Everydays Anthem

I'm coming for them racks, racks, racks All dressed in black, black, black Middle finger to them suckers, suckers, suckers Real niggas, where you at, at, at? I pray to the Lord, Lord, Lord To keep the devil off my back, back, back I make em girls drop it low, low, low Can't keep my city on my cut, cut, cut

Uptown rider, blunt long as a dollar You's a choir boy, I'm straight out of the jungle, surge your blocka My youngins off the blocka, break you up something proper Like that choppa turn yo ass in that chicken enchilada I ain't fuckin with them niggas who wasn't fuckin with me See how them tables turn? Fuck favors, nothing for free Yea that bullshit, I'm on that My dick - yo girl on that Word I know she ain't, she just show up everywhere I perform at How you wanna do it boy? I'm bout that My team runnin out of money, I doubt that Stuntin like mall this tall ballin, I'm on my grizzly bitch I'm a nigga's worst nightmare and a bitch's wish

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New York City rider, full of GT vodka I'm sprayin in her mouth and she embrace it like banaka And she hate it when I stop her So never do I stop her I just light my good and watch er Get messy like whopper I'm a painful home, wreck a nigga life hurts I turn your wife into my after the club work You too close, my shooters show you how them slugs work Fuckin with Millz is deadly like Magic's bloodwork Roll another blunt, pop another molly I'm with Lee, that Korean bitch is taking shots of sake Livin sucka free, far from where them suckas be Jehova witness blow my name Ringin bells all up the streets

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Jae Millz

I'm coming for them racks, racks, racks Young Money, cash money Middle finger to them suckers, suckers, suckers We all 100 over here, G'd up I pray to the Lord, Lord Lord To keep the devil off my back, back, back Uptown til the casket drop, you already now Can't keep my city on my cut, cut, cut

Millz!