

Spanish Fly

Jim Jones

I seen it all from a player's eyes (mack)
Look at this world from my latest ride (Benz)
We knock 'em all if you let this slide (that's right)
This how you ball if you a major guy (whoa)
With alcohol and a hazy high
The city lights in the jaded sky
I had this girl, wanna make her mine
I can't lie, I was interested in her (what happened)
We shared a bed in the club, and even crept to dinner (Miami)
It's such a funny situation
Cause I knew she had a man in the ave. by reputation (what's what)
I get around (okay) I'm just a product of my occupation (so what)
I asked her number and she contemplated (what happened)
I'm losin patience (uh-huh) and it's startin to get flagrant (so what)
Seize the moment or forever regret it
Three in the mornin and I'm stressin to catch her (you know I need that)
Creepin up on her and applyin the pressure
Me and my homey A don't think I can get her, uhh, but

It's crazy, smooth ghetto angel so amazin
Smokin gettin high with the daisy
Thinkin 'bout makin you my lady, maybe
You're a bad girl, she say I only want her for my pleasure
Slow hit it from the back, I do it better
She left me with a kiss and I let her, never sweat her

You seekin love is watchin movies on and off the stations (hell no)
Those commercials was our intermissions (for what)
For the {?} and the tongue-kissin (what else) and one instance
Turns some heated touchin to some freaky fuckin (just get it)
My situation is a bit of trouble
See this affair is a bit of struggle
And my persona and my thuggish morals
That was enough to start a lover's quarrel
Since she had a man but he wasn't loyal (I hear that)
Got loose enough just to open up (then what)
It be the mornin 'fore he sober up (twisted)
I call the shit like Punky Brewster (what?)
And she never met a thug looser
Star nigga party with the snub shooter (bang bang)
My thug True is probably posted in back
We party hard, get so crazy
And we smoke and drink 'gnac (we ain't never scarred)
I'm tryin to slide in the night on some smutty sex
Niggaz beepin my phone to ask me did I get her yet

It's gettin nervous now (why) cause the word in town (was what)
Is that your man got the word that we done flirtin 'round
In your Beemer merkin 'round (err) foreplay in the hallways
So now we hit the house and pull the curtains down (close that curtain)
We laugh and we joke, we drink and I pass you the smoke
Smack your ass when you walk, when fuckin I grab and you joke
(Have sex at night) As we lay and we chill
Your crib, nice apartment, who's payin the bills
This type of shit'll get you sprayed and you killed
(That's that Harlem shit) Like {?} shot in "Paid in Full"
This is not a movie script, some of my truest shit

Selfish premonition, out of sight I'm out of mind
When this nigga gone and missin (play the rules)
Wishin she mine, I'm knowin that she'll never be (never be)
This'll be fine, the closest that I'll ever be (ever be)
I see a chick and she mine, new Goldie of the ghetto B
Niggaz beepin my phone to ask me did I get her yet

[Chorus - to fade]