

## Danja Mowf "Like Flies Remix"

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[lamare]

Black men keep droppin  
Black men keep on droppin like flies  
Vultures (vultures) plottin on my demise  
(stool pigeons still lies while the caged bird cries)  
As long as the mighty eagle rules the skies  
(black men keep on droppin like flies) droppin like flies

[danja mowf]

Yo, it's only right that I take flight  
(where? ) to the sky, floatin like a black butterfly  
I try to make my migration pleasant  
But livin in the present gets you shot down like a  
pheasant  
The reason, seems every day is huntin season  
At least on the block where the black birds flock  
Some of these birds choose not to soar the sky  
They just stay in some shit, makin them more like flies  
Day in and day out another one dies  
(I got it, another fly nigga got swatted)  
The time he was allotted, it seems just ran out  
Or could it be the fact he never let his wings span out?  
Acting like a chicken scared to leave the coup  
Cause the chicken doesn't fly, he just stays with the  
group  
Chillin with a bunch of turkeys waiting for thanksgivin  
If he had of flown south he might have kept on livin  
cause

[lamare]

Vultures, plottin on my demise  
(stool pigeons still lies while the caged bird cries)  
As long as the mighty eagle rules the skies  
(black men keep on droppin like flies) droppin like flies

[danja mowf]

Fo'-fo's and po-po's don't scare these pros  
In the night time, duckin from constant shot buckin  
They stuck in fly paper (well makin paper is fly)  
Cause the eagle's on the paper, now you understand  
why?  
When the eagle rules the sky, many black men die

Chasin eagles then get scavanged by the vultures  
nearby  
Thereby, reducin us like calories  
Shot down like ducks in shooting galleries  
Please, freeze, these, mentalities  
That's holding you back from gettin busy like bees  
In trees you rest, buldin your nest with sess  
Soothin your bird chest from chest, you just buddha  
blessed  
Yes, every block or two them hoes will find a cock or  
two  
With no penis cap and get you caught up in her venus  
trap  
Indeed, don't be droppin your bird seed  
Pollinatin wild flowers, it's all in your power cause

[lamare]

Vultures, plottin on my demise  
(I watch like the sparrow, in some godly eyes)  
As long as the mighty eagle rules the skies  
(black men keep on droppin like flies) droppin like flies  
[danja mowf]  
The caged bird sings but his songs get muffled  
Feathers get ruffled, it's a struggle in the everyday  
scuffle  
I tried to warn him bout these snakes and cats  
But they hardheaded like woodpeckers and they blind  
as bats  
That's the reason I keep preachin but you  
In denial like a owl always talking about "who? "  
I should call you a parrot cause you act that way  
First around a bunch of niggaz, repeatin what they say  
Thinkin that you're fly pimpin round like a peacock  
But your turf, your whole earth, consists of only three  
blocks  
Take them keylocks off of your mind  
Take a journey out of the ghetto just to see what you  
find  
And like the raven said to poe and only told him  
"nevermore"  
If from your dome you never go then any more you'll  
never know  
See how some other guys live they lives, not like flies  
Realize your limit ain't the skies

..

[lamare]

Black men keep droppin  
(vultures, plottin on my demise)  
Black men, keep on droppin like flies

(tellin me lies)  
Black men keep droppin  
(the mighty eagle rules the skies)  
Black men, keep on droppin like..  
(keep on droppin like..)  
Black men keep droppin  
(keep yo' head up)  
Black men, keep on droppin like flies  
(keep droppin like flies)  
Black men keep droppin  
(as long as the mighty eagle rules the skies)  
Black men, keep on droppin like..  
(droppin, like..)  
Black men keep droppin  
(somebody's watching me)  
Black men, keep on droppin like flies  
(vultures, yeah yeah)  
Black men keep droppin  
(somebody's watching me)  
Black men, keep on droppin like..  
(vultures, yeah)  
Black men keep droppin  
(somebody's watching me)  
Black men, keep on droppin like flies  
(vultures, yeah)  
Black men keep droppin  
Black men, keep on droppin like

\*sound of fly buzzing and being swatted\*

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