

## **Dolly Parton F/ Emmylou Harris, Linda Ronstadt**

### **"I'm So Fly"**

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[Intro - Lloyd Banks]

Yeah!

Aye yo 50

They don't do it like us nigga

Yeah!

[Chorus]

I'm so fly, I got money

So that's good enough reason to buy the things I buy

I'm so high, I'm on point

And I could tell that your jealous just by the look in your eye

And when I ride by

I don't care, G-Unit's going straight to the top this year

Nigga I'm so fly, I got money

So that's good enough reason to buy the things I buy

[Verse - Lloyd Banks]

Uh, Banks is fresh out the gutter

Too smooth to stutter

The cig a melt a brother like two scoops of butter

Before I leave the crib I tell my mother I love her

Grab the burner

But she ain't concerned 'cause he's a earner

My bitch lays it out real nice for me to murder

We fight, wake up and fuck like Ike and Tina Turner

Its a privilege to ride with a celeb'

'Cause them girls over here don't got a problem giving head

Paranoia is on ya', that's why ya' llama's in ya' bed

Fuck some real Chinchilla, buy some Llama for ya' head

Where the block I'm from

Niggaz be damn near forty and still tucking

And niggaz baby mama's is pregnant and still fucking

It's either 'cause they boyfriends a scrub like Brillo

'Cause Banks is cooler than the other side of the pillow

The chronic is blown

For my niggaz that got locked up and deported

And now they gotta go back home

[Chorus]

[Verse - Lloyd Banks]

Don't confuse me with the suckers  
'Cause when I spit, You'll hear more "Oh's"  
Then a Skip-to my-Lou move at the Rucker  
Thank God for giving Banks the gift  
You think that bandana makes you look gangsta  
But all I see is a handkerchief  
Nigga there's no one out the click that freezes  
Believe that, 'cause I ain't scared a shit but Jesus  
Look dog, I don't run with the poodles  
Difference is, I'm eating in Rome and you eating  
Roman Noodles  
Ya' boy is corrupt kid  
Banks a send a bitch to the store  
Just for a piece of cheesecake like Puff did  
You chumps cant afford these homes  
Look around I got forty clones  
Now look down, that's forty stones  
And that's only in the necklace  
I'm bony and I'm wreck lace  
It's Tony in a Lexus  
I'm fresh out the gutter, scrap what ya' man thought  
I'm in the hood with more straps than a Jan sport

[Chorus]

[Verse - Lloyd Banks]

When I travel I know I'm gon' get stuck  
'Cause they harass us in the airport  
Like I'm the one that's blowing shit up  
I got the patience of a High School teacher  
And a bright future  
Why the fuck would I have a bum on my sneaker?  
All the goodie girls back off us  
My hearts colder then Jack Frost's  
We pack shows and attract bosses  
Black clothes with my black Forces  
A black rose for a rats coffin  
I'm blowing O's of that black coughing  
Blow on the road then I'm back flossing  
No one knows how much that's costing  
Fuck ass, only the green moves me  
I got a clean Uzi  
A pair of gloves and a mask from the Scream movie  
So if you plotting on popping off, then scheme  
smoothly  
Or get a little red splatter on ya' cream Coogi  
My name ring each state  
So you ain't gotta go all the way to L.A. to get ya MC ate

[Chorus]

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