

Ante Up

Mike Stud

Yeah, uh huh, you know who it is
Mike stud, homie. Yeah, uh huh

What up world, welcome to the major league
Style's sick, quick to make a hater sneeze
Baby girl, I'm just that official
You need a tall glass of me just to wet your whistle
Stay high, stay fly, I'm a frequent flyer
I got the belt, I'm the king, call me sire
Mike stud, but you can call my vinny chase,
I'm with the model chick
Pretty face, skinny waist
I dip her down, she needs CPR
Then she want a replay, like DVR
And I roll with the top dogs
We shut the party down, like cop cars
Next night I'm in the bar with some heavy hitters
And the girls on the balls like spaghetti dinners
I'm the kid with the glamour
Willy demon, I live for the camera

Stand up. what now. Hands up. Touchdown.
T-t-t-touchdown. yeah, everybody.
Put your mothafuckin' hands in the air
Now bounce, come on, bounce, come on
Bounce
Come on, bounce
Put your mothafuckin' hands in the air
Now bounce, come on, bounce, come on
Bounce
Bounce bounce, bitch

Fuck patience, I'm tired of waitin'
I'm speeding to the top
It's a violation
Green like gonna write the tickets
So close to the top spot that I can sniff it
You smell that, yeah me too
Catch me out in Maui with a brew on a ski do
What up girl, I know you like dat
Damn right come here, I know you like dat
Mike stud, the cook, I got the recipe
Sittin' on top of the bread like a sesame
And I got my enemies in the frenzy
Makin' memories while you're barely
Makin' ends meet
Nobody sick as me, run ya'll history
Go on, get a clue, I'm an unsolved mystery
And I do it on a day to day basis
They try to hate, but you can't erase greatness

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