

# Netflix (feat. Fergie)

## 2 Chainz

Yeah, uh-huh I smoked a blunt for dinner  
another blunt for breakfast  
2 Chainz, got 'em staring at my necklace  
Let's make a sex tape and put it on Netflix  
Let's make a sex tape and put it on Netflix  
She got it, I want it, I want it, she got it  
I'm dodging paparazzi  
My outfit from Versace  
Copy, copy, all these niggas just copy (copy)  
I just bought me a new watch  
And these new niggas just watchin' (tell em) I know you had the time of your life  
I know you had the time of your life  
You know I'm gettin' money, ten, twenty, thirty, forty  
I'll be countin' this shit all night I know you had the time of your life  
I know you had the time of your life  
See yeah I'm gettin' money, ten, twenty, thirty, forty  
I'll be countin' this shit all night When I die, bury me inside the liquor store  
'Cause when I die, Fergie still gon' be gettin' dough (ohh)  
You do what you can, I do what you can't  
You smoke that Bobby B-B-Brown, we on that Shabba Ranks  
I got it, you want it, you want it, I got it  
My girls go shopping, that ain't a mall, that's my closet  
So copy (copy), copy, all these bitches just copy  
Honor student wit' double Ds  
That ain't the bra, that's my ta-tas I know you had the time of your life  
I know you had the time of your life  
You know I'm gettin' money, ten, twenty, thirty, forty  
I'll be countin' this shit all night I know you had the time of your life  
I know you had the time of your life  
See yeah I'm gettin' money, ten, twenty, thirty, forty  
I'll be countin' this shit all night Yeah  
Yeah  
I'm gettin' to the monies, with an apostrophe  
Fucked her on a pile of clothes now she a closet freak  
Yeah I bear arms, I got something up my sleeve (BOW)  
And when she wit' me, she don't wanna leave  
She just wanna freak (she do), she don't wanna sleep  
Put it in her mouth (mouth) now she don't wanna speak (Tru)  
Yeah I'm at the club, I got strippers at my table



I call doin' the 69 a favor for a favor  
From the cradle to the grave (uh)  
Shoot a nigga from his ankle to his waist  
You can tell that I'm paid  
'Cause I'm high-class  
Fucked a bitch in her eyelashes  
we in a jet, who gon' fly past us?  
Tint all on my eyeglasses, I don't see ya hater (yeah)  
And I don't get dropped, bitch I drop the label  
Goddamn!

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