

# I Think They Like Me (Remix 1)

## Dem Franchise Boyz

Yea these niggaz like me, haters want to fight me  
Yea these niggaz mad 'cause I came up over night be  
Yea I switch it up I got 9 kuff tightly  
So you betta do the right thing like Spike Lee  
Yep I'm superclean rock jeans wit a white tee  
Niggaz round here soft but like niggaz want to fight me  
If you had some figures you will be just like me  
Yea these niggaz mad 'cause I shining like a light be  
Niggaz talking yep in there muthafuckin throwback  
It ain't real, you know, that's Muhammedz where they sold dat  
We stepping on these niggaz like a muthafuckin door mat  
When I hit the scene they take pictures call me Kodak  
These hoes goin crazy like think they need some Prozac  
We the hottest thing in the marker and you no dat  
If Yo bitch chosed up and she don't want to go back  
We stackin big faces 'cause we still spending throwbacks![Chorus]  
Ohh I think they like me [Repeat x16]Haters want to fight me I'm snatching ya ass up  
First nigga act up first nigga get bust  
Just ta gettin shredded, while I'm twirlin' n switchin' swords  
T-shirt stravaganza (franchise the white tee boyz)  
Self made self paid we latch around in our white tee  
Ashy black shirt well get down in ya brown tee  
My hundred throwback we sport a jersey by Ali  
And if he make one (hell naw dat don't sight me!)  
I'm all about my cash ride around wit a nice peace  
Ear piece icy they straight up like me  
You heard pimpin' playa (they shine so brightly)  
Don't stand so close vision burners with ice blingers  
Respect my whole squad no you can't even touch us 'cause  
Role out the red carpet high five to show us love  
Carry barretas count cheddar we trend settas  
I'm a franchise niggga have a mil or betta[Chorus]A young nigga  
I luv to muthafuckin' fight  
But when shit get thick I grab the k he grab the pipe  
So when my muthafuckin' partnas  
When they rumble when they right  
Strap up in all black, so make dem suckas see da light  
Some people say I'm crazy, my eye stay lazy  
The neck so sweet, ten bricks for the eighty

Killin fuck niggas when they don't wanna pay me  
Ones on my shirt, stay clean so I made it  
We back on the block, servin glass to the jay  
Nigga gotta glass jar, swappin' shit, breakin' face  
Gotta yays and a bar, clean ones, stay laced  
Gotta king fitch tell her get the fuck out tha way  
Wet paint, big shoes, move motors lets race  
Young nigga tryin' ta get it, wat I care about a case  
If you want me come n get me bitch I gotta AK  
See y'all nigga, me n my click n we don't muthafuckin' play[Chorus]

Songwriters

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