

Fly High

Shy Glizzy

(La música de Harry Fraud)

Oh, oh, oh

Young Jefe, holmes

They tell you the world is yours and then they make it hard to live
This money ain't accounted for, but bitch, I'm worth some M's
I never doubted her, I seen it right from the beginning
And she came over here because she really wanna win
She let me fuck her friend and now she wanna fuck again
And your thoughts must be broke if you don't think my bitch a ten
He thought life was a game until it hit him on his chin
Your wife don't be wearin' her ring when she be fuckin' 'round with h
im
30, 30, I miss you, yeah, I wish you would've answered that last call
OT Bam, I miss you, dawg, I still remember our last talk
Now that I do this shit for y'all, I'm just gon' let that bag talk
Pull up to Bank of America doin' a motherfuckin' cash walk, nigga

Fly high, fly high

They don't never trust they timing

Must be the reason all these niggas dying

Fly high, fly high

She into money, purses, and diamonds

That nigga say he fucked for free, he lying

Fly high

They gon' pretend they love you, crazy what that cash do

I'm in a fast coupe, gonna bust a fast move

I know some secrets 'bout you but I never asked you

I blew a bag too, why you in a bad mood?

Kept it one hundred when I really could've trashed you

Steak cost a hundred, lil' bitch, they call it wagyu

Let's not forget 'bout all these niggas stealing swag too

Just like my pictures, ho, please stay up off my 'Gram, fool

I'm still chillin' in them trenches with that 40 tucked

He get to trippin', I shoot like a Milwaukee Buck

Heard nigga bitchin', oh, she ain't pickin' up

I heard she ridin' with Young Jefe in that Bentley truck

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