

Goodie Mob F Sleepy Brown "Fly Away"

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[cee-lo]

Uh-huh, one time

Yessuh yessuh

[big gipp]

Now what they know about the banana and mayonnaise
(mayonnaise)

Slices of toasted bread on the nap-kin

Straight up nuts with this country drawl

It ain't no reason lookin for it -- ain't no fuckin flaw

I didn't go to bed without my lucky bear claw

See, i'm a rare stud lookin to bloom like a mushroom

In the jug, under hot lights, crystalize so nice

When i think twice, i love long summer nights

Four records deep, and i still get stage fright

From small towns to the big city night lights

Chorus: goodie mob

If you don't like what i say, fly away, fly away

If you don't like where i stay, fly away, ahhhhh

[t-mo]

There's a ghetto in every city (know dat)

Politicians slangin slurs, high from the natural herb

Ain't no runnin from niggaz

Everywhere you go, drankin alcohol

Ready to call earl, it's your world, black man

Them devils can't stand how we makin moves, smooth

Avoidin legal hassles goin unseen

Like the hand that took

Then documented it in his book

How these niggaz shook the world with the hook

Now they back like jack in that red cadillac

[khujo]

Now git, don't let the doorknob hit ya

Where the good lord split ya

I'm hearin rumors too

That you so gone off that d and pcg, that thoughts

Of lettin another man sample your wine haunts your
mind

Look like the color pink
Rubbin elbows with the wrong folks
Makin kin breach they skin
Secretaries terminated after seein the boss pack fudge
Dirty men need to do more than bathe, huh
How's about burned at the stake
Like the rest of those sodomites
Even though you had beautiful kids and a wife
He still bent both ways, ain't no due process
For boys that become guls or verse vica
Field niggaz control this
Pin the hollow point tip
On this gay rights activists
A ghetto game we all familiar wit
Now how many licks, did it take, to get you wet
You ends today, fly away (fly, fly away)
(fly away, now)

Chorus

[cee-lo]

Yeah

Well, i'm from the dirty, filthy nasty dirty south
Some of you niggaz still think we soft (know they do)
And i swore, i wouldn't never write no rhyme like this
But now you're startin to piss me off, ha ha hah
Oh yesh y'all, sugah he got that silky southern drawl
Every tooth in my mouth, got gold on em' all
I'm 'eal strong, and we don't want no bad blood
But it is some, it is some
Nigga think he gotta, better mind frame then me
Nigga really think he got mo' game then me?
Gon' make me sick, they gon think you slick
But fuck around and make me click like a magic trick,
ha ha hah
Cause i'll prove your ass wrong bout me
We so deep and quick to stomp a nigga to sleep
And, uh, we don't like to kill, but we will
Oh lord this south is sho' nuff trill, now shit
When we on your side of town, we don't ask why
We abide by the rules that y'all live by
And see, you're welcome to come, you're welcome to
stay
But any disrespect, we will make yo' ass fly away

Chorus 2x

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