

# We Fly High

Jim Jones

[Produced by Zukhan]

[Intro]

I wear a mean dark pair of shades  
And you can't see my eyes  
Unless my head is bent, you dig

[Hook]

We fly high, no lie, you know this (ballin'!)  
Foreign rides outside, it's like showbiz (we in the building)  
We stay fly, no lie, you know this (ballin'!)  
Hips and thighs, oh my, stay focused

[Verse 1]

Ya boy gettin' paper (money), I buy big cars (foreign)  
I need fly rides to drive in my garage (choose one!)  
Stay sky high, twisted, fly with the stars (twinkle, twinkle)  
G4 Flights, 80 grand large (ballin'!)  
So we lean with it, pop with it (Bankhead)  
'Vertible Jones, mean with the top missin' (flossin'!)  
I'm sittin' clean with the bottom kitted (do it!)  
I hopped out saggy jeans and my rock glistenin' (ballin'!)  
But I spent 'bout 8 grand  
Mami on stage doin' the rain dance (I think she like me)  
She let it hit the floor, made it pop (what else?)  
Got my pedal to the floor screamin', "Fuck the cops!"

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[Verse 2]

Slow down, tonight may be gone tomorrow (one chance)  
So I speed through life like there's no tomorrow (speedin'!)  
100 G's worth of ice on the Audemars (flossin'!)  
And we in the street life 'til they call the law (ballin'!)  
I made the whip get naked (what happened?)  
While I switch gears, bitch lookin' at the bracelet

Step out, show me what you all about  
Flashbacks of last night of me ballin' out (Harlem!)  
1 AM we was at the club (what happened?)  
2 AM: ten bottles of bub (money ain't a thing)  
And 'bout 3-somethin' I was thinkin' 'bout grub  
So I stumbled to the car, threw the drinks and the drugs (twisted)

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[Verse 3]

Nigga, could you buy that? I keep 20 in the pocket (light change)  
Talk a buck 80 if the Bentley is the topic (that Grey Poupon)  
But of course got a Flying Spur  
To the hood to roll dice on the side of the curb  
But I know a G a bet may sound absurd (get your money up!)  
Drive 80 up Lenox 'cause I got a urge (speedin'!)  
The rap game like the crack game  
Lifestyles, rich and famous, livin' in the fast lane (ballin'!)  
So when I bleep, shorty bleep back  
Lou' Vuitton belt where I'ma keep all the heat strapped  
I beat the trial over Rucker (let's do it!)  
All guns loaded and I'm back, motherfucker (Dipset)

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[Outro]

You niggas need to stay focused  
When you're dealin' with a motherfuckin' G  
You know my name, Jones, One Eye, Capo Status  
All the above, motherfucka  
This Dipset, ByrdGang, we born to fly  
Y'all know the rules: fall back or fall back  
Someone tell my bitch Summer I'm lookin' for her  
Ya dig, another day another dollar, fast life fucka

