Crew (feat. Brent Faiyaz & Shy Glizzy)

GoldLink

She see money all around me
I look like I'm the man, yeah
But I was down and out like last week
Tell me where have you been?
You came out of hiding, girl
Don't act like I'm your man
You just a fan, you don't hold rank
Don't hold no rankBet against a real ass nigga with a sick ass mouth
And a slick ass flow
Catch-a-bullet-'round-me-nigga and a player when
I'm comin' for the kitty, I'm a fool, goddamn
Do it for my niggas in the ghost right there
Do it for my niggas in the ghost right now
Niggas got killed for the boy living dreams in the hills
And it wasn't for the boy right now
Goddamn, what a time, what a year
We are what them young boys fear
I kill, never been killed, that's real, no lies
You can tell that from our pulse right now
Bet you wanna fuck me now
Bet you wanna love me down
Girl, you can't tie me down like Ray J said
But know I'm down
Freaky Deaky show me something
Shake it like you owe me something
Pushin' on the pussy like a button
Came four times, fifth time you gushin'
Still gettin' rowdy in the function
Bitches on my dick like it's nothing
Everywhere I go now, always got shit bumpin', jumpin', bumpin', jumpin', yeahHey, nice to meet, I'm Young Jefe, who you be?
Got my piece in Southeast, got her clappin' to this beat
She invite me to her crib, I walk in she see my heat
She said "But I live in the hills" bitch, that's just the way I sleep
Stop that madness, I'm a savage
In traffic with MAC 11's
Baddest bitch and she Spanish
I fly her to Calabasas
We get nasty, I'm her daddy

Does she know a nigga ain't average?
Ain't nothing wrong with fake asses
Bitch, turn around let's make magic
I'm geekin', uh huh I'm on it
Don't look at me like you want it
Tell 'em that we ain't stuntin'
In fourth down we ain't puntin' it
King of District of Columbia
Can't come here without a permit
This shit really a jungle, gorillas and anacondasShe see money all around me
I look like I'm the man, yeah
But I was down and out like last week
Tell me where have you been?
You came out of hiding, girl
Don't act like I'm your man
You just a fan, you don't hold rank
Don't hold no rank

Songwriters
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