Yeah, yeah

Dropped outta school now we dumb rich, dumb rich This sound like some forty-three-oh-one shit, one shit All my niggas wanna do is pop style, pop style Turn my birthday into a lifestyle, lifestyle

Tell my mom I love her if I do not make it, do not make it Got so many chains they call me Chaining Tatum They do, they do And I like to finish what you think you started Man you boys just got to Hollywood, you boys just started You don't know what you just started All I do is hang with the young and heartless All this is for my family, man, I try my hardest It's all I ever did and look where it got him Yeah, you've been on my mind lately You've still got my number, girl you need to call me I feel like they wanna see me learn the hard way But you know I always handle that one my way Girl let me rock, rock, rock, rock, rock your body Justin Timberlake and then I hit the highway I can't trust no fuckin' body They still out to get me cause they never got me

They still out to get me, they don't get it I can not be got, and that's a given They like Pablo, "why are all the windows tinted on your Tahoe?" Why do you know every single bitch that I know? Why can't you just shut your mouth and take the high road? Fuck if I know, that's that Chicago, aye South, south, side, that's the motto, aye Cop a crib and spend ten million on remodel Take the devils out my life and preach the gospel, cause I know We went way, way past the line of scrimmage, aye Throne is back up in it, aye In the field like Emmitt, aye, y'all get so offended, aye I be blacking out, I ain't backing out Jay about his business, and I'mma let you finish but I... I just, I just, I just wanna rock your body Take you to the garage and do some karate Chop it, chop it, chop it sipping sake Throw a thick bitch on a Kawasaki (Perfect)

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