

## The Roots "You Ain't Fly"

Visit "[You Ain't Fly](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

You ain't fly  
You ain't fly  
You ain't fly  
so go 'head, witcha self  
(repeat 4X)

[BlackThought]

I'm just playin the wall, I'm just playin the wall  
Coolin with my niggaz on the right, hold tight  
Late Friday night strobelight shine bright blind  
Coolin at this party with the sugars on my mind  
It's the sex patrol, the sex patrol  
Yeah the young sis was stacked wicked, wanted me to  
kick it  
Said I never dance, made advance outside  
Took a glance to expect, Shorty was correct  
so it seemed, her name Shavon, age seventeen  
I flipped when I seen her eyes, bloodshot green  
She said she wanted riches and a nigga with cash  
Lex Land' or a Path', didn't know the half  
I react to flip the script and get ill  
My man Malik B kept telling me to relax  
Diggin how you're livin on some unreal high  
as I realize -- you're not that fly

You ain't fly  
You ain't fly  
You ain't fly  
so go 'head, witcha self  
(repeat 4X)

[Malik B]

Dig it, you see sisters is thinkin that I snooze  
She must don't know, I have a sister confused  
Thinkin that she's pretty and saditty when I spill  
She said, "I might, I think I can, alright I will."  
Tossed up was the digits cause the game is like  
splendor  
I said, "Sabrina yea, I met you way back in December;  
you remember."  
She said, "I guess."  
Substitute to Santa, she was sittin on the desk

And then she said, "You never called me; Mailk you never tried to press.

You never tried to push the seven buttons and address."

I said, "Hold up sis -- you're out of order, man you lost it.

My name ain't Jake; Malik's no Flake that's Frosted."

Tryin to cause a scene Sabrina's rest is self-redeemed

She thought she was cute, but never made it on my team

I should beam up, about-face fall out

And don'tcha even dare to ask why -- because you're not that fly

You ain't fly

You ain't fly

You ain't fly

so go 'head, witcha self

(repeat 4X)

[?uestlove]

Mmmmmm strollin in my Pumas down the avenue

Not token on a J, not sippin on a brew

Saw a soul sister on the streets of five-two

"MMM, my name's Question, ummmm, who are you?"

She didn't respond, she didn't respond

???\*MUFFLED VOICE\*??? -- Continue on

Thought to myself, should of said a little louder

Bet hurry up before she gets lost in the crowd of

"Excuse me Miss, excuse me miss"

"No, I'm not havin it!" I just got dissed

I didn't get mad, was calm and collect

I didn't call her bitch, I didn't break her neck

Start to wonder why the brothers disrespect the cutie

It's a place of 180's and the high-priced floozie

As she walked away, man I couldn't deny

Started lying to myself, man she wasn't that fly

You ain't fly

You ain't fly

You ain't fly

so go 'head, witcha self

(repeat 4X)

[BlackThought]

Black, butter umm... that's what I be

Had to tell a girl to set her mind free

Use the Third Eye possibly you will see

what you get, with material objects

Wanna be the envy of the whole projects gettin loot

Pretty in your cute limited Express suit

Baby I can see everything you wanna be  
See you're gamin as a key to escape poverty  
Known to be shown around, sport about her niggaz  
Thinkin you a woman cause your ass got bigger  
Kickin it to me as if I don't know the time  
But I'm the BlackThought, I'm all up in your mind  
I figure you the kind to say, "Give me a call"  
but then switch to act strange, countin on my change  
Pay to the order of who??? Not you  
Why? You're not THAT fly

You ain't fly  
You ain't fly  
You ain't fly  
so go 'head, witcha self  
(repeat 8X)

Visit [The Roots](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.