

## Jim Johnston

### "Spanish Fly"

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(feat. Chico DeBarge)

[Chico harmonizes to music from "Scarface" until 0:25]

[Jim Jones]

I seen it all from a player's eyes (mack)  
Look at this world from my latest ride (Benz)  
We knock 'em all if you let this slide (that's right)  
This how you ball if you a major guy (whoa)  
With alcohol and a hazy high  
The city lights in the jaded sky  
I had this girl, wanna make her mine  
I can't lie, I was interested in her (what happened)  
We shared a bed in the club, and even crept to dinner  
(Miami)  
It's such a funny situation  
Cause I knew she had a man in the ave. by reputation  
(what's what)  
I get around (okay) I'm just a product of my occupation  
(so what)  
I asked her number and she contemplated (what  
happened)  
I'm losin patience (uh-huh) and it's startin to get  
flagrant (so what)  
Seize the moment or forever regret it  
Three in the mornin and I'm stressin to catch her (you  
know I need that)  
Creepin up on her and applyin the pressure  
Me and my homey A don't think I can get her, uhh, but

[Chorus: Chico DeBarge]

It's crazy, smooth ghetto angel so amazin  
Smokin gettin high with the daisy  
Thinkin 'bout makin you my lady, maybe  
You're a bad girl, she say I only want her for my  
pleasure  
Slow hit it from the back, I do it better  
She left me with a kiss and I let her, never sweat her

[Jim Jones]

You seekin love is watchin movies on and off the

stations (hell no)  
Those commercials was our intermissions (for what)  
For the {?} and the tongue-kissin (what else) and one  
instance  
Turns some heated touchin to some freaky fuckin (just  
get it)  
My situation is a bit of trouble  
See this affair is a bit of struggle  
And my persona and my thuggish morals  
That was enough to start a lover's quarrel  
Since she had a man but he wasn't loyal (I hear that)  
Got loose enough just to open up (then what)  
It be the mornin 'fore he sober up (twisted)  
I call the shit like Punky Brewster (what?)  
And she never met a thug looser  
Star nigga party with the snub shooter (bang bang)  
My thug True is probably posted in back  
We party hard, get so crazy  
And we smoke and drink 'gnac (we ain't never scarred)  
I'm tryin to slide in the night on some smutty sex  
Niggaz beepin my phone to ask me did I get her yet

[Chorus]

[Jim Jones]  
It's gettin nervous now (why) cause the word in town  
(was what)  
Is that your man got the word that we done flirtin  
'round  
In your Beemer merkin 'round (err) foreplay in the  
hallways  
So now we hit the house and pull the curtains down  
(close that curtain)  
We laugh and we joke, we drink and I pass you the  
smoke  
Smack your ass when you walk, when fuckin I grab and  
you joke  
(Have sex at night) As we lay and we chill  
Your crib, nice apartment, who's payin the bills  
This type of shit'll get you sprayed and you killed  
(That's that Harlem shit) Like {?} shot in "Paid in Full"  
This is not a movie script, some of my truest shit  
Selfish premonition, out of sight I'm out of mind  
When this nigga gone and missin (play the rules)  
Wishin she mine, I'm knowin that she'll never be (never  
be)  
This'll be fine, the closest that I'll ever be (ever be)  
I see a chick and she mine, new Goldie of the ghetto B  
Niggaz beepin my phone to ask me did I get her yet

[Chorus - to fade]

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