

# Baby, Fly Away

f/ TQ

[Baby]

Hey

Wassup pimp?

Birdman motha fucker!

[Baby] + (TQ)

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 on the rocks (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 (ball like a dog)

The leaf that sticky homie and fog up the car (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 cost too much (cost too much)

250 on the bird had to frost me up

See these gangstas pimps and thugs make the world go round (gangstas, pimps and thugs)

Ride for uptown and till they lay you down

Birdman with them big chips with the bird lady and the benzes (benzes)

[Chorus: TQ]

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

Fly away, 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

Fly away, fly away

[Baby] + (TQ)

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 (so fly)

? and i'm doing what i'm doing

If them clubs gone pop i'm getting straight to em

Nothing on chain put them dubs on the thangs

Wipe a nigga down bitch give a nigga brains (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!

[Chorus: TQ]

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Cause we gon get you high today  
I know you wanna see how we do it  
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[Baby] + (TQ)

It's the world wide callin' and the boss of the ballin'  
The 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 tyres  
Bentley, lexus, lams & vets  
Them ragtop guccis with the smitt n wess  
Got the old school caddie's and them new school too  
Platinum mouth niggaz and them gold mouth too  
biatch!

[chorus: TQ]

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  
Fly away, 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  
Fly away, fly away

[voice]

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!