fly away, fly away

The Birdman, bitch, coming to a city near you  
Now how you love that nigga, now I know what this is  
You know what you need to do?  
You need to look on the back of your CD cover

And get that sticker for the mom Burberry G-nites  
You want to come pick them up?  
Come pick them up on 6 and magnolia and holla at ya  
boy C-ya?  
You understand? And we gon' holla at ya another time  
Holla! Biatch!

Visit [Baby](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.