

Fly Away

Goodie Mob

[Cee-Lo]

Uh huh, one time. Yes suh, yes suh Verse 1

[Big Gipp]

Now what they know about the banana and mayonnaise?

With two slices of toasted bread on a napkin

Straight up nuts with this country drawl

It ain't no reason, look here boy, ain't no fuckin flaw

I didn't go to bed without my lucky bear claw

See I'm a rest, uh, look in the bloom like a mushroom in the jug under hot lights

Crystalize so nice when I think twice. I love long summer nights

Four record deep, and I still get stage fright.

Small towns to the big city night life.

Hook

If you don't like what I say,

Fly away, fly away.

If you don't like where I stay,

Fly away, Uh huh. Verse 2

[T-Mo]

There's a Ghetto in every city (know dat) politicians (slangin) slurs hoppin the natural urge

Ain't no runnin from niggas, everywhere you go, drinkin alcohol, ready to call Earl,

It's your world black man. Them devils can't stand how we makin moves, smooth

Affordin legal houses so when a scene like the hand is took

Then documented it in his book how these niggas shook the world with the hook,

Now they back like Jack in that red Cadillac

Verse 3

[Khujjo]

Now git, don't let the doorknob hit you where the good Lord split you, off pair of rooms, too

That you so gone off that that PCP, that thought so letting another man sample your wine

Host your mind, like the color pink rubbin elbows with the wrong folks

Makin kin bruise they skin, secretaries terminated after seein' her boss pack fudge

Dirty men need to do more than bathe, ha. How's about burned at the stake like the rest of them

sodomites, even though you had beautiful kids and a wife, he still went both ways

Ain't no due process for boys that become girls or versa vice'a

Field niggas control this, then the hollow-point tip on this gay-rights activist,

A ghetto gang we all familiar with, now how many licks did it take to get you where you is

today? Fly away (fly away now) Hook Verse 4

[Cee-Lo]

Yea, I'm from the dirty, filthy nasty dirty south, some of these niggas still think we soft.

And I swore I wouldn't never write no rhyme like this, but now you startin to piss me off

Huh huh huh. Oh yes yall, Shawty he got that silky southern drawl.

E'ry tooth in my mouth got gold on em all, I'm is slum

And we don't want to bad blood, but it is some, it is some.

Nigga think he got, a better mind frame than me, nigga really think he got mo' game than me.
Ole, make me sick, nigga think you slick, uh fuck around and make me click like a magic trick
Eh heh heh. Cause I'll do yo ass wrong bout me, we so deep, and quick to stomp a nigga to
sleep, and uh, we don't like to kill, but we will. Ooh Lord, this south is sho' nuff trill, now shit,

When we on your side of town we don't ask why,

We abide by the rules that yall live by.

And see you welcome to come, you welcome to stay, but any disrespect,

We will make yo' ass fly away.Hook

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>