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The Devil Wears Prada "Still Fly"

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What's up, Fresh? It's our turn, baby

Gator Boots, with the pimped out Gucci suit Ain't got no job but I stay sharp Can't pay my rent 'cause all my money's spent But that's okay 'cause I'm still fly

Gotcha car play gems on shine Said it's mine, get a mink, baby girl, let's ride You da Numba 1 stunna and we gonna glide And go straight to the mall and turn out the inside

Prowler Gucci full length leather Bourbons cooler, Coogi sweater Twenty inches pop my feather The Birdman daddy, I fly in any weather

Alligator seats with the head in the inside Swine on the dash, G-Wagon so Fly Numba 1, don't tangle and twist When it come to these cars, I am that fella

The Gucci with the matching interior 3 wheel ride with the tire in the middle It's Fresh and stunna and we like brothers We shine like paint daddy, this our summer

Gator Boots with the pimped out Gucci suit Ain't got no job but I stay sharp Can't pay my rent 'cause all my money's spent But thats okay 'cause I'm still fly

Got a quarter tank gas in my new E-class But that's alright 'cause I'm gon' ride Got everything in my moma's name But I'm hood rich, da, dada, dada, da

Have you ever seen the crocodile seats in the truck? Turn around and sit it down and let em' bite yo' butt See, the steering wheel is Fendi, dashboard Armani With your baby momma, playa is where you can find me Pushing through the parking lot on 24's Cadillac Escalate with the chromed out nose With the navigation arrow headed straight to I-hop Aunt Jamima really loves me 'cause my syrup is so hot Put the Caddy up, start the 3 wheel Benz Hyper white lights, ultra violet lens

Sumitomo tires and they gotta be run flat TV where the horn go, boy, can you top that? I'm a show you some, rookie press that button The trunk went, eh, eh and all of a sudden 4 15's didn't see no wire's and then I heard boom from the amplifiers

Breakdown

Let me slide in the Benz with the fished out fins Impala loud pipes, drinking that Hen It's the birdy, birdy man I'll do it again In the Cadillac truck 24's with 10's

Looking at my Gucci, it's about that time 6 bad broads flying in at 9 New suburban truck with the paint job showing Up and down and up they go

And bodies on the Roadster Lexus You know with that hardtop beamer Mommy, that's your truck I'm coming up the hood been lovely New shoes on the whip and I wake up the bubbly

430 lex with convertible top The rims keep spinning every time I stop I got a superman Benz that I scored from Shaq With a old school Caddy with a diamond in the back

Gator Boots with the pimped out Gucci suit Ain't got no job but I stay sharp Can't pay my rent 'cause all my money's spent But that's okay 'cause I'm still fly

Got a quarter tank gas in my new E-class But that's alright 'cause I'm gon' ride Got everything in my moma's name But I'm hood rich, da, dada, dada, da

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