

Jim Jones **"Spanish Fly"**

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I seen it all from a player's eyes
Look at this world from my latest ride
We knock 'em all if you let this slide
This how you ball if you a major guy
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
We shared a bed in the club and even crept to dinner

It's such a funny situation
'Cause I knew she had a man in the ave by reputation
I get around I'm just a product of my occupation
I asked her number and she contemplated
I'm losin' patience and it's startin' to get flagrant

Seize the moment or forever regret it
Three in the mornin' and I'm stressin' to catch her
Creepin' up on her and applyin' the pressure
Me and my homey A don't think I can get her, uh but

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

You seekin' love is watchin' movies on and off the
stations
Those commercials was our intermissions
For the [Incomprehensible] and the tongue-kissin' and
one instance
Turns some heated touchin' to some freaky fuckin'

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
Got loose enough just to open up
It be the mornin 'fore he sober up
I call the shit like Punky Brewster
And she never met a thug loser
Star nigga party with the snub shooter

My thug True is probably posted in back
We party hard, get so crazy
And we smoke and drink 'gnac
I'm tryin' to slide in the night on some smutty sex
Niggaz beepin' my phone to ask me did I get her yet

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It's gettin' nervous now 'cause the word in town
Is that your man got the word that we done flirtin'
'round
In your Beemer merkin' 'round foreplay in the hallways
So now we hit the house and pull the curtains down

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 Mitch 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'

Wishin' she mine, I'm knowin' that she'll never be
This'll be fine, the closest that I'll 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

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