

I THINK THEY LIKE ME

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 nigga 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

DUPRI, JERMAINE/HARRIS, SHAWNTAE/ALSTON, JARON C

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