

It's You

Jae Millz

Ladies and gentlemen
I go by the name of Jae Millz
Justin Case, Marlyn New York City
That's it
It's really here

I'm a father who's child in this world livin'
Just chillin', spittin'
This verse from my iPhone just ringin'
My lyrics get mo' po' in the oda I'm getting
Young niggas like, what can I give 'em? Like wisdom
Oh, not to mention some dope ass music you can play when you're
getting dressed
Man, it's like I make theme music for getting fresh
Smoke medicated every day, fuck a cigarette
You would think I was Mike's son, I got all the Jord's
Sneaker boxes galore, my closet have a storage waz
Somebody feel they in need, they could come record
I look the new world's mirror and asked who was the doppest you
ever saw in the city

I'm a father who's child in this world livin'
Still chillin', still tryna remain sucker free and get this chicken
My new Sedan hard like MOP halls
And it's still MOP, yea, money over pigeons
Ain't no all on my marble floors, baby I ain't slippin'
I enticin' in yo game showin' Givens
But my birthday in this year, in Houston I was double cup
Throbe on, that's disrespectful to pimpin' if I wasn't sippin'
That's just G shit, fuck a rap song
Ask Bun if you think I'm just puttin' words in rap form
My sline ain't gave me a chance in the platform
Now my town hype cause a fool is what I act for
Yea, Yankee feel it, low cuts
Spend mo' money on my belt than the jeans they holdin' up
Like my ex down in the dust, I don't care how she holdin' up
Humor from a beamer'd up bus so who's the real asshole?