

I'm Illy

Chris Brown

I'm in the clouds homie, no gas mask
Paper long stack higher than giraffe's ass
I'm used to driving spaceships, so I'm landing wrong
On some ugly shit, ET whatever bandana on
Dolce book bag, Louie rag, hanging on the right side
Red lightning on my head, I'm looking on the bright side
Listen to my music, yes, I highly recommend it
But if you ain't messing with it, why the hell are you commenting And I'm really loving rapping now know I
had to get it in
Listening to rappers and some of them sounding feminine
Any stage or any show, I been there or I done it
Too big and these girls run from it
These young niggas here now and we bout to shut it down
My little sister Teyana Taylor and yeah I'm Chris Brown
And ain't no goons with me, go on act silly
Don't forget modasucer I'm illy

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