

John Secada

"Fly Gangsta"

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[Yukmouth]

Je je yeah, nigga! ugh

It's a Mob Figa event

My nigga J. Klyde

Ya bitches

Ho up , or blow up ya stank bitch

Yeah

Yukmouth in the mutha fuckin' house ya hoes, SHEES!

Yeah

Pop ya colla and ya chain nigga

What! What! Yeah!

[Yukmouth]

We getting' it, the magnificent

20 inchin' it, conceded

Only in the model bitch I'm interested

Weeded

Splif after splif we smoke infinite

Blingin'

Chained to my dick and shit

Pop Crys ridiculous

Flow like terrific

Rippin' it, spittin' it

Fuck all your written shit

Here's your death certificate

Yuk fucks 'em up on some different shit

Make bitches shave from they tits to they clitoris

Make the innocent college bitch eat the licorice

Crash the Jag [AHHHH!]

Next day flip a bigga six

King of Oakland but not on no Jigga shit

This Regime life bitch niggaz witness this

Oakland to Pittsburg smokin' herb

In mink coats and furs

Niggaz slang hydro and birds

In Cali fuckin' video hoes and center folds

But still retire rappers like Arsenio Shows nigga

Chorus: [Rydah J. Klyde]

Fly gangsta how you get so fly?

Them other birds go hard when they try

They look sloppy what is it a carbon copy?
You the nigga boy I ain't gon' lie
Coochie in Gucci, Channelle
Louie and ooie
Got diamonds in his mouth
I stared when he spoke to me
He probably buying cake
Trynna get me to buy his type
He fly away I hope he come back to me
Fly Gangsta!

[Rydah J. Klyde]
Yo I'mma let the hatters do them
My neck and wrist I draped it
Untouchable, M-O-B Figa affiliated
Or how I feel to make it out the roughest of times
Grandma raised me and my cousin, three sisters I
grind
Some years later
She at the school I had no shine
And half the time the clothes wasn't even mine
But in do time
Junior high, '89
Me and Brittle started to grind
See who got free waps from E-Y-T Swann had bomb
He scored from Fat Rat
Early 90's grimy boy we at that
My pockets got the mumps
For real work off in my backpack
Cross cords and silk shirts got me missin' every class
Now she flirtin'
Winkin' the lashes
I'm too high to catch a pass
I'm getting' money bitch [what]
I ain't got time
Shit unless she trynna grind for a fly gangsta in his
prime
Keep ya eye on me
And quarter ounces ridin' from my project buildin'
I'm livin' grimy lookin' like a million
Watch me

[Chorus]

[Rydah J. Klyde]
Now I'm slidin' through the night
In the same shoes I could have died in
A hundred times count my blessin's
Pick my nine see the times change
In sub stations in the housin'
I'm in my [?] bumpin' 11/5 browsin'

With thousands in rubber bands
It's dirty money from the gutter man
The block is crowded gettin' cluttered man
Who is this mutha fucka Gem?
You know him?
He housin' high speed
Hittin' gates
Scuffin' the shit out my Nike's
Or maybe in my zone at home writin'
I got a plan to blow
Stick up money and grams is movin' slow
I spread my wings
Got my weight up
Now the hatters they know
Cuz when a nigga havin' paper it show
Birds of the same feather fly together
We make a nigga wanna have his cheddar
Who got ya gritting in the coldest weather?
You goin' hard and you gettin' better
The F-L-Y to the seventh letter
In any weather
I'm Fly Gangsta
Bitch!

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