

## Playa Fly "Situation"

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chorus:

Situation lookin' critical everybody lookin pittiful  
it ain't what you say or when you dissin it's the principle  
some people say I'm crazy I ain't crazy I'm just ignant  
and I don't get the props that I deserve because I'm  
local.

Verse 1:

No mo procrastination this time I rock the nation  
from bustaz depression to fli zy inflation  
so peep the situation its havoc corruption  
you bustaz should have straightened up, before self-  
destruction,  
these lesson that Im learnin, dont keep my body from  
burnin,  
it aint bout Fly pri-zops or bout finacial earnins,  
this love up in my hez-art gonna shine bright like a sti-  
zar,  
and just because Im local, dont mean I cant go fi-zar,  
and this is on the bi-zar, put ignorant wit ramus,  
this left Fly to the t and Ill be damned if I aint famous,  
grandma may think Ill ludicrous she say Im full of  
foolishness,  
Im lazy, and crazy but wont lose points of coolness,

mo macho than savage and livin so lavish,  
the cream of the cri-zop this rap game Fly grabs it,  
comin so tragic, take measures that drastic,  
to victor each battle, until I reach my casket.

(CHOURUS)

Verse 2:

I went from little boy crawlin straight to big boy ballin,  
and coach another hustla as seem this was my callin,  
you lookin full of pitty, and hurtin like this city,  
no jackball is stallin, Fly get to the nity-grity,  
while you just sit and wonder, Fly take this nation  
under,  
with Mafia Many Mi-zade, with much time to ponder,  
with skills of a hunter, and flawless like nazerin,  
not flogg-o like tardo, cause Flizy just aint havin it,  
we need some reconstruction, foundations full of lovin  
from fathers and granmas to aunties and cousins,  
and still lil IBN thuggin and drugin aint gonna help this,  
my private invitation, to take my mind from conflict,  
Im fruitful like sunkist, dismiss you like a schoolhouse,  
no treason is needed, before we take you izout,  
this here without a di-zout, I pity the situation,  
condition is critical, you headed for damnation.

(CHOURUS)

My life was kinda heckted, nobody would respect me,  
Flys pockets had an echo, lil vadaz always check me,

my kinfolks movin getty, and boomin out the chevy,

the young is where we hi-zung, they felt Fly wasnt ready,

but hagnin down in sodas, so quick my mind grew older,

I started pushin products, stayed higher than the rollers,

with much love for dojah, witch took all my profits

from ass in to ass out, yo ass off I knocked it,

I dodged all the floggers, and stayed bout my dollars,

this mobbin aint starvin but damn sure want to holler,

Fly bizness Im gonna handle, and wear you like sandle,

and buck like alexander, and light you like a candle,

I spread my p like wildflower, and try to tear yo soul up,

like 16 century holdup, before Fly make you fold up,

Fly got me pimpin sold up, but bustaz dont accept it,

you need to drop my pri-zops, you locol jokaz critics.

(CHORUS)

Too many double faces, in unexpected places,

who ran they mouth to mi-zuch, prepare for body braces,

with noone here to save ya, except the one who made ya,

you wit then dont test us, I say you rather prey bra,

you must know no betta, you playa hate so cleva,

you lemons reach my level not ni-zow not neva,

I wrote lil Fly a letter, and read it to his fizace,

and let that Many Mizade, you local vocal nutcase,

complete this intergration, and max irratication,  
of those who try to block me, from Fli-zy destinaion,  
a modern day plantation, is where them crackers  
trapped us,  
them bustaz took our culture, them bloody Dego  
bastards,  
but Flizy in rebelous, with rightoeusness to tell ya,  
you take this lit and run wit it, or sit and be a failier,  
and Fly refuse to answer, to iligetiment bastards,  
them G.O.D and Flizy, gonna bring natural disaster

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