

Jim Jones f/ Birdman , Diddy, T.I., Young Dro "We Fly High Remix"

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ntro...

[Chorus]

We fly high, no lie, you know this (Ballin!)
Foreign rides, outside, it's like showbiz (ladies)
We stay fly, no lie, you know this (Remix!)
Hips and thighs, oh my, stay focused

[Jones]

Jones! PC blow tishes (Birdcall)
Lamborghini - its on dishes (Flossin!)
from Harlem to Hollywood I'm still hood
500 horses stuffed in my ferarri hood (Speedin'!)
fuck niggaz talkin' bout MCs on my heels (fuck em')
Hip-Hop was dead and Killa gave me the will (flee!)
Black car fever got this nigga feelin' ill (ill)
used to shop for 'em - now a nigga givin' out deals
(Ballin!)
(It's all about the Benjamins, baby)
I'm flying up Lennox and the Bentley all crazy
the roof top as I am showin' my ass
I brought New York back, you niggaz ain't got a chance
(Remix!)

[Chorus]

We fly high, no lie, you know this (Ballin!)
Foreign rides, outside, it's like showbiz (ladies)
We stay fly, no lie, you know this (Remix!)
Hips and thighs, oh my, stay focused

[T.I.]

I ain't gon' lie I'm fucked up, Phil died and we all sad
but only one thing gon' get us by - and that's to ball
dad
5 mil on the crib, 50 on the dog tag
cracks in the deal, 20 mil, they thought I gone mad
naw, I had to go and grab the spider at the red light
with blue flourescent head lights - you better get your
bread right
you ain't a baller - you chase checks, I check write
even when it's dark outside I bet my neck's right

[Diddy]

Hey yo hold up, pick a restaurant Childs or Chin Chin
(five stars)
now pick a car, which one I ain't been in? (ballin!)
pick a watch as long as the hand's spinnin
pick an actress, which one I ain't swim in?
(what about ??)
the yacht's still on deck
retirement plan, I dropped it on her neck (take that,
take that)
I'm still spending old money
Benjamins remix, 10 year gold money, motha fuckas!

[Chorus]

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[Birdman]

500 on the Bentley, 50 G's on the caddy, 100 G's on my
broad
cause we both livin' lavish
doin' my thang wit this uptown swang
nigga get it how we live like money ain't a thang
(Ballin!)
I be stuntin' on them thangs everytime you see me
swang
ererytime you see me hang, best believe I got that
thang
pop up at the club, nigga show them hoes love
cause they know we make it rain, so they give us
gangsta love

[Young Dro]

My rims look like I'm skatin' on ice like Kristi Yamaguchi
Sittin' up in the Chevy eating blow fish sushi
550 mint-colored benz, me and Jim with the band camp
twins and they blowin' our flutie
Hell-red block, so you know we gettin' coofies
Iceberg drop, nigga now I'm ridin' goofy
28 inches in the air, know I'm ballin'
cause my whole wrist pink and my neck kinda bluey -
Dro!

[Chorus 2x]

We fly high, no lie, you know this (Ballin!)
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We stay fly, no lie, you know this (Remix!)
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[Jones]

You've just been included in the Ballers Extravaganza
You are now a Ball-a-holic, just like my team (Dipset)
Shouts to Diddy, T.I, Birdman, Dro - Remix!
It's like showbiz...ballin!

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