

Playa Fly

"F Ck A Wanna Be"

Visit "[F Ck A Wanna Be](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

f/ Bab

Chorus (A group of people):

Fuck a wanna be BITCH

Playa Fly you remember to say hello to your great
Granny

Fuck, fuck a wanna be BITCH

Playa Fly you remember to say hello to your great
Granny

Fuck a wanna be BITCH

(Playa Fly)

It be lizamin' [lamer] than what'cha claimin' you lames
ain't spookin' me

I'm choosin' to stand alone on my own, me and B.A.B.

And backed up by Billy C, H, and I to the double L

And brothers like Mark and Tally whose minds haven't
slipped and fell

By placin' me on the scale, and weighin' me by the P

You will see that I'm full of P to the T ain't no G in me

A fella from S.P.V., Fly for fuckin' a wanna be

I.B.N. who you fuckin' with, so your shit in it I will be

I'm packin', attackin', meanwhile those bosses be
mackin'

And Mister Crim lookin' grim, from the way you wanna
bes actin'

Intelligence you be lackin', not a lizick [lick] of common sense

Super duper and neutral and to the future and past tense

Lil' Flizy ain't hookin', Fly ain't smokin' or none of that

Even though you be lookin' and placin' jackins upon my back

I keep my pimpin' intact and lay my facts upon the table

And fuck a wanna be who live in violatin' labels bitch

Chorus

(Playa Fly)

Now that Fly got your attention, mane sit and listen to what I say

I mention a situation we facin' in everyday

The shit that I start to see, it just don't agree with me

Imitatin' a person that play the shit well that's new to me

The bottom a Playa be, I'm found on a higher ground

The sound I be puttin' down, a playa make words around

I'm sportin' a sippin' crown clown, peep the five or six

Seven where I'm dwellin', so from heaven fillin' up to this

On my way past number nine, higher than a Funkytown

What you thinkin' I thought it and now you ballin' without a dime

Your mind is all in a bind, you're blizind [blind] leading the blind

Overdose of this Holy dope that I blow will leave you behind

So go catch up with your kind, cuz my kind don't wanna
be

playa hated, associated by bustas who envy me

The B double O, N, E, man you peep? They be under
you

I, B, N, they be in the house, I know that you want it too

Chorus

(Playa Fly)

Many suckas be flockin', bigger bustas be mockin'

Ask me why when I'm high, your mega shit I be
stompin'

Start you bustas to rockin', cuz I'm bumpin' what's in
me

Ain't no flockin' or fakin' or devil tradin', just pimpin'

I be spittin' to bitches and other niggas who itchin'

For this here Playa Fly dissin', hoe on your ear you will
listen

So now you will nizzow [know] about these lyrics I flizow
[flow]

When all the P let me gizow [go], so Fly can fire up this
hizzow [hoe]

B, A, B what you see?

(Bab)

Alot of nothin' but wanna bes

Claimin' titles and I know they disrespectin' authority

(Playa Fly)

Want a bitch they ignorin' you from the way they
adorin' Fly

Many suckas who knowin' me claim they flowin' it
makes me cry

You try me if you wanna try, but Lil' Fly will never lose

Have you cussin', and fussin', all in the dust and singin'
the blues

Bill Chill only real with you, Allah who we rollin' with

And Bone, and Will Chill, Carlos P., FUCK A WANNA BE
BITCH

Chorus til' fade

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

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