# Involved

## Sector Seven

[Chorus]What happens when you get involved?
N-ggas start telling lies (start telling lies)
Both wanna be involved
But loves like suicide
Now that your too involved
Infatuated to the high
[Tyga - Verse 1]Uhh took a deep breath, Inhaled this love in the air
Only just to find pain cause its all that I feel
Mothaf-ckas say they real, but they really aint for real
I'll show you who's real, when you broke aint a thrill
Got bills waiting on me, and its drama in my ear
I wanna sit still, but I'm busy tryna live
Forgiving all my sins, crucifixed now I'm fixed
Road to eternal bliss
Now they hate me like Chris, Rock on my arm
Gotta keep a piece of mine, hot cherry balm, lip locking with a dime
I make bitches scream for me like I'm Lil Jon
Last king to flow, sweeter then a bon bon
Quick sand bitches running out of time
Got my shades on, I aint waiting in the line
Whatever it is I'm on some better shit
All black barreta shit
Leather coat, leather mitts
I dont leave no finger prints, Eddie raw, semi clips
Violence aint for little kids
But I keep something cause these n-ggas wanna test me
N-ggas on that ice like Gretzky
Montage chillin, life on a jet-ski
Haters left I like Leslie
N-gga ball hard, never been to the SB's

But now you walk alone, no holding hands
Just wishing somebody could understand
No father figure, taught myself to be a man
Mama said keep God in all your plans
Let the sun shine keep your head high
Its always people after your spot, gotta stay high, gotta stay high
Dont let it stop, then ask yourself why?
[Chorus x2][Verse 2]Last king n-gga ready for war, jeep threw off the doors

New paint now the car reborn, and I'm flying overseas
Now my dollars is foreign
And the Bentley got wings now the angels is calling
uhh The good son Macaulay Culkin
Getting money til my last show
Word up to Oprah, the whips pull out like a leather sofa
Coolest n-gga couldn't hang with me like Mr.cooper
Super duper, need a pooper scooper
I'm the shit clean it in the white loofer
It's Young Mula hustle like an oompa loompa
Young tutor teach you n-ggas how to do this
Shame on a hater, we dont pop charts, so the bread pop up like pop tarts
Red coupe, hot sauce, bitches getting locked jaw
Big titties top off, ass like sasquatch
The rap star, highlights, player of the week, gotta get five mics
Clever when I speak, motivation for your life
They under-rating me, Mike verses A.I.,
But I'ma get mine mothaf-cka, sh-shootem in the line mothaf-cka
Like hi mothaf-cka, head light from trucka, like dear to a hunter
I'm aiming at something!
[Chorus]

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