

# Baby A.K.A. The #1 Stunna, Fly Away

Hey, wassup pimp?  
Birdman, mothafucker  
The financial adviser of this get money game  
It's Stunna, the big money man  
So loosen up your strings 'cause you can get shot  
The Crystal absolute is 'On The Rocks'  
Ey nigga, I gotta stay, fly money  
No baseball player, I got the a-ride money  
I go to Jamaica, homie and ball like a dog  
The leaf that sticky, homie and fog up the car  
It's nothing to the icky, icky Harlem world sticky, sticky  
Fifty, fifty, a gram raw cut dilly  
Got minks on my body 'cause it costs too much  
250 on the Bird had to frost me up  
See, these gangstas, pimps and thugs make the world go round  
Ride for uptown and till they lay you down  
Birdman with them big chips  
With the Bird Lady and the Benzes  
(It's the fly away)  
Fly, fly away  
Or you can hit the highway  
That's the only way that we do it  
Love when we do it  
(Oh, it's fly away)  
It's fly away, it's fly away  
(Fly away)  
'Cause we gon' get you high today  
I know you wanna see how we do it  
You know how we do it  
(The fly away)  
Fly, fly away  
So get your stock up, nigga, get our brains rapped right  
The hood fucked up 'cause the nigga changed like  
The Birdman Daddy keeps the bricks taped tight  
A hundred of them things got my chips same night  
Pull up in the Bentley with them skinny ass tires  
Ice all over 'cause a nigga so fly  
and I'm doing what I'm doing  
If them clubs gon' pop, I'm getting straight to 'em  
Nothing on chain, I put them dubs on the thangs  
Wipe a nigga down, bitch, give a nigga brains  
Call a nigga changed, ma, wash a nigga range  
Bird, baby, down with them Cardier frames  
Gucci from head to toe and Stunna my name  
Make winter weather and that's my thang  
I'm iced up, nigga, smoke pounds of dro  
And I'm labeled as a pimp and I mack a hoe, biatch  
(It's the fly away)  
Fly, fly away  
(Fly away)  
Or you can hit the highway  
That's the only way that we do it  
Love when we do it  
(It's fly away)  
It's fly away, it's fly away  
(Fly away, fly away)  
'Cause we gon' get you high today  
I know you wanna see how we do it  
You know how we do it  
It's the worldwide callin' and the boss of the ballin'  
A hood rich, nigga, Money tall as all  
The youngers of 20 cheerin' and nobody starvin'  
Nobody borrowin' 'cause nobody starvin'  
Ey ey, TQueezy, the dro man callin'

Get it in the jar, Jeff Pense is callin'  
Buy ounce, buy pound, buy enough for the rounds by mouth  
'Cause ya know how it's going down  
Dro party with the Magnolia chicks  
Smoke just fly, nobody givin' lips  
They all on the floor 'cause the brains is flying  
On the outside it's just them 20 inch tires  
Bentley, Lexus, Lams and Vets  
Them Ragtop, Guccis with the Smitt n Wess  
Got the old school caddies and them new school too  
Platinum mouth niggaz and them gold mouth too, biatch  
(It's the fly away)  
Fly, fly away  
(It's the fly away)  
Or you can hit the highway  
That's the only way that we do it  
Love when we do it  
(It's fly away)  
It's fly away, it's fly away  
(Fly away, fly away)  
'Cause we gon' get you high today  
I know you wanna see how we do it  
You know how we do it  
(The fly away)  
Fly, fly away  
The Birdman, bitch, coming to a city near you  
Now how you luv that nigga, now I know what this is  
You know what you need to do?  
You need to look on the back of your CD cover  
And get that sticker for the Mom Burberry G-nites  
You want to come pick them up?  
Come, pick them up on 6 and Magnolia and holla at ya boy c-ya?  
You understand? And we gon' holla at ya another time, holla, biatch