

Wiz Khalifa & Curren\$y "How Fly"

Visit "[How Fly](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Verse 1(Curren\$y):

Talking:

[Ugh, Jets nigga, now where haven't we?
Taylor gang, stay rollin up them paper planes.
Yeah! Jets nigga, now where haven't we?
And I'm trying to get Grease to smoke joints man,
trying to convert him to EZ Widens or Zig-Zags
before I get back to New Orleans.
Ugh, How Fly, Yeah!]

Ugh, same nigga that I always been.
Mets hat with green under the brim.
I shop and bought, my closet a vault.
Gettin' dressed, sippin' Rose' & OJ like pulp.
Lookin like myself in my old easter photos.
Socks and the rugby is Polo.
Stop, freeze, on three's my low low.
Airplanes, dollar signs, Ortiz my logo.
Kush smokin circles in my dojo.
Sneaker collector, I bring em out kid.
Kicks all over the crib, roundhouses.
Ugh, fuck you talkin about well,
If your bitch fuckin with Spitta cuz she like her stroke
different.
Celebrate the moments of your life.
We party all night, smoke all day,
eat breakfast at the airport, get drunk the whole flight,
Yeah!

Chorus(Curren\$y):

This is how we do...
Everyday chase money,
Make bitches chase you.

Nigga, this is how we do...
Race to the club,
Hope out, and valet the coupes.

Nigga, this is how we do...
Under the shade of the good trees,

We stay cool. Yeah.
And if the bitch can't roll weed,
No need to bring her through.

Verse 2(Wiz Khalifa):

Ugh, I had a dream that I was smokin' California weed,
and brother I tell her give me what I need.
Pull up in car service, fly private when I leave.
I'm chillin with 2 pretty women who speakin' Japanese,
nigga please.
I'm selling out concerts, some 501 pants that sag,
Zig-zags and my converse.
Spitta to my left, let him hit the bomb first.
Lame nigga asked if he get a hit.
Little do he know that's a guaranteed way to get
skipped.
I find beautiful women and politic,
Wakin' up, still drunk, feelin' sick.
I'mma smoke one with you, roll another one for the
whip.
Listenin' to my brand new shit,
My doors suicide, though my trees big chop provided,
Fly society, and Taylor Gang or get hanged.
Smokin' weed with your bitches when she told you
she'd never do it again.

Chorus(Curren\$y):

This is how we do...
Everyday chase money,
Make bitches chase you.

Nigga, this is how we do...
Race to the club,
Hope out, and valet the coupes.

Nigga, this is how we do...
Under the shade of the good trees,
We stay cool. Yeah.
And if the bitch can't roll weed,
No need to bring her through.

Visit [Wiz Khalifa & Curren\\$y](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.