

Glassjaw

"I'm Fly"

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Why?
(Cause I'm fly)

It's not a lie
(Cause I'm fly)

[VERSE 1]

I just ride around town in my Caddy Seville
Lookin buff, pockets stuffed with a grin on my grill
Rollin up my tinted windows, raise my antenna
Cause I'm not only fly, but I'm a big bred winner
Girls in bikinis in my back seat
As I'm doin 95 down a one-way street
Got proof that I paid for everything I bought
So if a cop tries to stop me, I'ma take him to court
Jump out my big car puffin on a cigar
Make my girls wait on the corner while I step in the bar
First I walk through the door then I (*spitting sound*)
spit on the floor
Give some money to the poor, because I always get
more
Take off my black mink and order a drink
My pockets resemble Manhattan bank
So on my big ropes is a Gucci link
All the pretty girls wink and I tell em, "You stink!"
Yes, I act so conceited cause I'm a full-breed
Money-makin, not Jamaican, and no way that you could
beat it
No, I won't say hello and I won't say hi
And if you ask me why
(Why?) Cause I'm fly

[VERSE 2]

No, I'm not high, like I said, I'm fly
Got a natural beauty ma beside my eye
I put my friends in a Benz, I put my girls in pearls
Got the firmest epidermis with the silky curls
They call me pretty boy wihtout Chips Ahoy
This 86 Audi is my brand-new toy
I don't gamble or bet, I just sip on a MoÃ«t
Pull out my new blue Bally's and my silk-suit set

Got a body like a boxer, the face of a god
'bout as pretty as a bitty, and I still hit hard
I carry on like a pimp, I even walk with a limp
In a fancy restaurant eatin lobbsters and shrimps
I bathe in champagne with a girl named Elaine
In my jaccuzi with a Uzi with Suzy and Jane
The ladies help me undress and start caressin my
chest
Only big silk sheets on my fat mattress
Whether with honey or not, I make money a lot
I always carry a knot, cause I'm a hi-jackpot
The millionaire of the year, and I'm a hell of a guy
And if you ask me why
(Why?) Cause I'm fly

It's not a lie
(Cause I'm fly)

[VERSE 3]

Morning velours in gold, another bathrobe
I was the sweets of the street when I was 12 years old
I never searched for a wife, or worked a day in my life
Cause while you're hookin I'll be cookin, lookin sharp as
a knife
So you can front if you want, cause in a matter of time
I'm headed straight for the top, and you'll be all on
mine
Cause I'm Mister Spectacular, rich as a bachelor
Relax and count stacks as I max in my Maxima
Fly negro, yes, that's me, bro
And when I play celo, I play for a kilo
My diamond rings glitter as I steer my Almanetta
Chillin on my sofa with a dollar sign-sweater
The ruler, controller like the Ayatollah
Snack on Renola, then crack a cold Cola
G Rap and Polo, your Excellency, your Highness
Just cuss or fuss, and I'll just bust your sinus
Countin my cash, plus mount my stash
Dump the cigarette ash on low-down trash
Marley's car is two-toned, and it's ended with chrome
And the Bell telephone makes you feel at home
So remember Kool G Rap and his DJ Polo
We're the ones who made 'Demo', and we're rockin the
show
It's not a legend or fiction, it's not no lie
And if you ask me why
(Why?) Cause I'm fly

[Marley Marl]

Yo yo yo yo..
Kool G, Kool G

Yo man, tell me every time you walk down the street
Why don't those girlies let you walk by
Why?
(Cause I'm fly)

Yo yo yo, Kool G
You're a cool brother, man
Got all the girlies on yours
Tell me why
Tell me why
Tell me WHY
(Cause I'm fly)

Yo, Kool G, man
You're the flyest brother I know
Yo, why you got all the girlies on yours
Just tell me why
I wanna know why
(Cause I'm fly)

[variations till end]

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