

# 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]