

Birdman

"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 is '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
The leaf that sticky, homie and 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 costs too much
250 on the Bird had to frost me up

See, these gangstas, pimps and thugs make the world
go round
Ride for uptown and till they lay you down
Birdman with them big chips
With the Bird Lady and the 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

(Oh, it's fly away)
It's fly away, it's 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
(The fly away)
Fly, 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
[Incomprehensible] and I'm doing what I'm doing
If them clubs gon' pop, I'm getting straight to 'em

Nothing on chain, I put them dubs on the thangs
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
(Fly away)
Or you can hit the highway
That's the only way that we do it
Love when we do it

(It's fly away)
It's fly away, it's 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 worldwide callin' and the boss of the ballin'
A hood rich, nigga, Money tall as all
The youngsters 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 tires

Bentley, Lexus, Lams and Vets
Them Ragtop, Guccis with the Smitt n Wess

Got the old school caddies 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

(It's fly away)
It's fly away, it's 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
(The fly away)
Fly, fly away

The Birdman, bitch, coming to a city near you
Now how you luv 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 [Birdman](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.