30 Something

The Trouble With Templeton

You ain't got enough stamps in your passport
To *** with Young HO, international
Show young boys how to do this thing
The maturation of Jay-Zeezy, check me out
30's the new 20, ***, I'm so hot still
Better broad, better automobile
Bet a yard, bet a hundred mil
Then by the song's end, I'll probably start another trend
I know ev'ry thing you wan' do
I did all that by the age of twenty one
By twenty two, I had that brand new Ac' Coupe
I guess you could say that my legend just begun
I'm young enough to know the right car to buy
Yet grown enough not to put rims on it
I got that six-deuce with curtains, so you can't see me
And I didn't even have to put tints on it
I don't got the bright watch, I got the right watch
I don't buy out the bar, I bought the nightspot
I got the right stock
I got stockbrokers that's movin' it like white tops
I know you like, ?*** this is child abuse
Call DYFS?, I must just be gettin' nicer
You young boys ain't ready fa' real
30's the new 20, *** I'm so hot still
I used to let my pants sag, not givin' a ***
Baby boy, now I'm all grown up
I used to cruise the used car lot, put chrome on the truck
Baby boy, now I'm all grown up
I used to play the block like that
I used to carry knots like that
Now I got Black cards, good credit and such
Baby boy 'cause I'm all grown up
30's the new 20, *** I'm on fire still
These young boys is like fire drills
False alarms, the next don
He ain't got it, on to the next one
I'm still here, still here like Mike
Gotta stop playin' with these children
I'm a bully with the bucks

Don't let the patent leather shoes fool you, young'n
I got the fully in the tux

That was my past, now I'm so grown up
I don't got one gun on me
Gotta a sum army to hire a gun army, get you spun like laundry
And I'll be somewhere under palm trees, calmly listenin' to R&B
When we get the call, he's no longer wit us
Fire your babysitters
You little *** fall back fa' real
30's the new 20, *** I'm so hot still
I used to let my pants sag, not givin' a ***
Baby boy, now I'm all grown up
I used to cruise the used car lot, put chrome on the truck
Baby boy, now I'm all grown up
I used to wear my hoodie like that
Pile deep in a hooptie like that
Now I got Black cards, good credit and such
Baby boy 'cause I'm all grown up
Y'all roll *** I smoke Cubans all day
Y'all youngin's chase, I'm Patron and it's great
I like South Beach but I'm in St. Tropez
Y'all drink Dom but not Ros

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