

# I'm Fly

Kool G Rap

Why?

(Cause I'm fly)

It's not a lie

(Cause I'm fly)

I just ride around town in my Caddy Seville  
Lookin buff, pockets stuffed with a grin on my grill  
Rollin up my tinted windows, raise my antenna  
Cause I'm not only fly, but I'm a big bred winner  
Girls in bikinis in my back seat  
As I'm doin 95 down a one-way street  
Got proof that I paid for everything I bought  
So if a cop tries to stop me, I'ma take him to court  
Jump out my big car puffin on a cigar  
Make my girls wait on the corner while I step in the bar  
First I walk through the door then I ( \*spitting sound\* ) spit on the floor  
Give some money to the poor, because I always get more  
Take off my black mink and order a drink  
My pockets resemble Manhattan bank  
So on my big ropes is a Gucci link  
All the pretty girls wink and I tell em, "You stink!"  
Yes, I act so conceited cause I'm a full-breed  
Money-makin, not Jamaican, and no way that you could beat it  
No, I won't say hello and I won't say hi  
And if you ask me why  
(Why?) Cause I'm fly

No, I'm not high, like I said, I'm fly  
Got a natural beauty ma beside my eye  
I put my friends in a Benz, I put my girls in pearls  
Got the firmest epidermis with the silky curls  
They call me pretty boy wihtout Chips Ahoy  
This 86 Audi is my brand-new toy  
I don't gamble or bet, I just sip on a Mo  
Pull out my new blue Bally's and my silk-suit set  
Got a body like a boxer, the face of a god  
'bout as pretty as a bitty, and I still hit hard  
I carry on like a pimp, I even walk with a limp  
In a fancy restaurant eatin lobbsters and shrimps  
I bathe in champagne with a girl named Elaine  
In my jac'causei with a Uzi with Suzy and Jane  
The ladies help me undress and start caressin my chest  
Only big silk sheets on my fat mattress  
Whether with honey or not, I make money a lot  
I always carry a knot, cause I'm a hi-jackpot  
The millionaire of the year, and I'm a hell of a guy  
And if you ask me why  
(Why?) Cause I'm fly

It's not a lie

(Cause I'm fly)

Morning velours in gold, another bathrobe  
I was the sweets of the street when I was 12 years old  
I never searched for a wife, or worked a day in my life  
Cause while you're hookin I'll be cookin, lookin sharp as a knife

So you can front if you want, cause in a matter of time  
I'm headed straight for the top, and you'll be all on mine  
Cause I'm Mister Spectacular, rich as a bachelor  
Relax and count stacks as I max in my Maxima  
Fly negro, yes, that's me, bro  
And when I play celo, I play for a kilo  
My diamond rings glitter as I steer my Almanetta  
Chillin on my sofa with a dollar sign-sweater  
The ruler, controller like the Ayatollah  
Snack on Renola, then crack a cold Cola  
G Rap and Polo, your Excellency, your Highness  
Just cuss or fuss, and I'll just bust your sinus  
Countin my cash, plus mount my stash  
Dump the cigarette ash on low-down trash  
Marley's car is two-toned, and it's ended with chrome  
And the Bell telephone makes you feel at home  
So remember Kool G Rap and his DJ Polo  
We're the ones who made 'Demo', and we're rockin the show  
It's not a legend or fiction, it's not no lie  
And if you ask me why  
(Why?) Cause I'm fly

Yo yo yo yo..  
Kool G, Kool G  
Yo man, tell me every time you walk down the street  
Why don't those girllies let you walk by  
Why?  
(Cause I'm fly)

Yo yo yo, Kool G  
You're a cool brother, man  
Got all the girllies on yours  
Tell me why  
Tell me why  
Tell me WHY  
(Cause I'm fly)

Yo, Kool G, man  
You're the flyest brother I know  
Yo, why you got all the girllies on yours  
Just tell me why  
I wanna know why  
(Cause I'm fly)

[ variations till end ]