

Ma, don't waste you're time
You with the wrong dude if you waitin' in line
Talkin' that shit, soon to blow
We ain't mad at you girl, you don't know
Look, don't let life stress you out
Tell me where you going, let me you out
Check the boards ma, we put up numbers
Come on, let's get right for the summer

Hair cut, car washed
And I'm Nautica'd out to the socks
Fortune 500 CEOs on the yacht
We don't talk about cash, we talk about stocks
Down in Miami, this is where it gets hot
I ain't there for them Heat though, I'm here on the beach
The boats and the seats
The boats and the girls and the birds and the bees
We'll be here all week
We made a few songs, you might read about me in your new magazine
Bada-boom, bada-bing homie
Need a loan, bad credit need funding
If I go to the club, I ain't gotta spend nothing
They got a table ready like
"I hear Chuck's coming"
Impalas down south like
"I think a trucks running"
Five more Os sound like a nice budget
And five more of those, put 'em in a ice bucket

You on the fence now
You said you like who?
You never tried what? But you would like to
You goddam right you got a right to the high life
We in a elephant grey BMW M-1
The inside color of them some
Come ride with a nigga to the corner we been one
These rap niggas line out their salary income
I started rap team, but all of that cream
That'd be harder than a gang member bat swing
A part of me wanna give you my last name
The other half of me wanna smash like a crash dummy
A lotta gold like a rap mummy
Got goals you supposed to live up to
Whole lotta hoes sayin'
"Yo Mike, I wanna fuck you"
Little niggas sayin'
"Yo Mike what you been up to?"
Man, I'm just trying to stand out like a buck, too

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