

U Mad

Vic Mensa

Ooh I don't need y'all either
Ooh don't wanna talk about it
Ooh like I don't, like I don't know nobody
Like I don't know nobody
I guess I don't
(Oh you mad, huh?)
(Oh you mad, huh?)
(Oh oh you mad, huh?) Oh oh, she gon' be mad right? Ain't that too bad, right?
Wanna catch that cab, right? Take back that bag, right?
I guess that she just gon' go buy herself that purse
I'm back on my Chicago shit and this aint what you want. Shout out to Lil Durk
I'm the villain, no really I'm just chillin'
Tryna stack these 20s, 50s, hundreds, millions, to the ceilin'
Mary, Mary all I need, pussy, money, weed
And all my women in doubles, I'm at the DoubleTree
All I hear hoes callin' out wildin', on the road like every day
We everywhere, any day and anywhere that the money say
No questions, no questions please, just on your knees
Blow, don't sneeze, bitch shut up, don't breathe
Gasp, on the gas, 'til I crash, autopsy said that nigga mashed
All praise to Allah, not Ramadan but these bitches fast
Fuck in the party, pull up her skirt, then skrr
Who her? I forgot her name Ooh like I don't, like I don't know nobody
Ooh like I don't, like I don't know nobody
Ooh like, ooh like I don't know nobody
Like I don't know nobody, like I don't know nobody
(Oh you mad, huh?)
I guess I don't
(Oh you mad, huh?)
(Oh you mad, huh?)
(Oh oh you mad, huh?) There go another lawsuit
In court so much, man I should've went to law school
Everybody brawlin', it was all cool
'Til I hit the bartender with the bars-tool
I don't fuck with fake dudes wearin' fake trues
I just talked to 2 Chainz and he said, "tru"
I feel like MJ, I'm in his shoes
I'm talkin' Montell Jordan, this is how we do
Bust a nigga head and then I lay low

These niggas ass-water, get the Drano
 She ain't really bad, she a photo thot
 I should hire this bitch, she so damn good at Photoshop
 That Lexapro got me drowsy than a heart attack
 I think they finally think they got me where they want me at
 I got seven hundred emails in my inbox
 What that mean? I ain't callin' nobody back Ooh like I don't, like I don't know nobody
 Ooh like I don't, like I don't know nobody
 Ooh like, ooh like I don't know nobody
 Like I don't know nobody, like I don't know nobody
 I guess I don't
 (Oh you mad, huh?)
 (Oh you mad, huh?)
 (Oh oh you mad, huh?) I be catchin' too many stares this evening, God fearin' but God knows I'm on a roll
 At the Louvre in Paris, still be on the block like a corner store
 Ain't my fault you ain't the man, made a plan, man it was planned
 They sleeping on me like long flights, I pop a Xan on the way to France
 Paparazzi like, "oh that's him!", pour that gin, let's get faded
 Drinkin' like it's no tomorrow, what's today? I'm in the Matrix
 Hater, please let me live my life, swear to God I be tryna do right
 But if she bad I might hit a bitch in the elevator like Ray Rice
 Uh, y'all pay the price, I pay the difference, it's just different
 Save money, ain't nothin' different, gunshots and jumpin' fences
 Hold on I'm tryna get loose, please don't get shit confused
 Ask Don C, I've been lit, this 'Ye shit just lit the fuse
 Now I'm on fire, everybody go quiet (sshhh)
 Like where was you last week? My nigga the fuck was you hidin'?
 Like I was laying on my arm I'm on my side
 South side, I'm down to start a riot Ooh like I don't, like I don't know nobody
 Ooh like I don't, like I don't know nobody
 Ooh like, ooh like I don't know nobody
 Like I don't know nobody, like I don't know nobody
 (Oh you mad, huh?)
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Songwriters

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