

Fly as the Sky

Chamillionaire

what you heard man, See me in person
You know I'm fly (2x)
Even your girlfriend and all her girlfriends
You know I'm fly (2x)
Keep it dirty, dirty you heard me
You know I'm fly (2x)
You know I'm fly as the sky
Fly like a birdy (2x)
Fly like a (gun click) birdy

Yellow band, excuse me Cham, please give me the time again
Diamonds so large, the minute hand ain't got no time for them
Damn! How you supposed to see the time when them
M&M-sized diamonds lay right beside the hand
Chamill, Rasaq, & Lil Wayne make a nigga feel ashamed
Trying to hide the bling in the middle of your little chain
In the drain, down it go, say they love the sound of those
Chamillitary boys, We the illest boys around here hoe
Flyer than a bird yes but your correct if your guess
Is that the eagle gonna hurt when aiming at your bird chest
Pow! Forget your feelings, I could care less
Leave you where I leave you, you can see ya in the turbulence
Girl do yourself a favor and don't say I have to pay ya
Give a favor to a playa and just pass it to my neighbor
And when your finished could you tell your friend to flavor
Cause the king ain't gonna savor, just gonna save that ass for later

Mayne I'm fly as a plane, Me and Lil Wayne
Spitting game, get your girl weezy like his name
We don't have to say a thing cause the chain can explain
First they look at the piece then they look at the rang
I'm fly as a pelican, Ice on my skeleton
On a sunday morning, I stay sharper than a reverend
Candy on my doors, looking something like gelatin
Syrup in my cup but I ain't talking about medicine
I'm cold as an eskimo, throwed from my head to toe
The white tee fresh but it starts in my denims though
Yeah and if I pull down my fly, I could piss on the sky
Cause nigga I'm that high
I pulled up in heaven up in the candy painted ride
And I gave jesus five and I'm still alive
Even though I know them haters wish I would die
Even in they day dreams, i'ma still stay fly boy

They call me Birdman Junior, I'm flyer than the rest
I'm trying to get a couple cool pigeons to the nest
And if you look at how the jewels glisten on my chest
Then you will be impressed and yes that's VS
Fly boy to death, I used to only fly
First class on every plane til I bought a jet
I'm on the runway, let down the steps
Open the phantom door and light up the cess
I smoke the best, Chamillion come get me
From University of Houston after I pass my test
Swisha laced with syrup, it'll calm your nerves
homeboy I'm so high, I could palm the world
Yeah and I'm strapped for the turbulence

Pow! Now you up here with me in a cloud (Chea)
They call me Weezy Baby, the son of a stunner
Bitch I'm flyer than a motherfucker, ya know

Poster child to the pop trunk, I pop it up and let it bang
I'm show ya how to rep the city, correctly run the game
Grip tightly on the grain, turn it left and we call it swang
Let me show ya how to make the baddest ladies scream your name
I'll put that boy J Junior in the future in a body bag
I'm trying to quote that bad body like a boxing bag
Trying to get below the belt and beat it like a boxing jab
Hit it then I quit it like I dropped out of a boxing class
Know how we doing it, we been chopped and screwing it
Coming to get that number one spot you got like Ludacris
We ain't acting groupie-ish, taking a sip out Luda's Cris
We buy our own bottles, grab one and put it to your lips
Hating on your hood, throw your hood up, put it in his face
Repping Texas, got that real estate down in that realest state
Didn't need a bigger place, didn't need a bigger face
On my watch but forgot and went a got them both a place
Fix Your'e Face