

I get around

Millionaires

Got myself a reputation, I get around
Won't turn down an invitation, i get around

So when i'm in your city, yeah you know where to find me
I'm hitting all them liquor stores, yeah you know thats what i
need
Get off your ass bitch, get me a snack bitch
I'll tell you what to do that's why they call me the boss bitch

Don't care what you think of me, i ain't your soulmate
Phones keep ringing, i turn that shit to vibrate
And update all my twitters and my posts
You stalk, you follow me, everywhere i go

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When i'm in your city, your boy's gonna be there with me
I get around

I don't know his name but he sure knows mine
My lips tatted on his neck, portrait on his spine
Like oh my, he about to cross the line
I fucked with him once but it was just to pass the time

He be like, "you remember me, from that party last month?"
I'm like whoa, you're that guy i stay away from
Buying me all kind of things, one caret diamond ring
Now he on his knees, pleading "baby please marry me"

Security surrounding me headed to my tour bus
Get a bottle, pop it quick, make my drink enormous
Pass out just to wake up in another state
You know i ain't fucking with no lightweight

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Wont turn down an invitation, i get around
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I get around