

I'm Still

DJ Khaled

Money long, the night is young (another one)
The world is ours - DJ Khaled

I know a lot of niggas in here prolly hate me right now
But I'll drink to that, I'll drink to that
That ain't gon' change a thing (noooo)
Still gon' do my thing
I'm still yeah yeah
Still gon' go and get mine
Still gon' keep on winnin
Still gon' keep it one hunnid every time
(I'm still) I'm still eating when them niggas throw shots
(I'm still) I'm still still gon' end up on top
I'm still
(Pussy ass niggas stop hating)

Ralph, Uh
Niggas be women like hoes be women
Look at me close, there is no sympathy
Those with envy be throwing subliminal quotes
I'd rather them warring with me
If only I hate them (word), like Tony Montana, except, no Manolo
She love me for another culo (word)
These dudes is snakes these women is vultures
Who am I to trust, who gon' ride for me
Who gon' light somebody's body up when I be like "Yup", they squeeze
Comfortably (ohh), and that new custom piece
My Tisci t-shirt a couple of G's
I talked to a bunch of G's just like a frozen tundra speech
And the Lambo feel what a real nigga doin 110 skrr in it, yeah
And the world so ill when the boy get funny over money or a girl on ya, uh
Let it marinate, uh, what, let me correlate, uh, let them niggas hate
But never ever let a women tell a nigga "Wait" uh, swag

Most of these niggas ain't raw most of these ain't poppin' (ain't poppin')
Most of these niggas ain't balling most of these niggas they starving
Talking cars and, what the fuck
They don't even got em
So high don't see no problems
Bitch I'm on them trees like Tarzan
Aw man (aw man), I want all my cheese like Robin
Shrimp or calamari I'm a young nigga with options
Mm, and you close but you ain't close enough
In the VIP call me the poster child from posting up
Top floor suite we going up; D.A.F. I'm dope as fuck
Woo, hundred bottles comin' that mean a hundred bottles gettin' opened up
Rolex face all frozen expect ya'll to hate you ain't supposed to love it
She backing up, like a Tonka truck

Fuck boy, I kept it real, came up
Wake up, feeling blessed, pockets full, no stress
At the shop, we the best
Cutting checks, eating good
Loving life, projects all night
(I'm still) I'm still gon' shine bright in that limelight

Ok now it's no more Mr. nice guy

If you niggas couldn't see me in the day time
Girl you got a better chance getting a day job
Your career wouldn't blow away the napalm (boom)
Silly motherfucka, who knows how to win the game on the buzzer
I'm the type to make a whole lot of money
Buy a whole new crib cus I'm bored as a mother
And it's still fuck hater
Still gon' ball like Kobe from the Lakers
Still we the best, and it's still hood nation
And I'm still gonna smoke even if I'm on papers

[Hook]