

[Verse 1: Michael]

Damn baby call me Mikey Rocks I hop in the coupe
Later on tryna see what's poppin witchu
And you know you saw them dollars I threw
I'm talking damn near two bands
Wanna get this paper girl don't stand there, you dance
She bust it open she shakin it and she standing on her hands
I love life but I don't love these hoes
Swisher sweets man that's all I roll
Steady mobbin and the only problem when you young, ballin and you on a roll
Lookin for that 2+ me
Goin in on the mic like tony kukoc III
She said this is probably somethin we should keep low key
But see you tryna see the view and tryna see yo suite
Man the elevator keep goin up and it's goin down
Headin up to the top floor, there's more bottles to go around
I seen your pictures all over town, take it off and then drop it slow
Make her shake it I break the bank and you see how far that doctor go
Just don't try to stop the show...

[Hook]

With all them badass friends you be thinking you a 10 but you a 8
(You a 8) Now that's great (that's great)
Girl I know that you a star and I see you goin hard for the cake
(For the cake) Now that's great (that's great)
Got a room full of hoes and they said we can put em on tape
(On tape) Now that's great (that's great)
With all them badass friends you be thinking you a 10 but you a 8
(You a 8) Now that's great (that's great)

[Verse 2: Casey]

She'll probably never let me go, my chick always want me back
Running fast around that track, but we never overlap
Take your clothes off girl, this my world I'll show you how to act
Peas N Carrots on her?, oh man I probably throw a stack
Had her laying on her back, she was rubbing on my cack
Had a dream that my girl a stripper you should run it back
Up in bed throwing it back like a UFC match
Had that ass tryna tap, wonder how long it's gon' last
She said "Casey you that nigga, always said you was gon' rap
And you got that shit done old boy you inspiring
I saw your potential when I used to give you problems
Now you just that nigga, boy I? "
She keep that money piling, but I collect the profit
I don't trust these f**king banks, got a lot of cash and
Started living fast wit it, baby shake that ass for me
I ain't know you had that in you

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Mac]

And you know I'mma ball, ?, new bank account, please open that
Got? cash, suite broken glass and I'm showing my ass in my photographs
Got a f**ked up past but it ain't that bad though, ? with some fat hoes
Ho puff puff pass if you rolling my hash, ?
Knew a girl named Becky that give that dome, don't have no job but live
Alone

Money from her mom every weekend she tend to spend that on sniffing coke
Oh, you a nasty bitch, ain't no 10 way below average
Got other f**ked up things to say but we don't even believe half that shit
Got a beat off Cardo, all around money Wells Fargo
Got girls in my pockets, like 8 of them hoes, yea I got cargos
I bet you gon' stop, Casey, Mac, and Mikey Rocks
She likes to f**k, she likes to shop, problem is she likes the?

[Hook]