

# Fuck A Wanna Be

Playa Fly

Fuck a wanna be BITCH

Playa Fly you remember to say hello to your great Granny

Fuck, f\*\*k a wanna be BITCH

Playa Fly you remember to say hello to your great Granny

Fuck a wanna be BITCH

It be lizamin' (lamer) than what'cha claimin' you lames ain't spookin' me

I'm choosin' to stand alone on my own, me and B.A.B.

And backed up by Billy C, H, and I to the double L

And brothers like Mark and Tally whose minds haven't slipped and fell

By placin' me on the scale, and weighin' me by the P

You will see that I'm full of P to the T ain't no G in me

A fella from S.P.V., Fly for f\*\*kin' a wanna be

I.B.N. who you f\*\*kin' with, so your shit in it I will be

I'm packin', attackin', meanwhile those bosses be mackin'

And Mister Crim lookin' grim, from the way you wanna bes actin'

Intelligence you be lackin', not a lizick of common sense

Super duper and neutral and to the future and past tense

Lil' Flizy ain't hookin', Fly ain't smokin' or none of that

Even though you be lookin' and placin' jackins upon my back

I keep my pimpin' intact and lay my facts upon the table

And f\*\*k a wanna be who live in violatin' labels bitch

Now that Fly got your attention, mane sit and listen to what I say

I mention a situation we facin' in everyday

The shit that I start to see, it just don't agree with me

Imitatin' a person that play the shit well that's new to me

The bottom a Playa be, I'm found on a higher ground

The sound I be puttin' down, a playa make words around

I'm sportin' a sippin' crown clown, peep the five or six

Seven where I'm dwellin', so from heaven fillin' up to this

On my way past number nine, higher than a Funkytown

What you thinkin' I thought it and now you ballin' without a dime

Your mind is all in a bind, you're blizind leading the blind

Overdose of this Holy dope that I blow will leave you behind

So go catch up with your kind, cuz my kind don't wanna be

playa hated, associated by bustas who envy me

The B double O, N, E, man you peep? They be under you

I, B, N, they be in the house, I know that you want it too

Many suckas be flockin', bigger bustas be mockin'

Ask me why when I'm high, your mega shit I be stompin'

Start you bustas to rockin', cuz I'm bumpin' what's in me

Ain't no flockin' or fakin' or devil tradin', just pimpin'

I be spittin' to bitches and other niggas who itchin'

For this here Playa Fly dissin', hoe on your ear you will listen

So now you will nizzow (know) about these lyrics I flizow (flow)

When all the P let me gizow (go), so Fly can fire up this hizzow (hoe)

B, A, B what you see?

Alot of nothin' but wanna bes

Claimin' titles and I know they disrespectin' authority

Want a bitch they ignorin' you from the way they adorin' Fly

Many suckas who knowin' me claim they flowin' it makes me cry

You try me if you wanna try, but Lil' Fly will never lose

Have you cussin', and fussin', all in the dust and singin' the blues

Bill Chill only real with you, Allah who we rollin' with  
And Bone, and Will Chill, Carlos P., FUCK A WANNA BE BITCH

[Chorus til' fade]