

Livin (Feat. IAMSU)

2 Chainz

Good head get your rent paid,
Then I cut a corner like a switch blade
Bitch made nigga talking shit about her
Got a red car so I bought a red bottom
Chillin' at the game sitting courtside
You're looking at the flyest nigga on the boat ride
Low life I'm a multi nigga fo' life
Oh my, had it up to here like a bow tie,
Cut it out sold drugs out my mommas house
So for mothers day, I bought my mom a house
Chillin' in the club standing on the couch
Nigga fuck yo couch, nigga nigga fuck yo couch!
Shoes cost more than that shit anyway
Any day, when the semi spray, better penetrate
{Brrraaatt} Better duck nigga!
Got a lake in my yard filled with ducks nigga!
I'm just livin' baby, and you got that right
I'm just livin' baby, and my Jordans nice
I'm just livin' baby, I'm just livin'
I'm just livin' baby, I'm just livin' Motherfuck the other side (Motherfuck the other side)
Motherfuck the other side (Motherfuck the other side)
Everything's official my pistol's just missin missles
As far as running game my nigga I need a whistle
My nigga I need your sister, oops, I don't think that came out
Still fuck a girl with my chain out
Still do my thing with my thing out
Long ass clip, I could shoot you without aiming
My life, your motherfucking entertainment
Dangerous, leave you with the angels,
Shoot yo' ass from all types of angles, explain this
The way I lived with a just bunch of niggas and then just me
They came close and eat yo' skeet
They tried to run and I said come back
If you think you're alone then they're about to Womack
Hold that, ridin' that Phantom down on there
Nigga said what up pimp, where the hoes at?
Ride around on my side of town, you might fuck around and get peeled
I rock Mookie, rock Y3, got Bathing Apes on my heels
Nigga this ain't a game there ain't no competition

I knew he was a fake I got good intuition
23 and I'm still livin',
Been all around the world and it's still Richmond
Because I'm loyal to my soil, good to my hood like oil,
Got me in that water, let it boil
Bitch I'm a boy, beat the beat up like Roy
Consider your bitch my employ'
Real to the core, straight up I never been fraud,
And I put that on my lord
Ya'll rap 'bout clothes that you cannot afford
Where's the Versace and where's the Tom Ford?
Everything we rap 'bout that shit be ours
This bitch a freak she should get the award
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