Smfwu

Timeflies

'Fore we was anything, 'fore you could see us Before we was electric, well that was Prius Before we ever dreamt it here, it's nothing to dream of 'Cause let's be honest, you didn't ever think that this could be us Now watch me shaking hands on the carpet in demand Sliding hard right like you seeing me on thin air I'm wild for the night, got no plans on getting free You were Instagraming you and now you're Instagraming me See me walk up in the room, I'm the same motherfucker what up? (I'm the same motherfucker) And if you're talking to the crew, better know you ain't fucking wit us (you ain't fucking wit us) Did it on our own, they kept telling us no But now they open up the doors wherever we go And now we walk up in the room and they say motherfuckers what up? (and they say motherfuckers) I sing a pop song, I rap a rock song I sing a-club-banging, make-them-panties-drop song I'm show time, I keep it poppin' like some popcorn Now watch me getting money like a motherfuckin' dot com This just how you know When you see me in your city It's like everywhere I go, everybody fucking wit me Yes I'm on top of my game, they all chanting my name But I told you if you know me then you know I never change See me walk up in the room, I'm the same motherfucker what up? (motherfucker what up) And if you're talking to the crew, better know you ain't fucking wit us (you ain't fucking wit us) Did it on our own, they kept telling us no But now they open up the doors wherever we go And now we walk up in the room and they say motherfuckers what up? (motherfu ckers what up?) It's like I'm still a kid in the back of the Ford Taurus, yes, Waving at some drivers while they scream their favorite choruses Now fast forward, my song flashes across the dashboard Is this the life I asked for? Well fuck it man of course it is I just needed a mic and a stage I could play on This life's my playground, I'm Harold with a crayon Now how the drought so cold, no shrinkage No size limit on greatness, Dinklage Only getting better bruh, dominate like Federer But if you don't like my lyrics send a letter to the editor His address is 'Fuck You', street name is 'Deal Wit It' Make sure you tramp stamp it so I know I still get it Am I a sellout? 'Cause every show I sell out I hang around with fans 'til they tell me to get the hell out Middle finger to the haters, tell em shut up So if you feel that let me hear you say what up!

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