

## Heavenly

# "Fuck a Wanna Be"

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Chorus (A group of people):

Fuck a wanna be BITCH  
Playa Fly you remember to say hello to your great  
Granny  
Fuck, fuck a wanna be BITCH  
Playa Fly you remember to say hello to your great  
Granny  
Fuck a wanna be BITCH

(Playa Fly)

It be lizamin' [lamer] than what'cha claimin' you lames  
ain't spookin' me  
I'm choosin' to stand alone on my own, me and B.A.B.  
And backed up by Billy C, H, and I to the double L  
And brothers like Mark and Tally whose minds haven't  
slipped and fell  
By placin' me on the scale, and weighin' me by the P  
You will see that I'm full of P to the T ain't no G in me  
A fella from S.P.V., Fly for fuckin' a wanna be  
I.B.N. who you fuckin' with, so your shit in it I will be  
I'm packin', attackin', meanwhile those bosses be  
mackin'  
And Mister Crim lookin' grim, from the way you wanna  
bes actin'  
Intelligence you be lackin', not a lizick [lick] of common  
sense  
Super duper and neutral and to the future and past  
tense  
Lil' Flizy ain't hookin', Fly ain't smokin' or none of that  
Even though you be lookin' and placin' jackins upon my  
back  
I keep my pimpin' intact and lay my facts upon the table  
And fuck a wanna be who live in violatin' labels bitch

Chorus

(Playa Fly)

Now that Fly got your attention, mane sit and listen to  
what I say  
I mention a situation we facin' in everyday

The shit that I start to see, it just don't agree with me  
Imitatin' a person that play the shit well that's new to  
me  
The bottom a Playa be, I'm found on a higher ground  
The sound I be puttin' down, a playa make words  
around  
I'm sportin' a sippin' crown clown, peep the five or six  
Seven where I'm dwellin', so from heaven fillin' up to  
this  
On my way past number nine, higher than a Funkytown  
What you thinkin' I thought it and now you ballin'  
without a dime  
Your mind is all in a bind, you're blizind [blind] leading  
the blind  
Overdose of this Holy dope that I blow will leave you  
behind  
So go catch up with your kind, cuz my kind don't wanna  
be  
playa hated, associated by bustas who envy me  
The B double O, N, E, man you peep? They be under  
you  
I, B, N, they be in the house, I know that you want it too

Chorus

(Playa Fly)

Many suckas be flockin', bigger bustas be mockin'  
Ask me why when I'm high, your mega shit I be  
stompin'  
Start you bustas to rockin', cuz I'm bumpin' what's in  
me  
Ain't no flockin' or fakin' or devil tradin', just pimpin'  
I be spittin' to bitches and other niggas who itchin'  
For this here Playa Fly dissin', hoe on your ear you will  
listen  
So now you will nizzow [know] about these lyrics I flizow  
[flow]  
When all the P let me gizow [go], so Fly can fire up this  
hizzow [hoe]  
B, A, B what you see?

(Bab)

Alot of nothin' but wanna bes  
Claimin' titles and I know they disrespectin' authority

(Playa Fly)

Want a bitch they ignorin' you from the way they  
adorin' Fly  
Many suckas who knowin' me claim they flowin' it  
makes me cry  
You try me if you wanna try, but Lil' Fly will never lose

Have you cussin', and fussin', all in the dust and singin'  
the blues  
Bill Chill only real with you, Allah who we rollin' with  
And Bone, and Will Chill, Carlos P., FUCK A WANNA BE  
BITCH

Chorus til' fade

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