

# Manager

## Konstantin Zhilyakov

I ain't tryna be ya boyfriend, lemme manage ya  
Yeah, these girls like me  
'Cause I show 'em somethin' icy  
Roll somethin' nicely, make her wanna have a seed  
Hope her son looks like me  
Uh, can't imagine the things that I'm fightin'  
Collipark on the drums, I know you gon' like it  
Chi-Town swag with a A-Town bounce  
Mix it all in together, watch a hit drop out  
See we started from the kitchen from the bed to the couch  
Gave her forty five minutes, I was in, then I'm out  
See my mama say I'm lucky, the hood say they love me  
These girls say I'ma put this up, put no one above me  
See now I'm livin' lovely, my girl gotta buddy  
But she be trippin' out because her girls wanna fuck me  
And now we pullin' up, see me and the boy Lloyd  
Red bone girls, Lamborghini toys  
Take it to tha flow 'cause I know how to handle ya  
I don't wanna be ya man, I wanna be ya manager  
I know I'm hot, let the top down if you burnin' up  
Speakers knockin' the block down when we pullin' up  
I see you movin' around on the dance floor  
Baby, watcha doin' here? Watcha mad for?  
Shawty, you just don't know what you do to me  
Gotta playa open hopin' you don't make a fool of me  
Ya picture frame belongs inside of my camera  
I ain't tryna be ya boyfriend, lemme manage ya  
(She make me wanna say, say, alright)  
I ain't tryna be ya boyfriend, lemme manage ya  
(You make me wanna say, say, say, alright)  
I ain't tryna be ya boyfriend, lemme manage ya  
(You make me wanna say, say, alright)  
I ain't tryna be ya boyfriend, lemme manage ya  
(You make me wanna say, say, alright)  
I ain't tryna be ya boyfriend, lemme manage ya  
(You know you want to)  
Yeah, it go, shawty, lemme manage ya  
I know how to handle ya  
Forget about your boyfriend, mami, he's a amateur

There go the paparazzi smile for the camera  
Say cheese and throw up the YB'z  
Body picture perfect, I know how to work it  
Only for a small fee 'cause you're managed by me  
Started with rosade then took it to Don P  
Ran outta Don P so we vous vecliz  
See them otha' dudes lose 'cause they ain't smooth like me  
They don't coordinate the jewels with the shoes like me  
True religion jeans with a v-neck fee  
Make ya best friend say she want a dude like me  
So we took 'em both to the beach to the beach  
Me and the boy Lloyd threw 'em on jet skis  
Then to the suite 'cause I know how to handle ya  
I don't wanna be ya boyfriend, lemme manage ya  
I know I'm hot, let the top down if you burnin' up  
Speakers knockin' the block down when we pullin' up  
I see you movin' around on the dance floor  
Baby, watcha doin' here? Watcha mad for?  
Shawty, you just don't know what you do to me  
Gotta playa open hopin' you don't make a fool of me  
Ya picture frame belongs inside of my camera  
I ain't tryna be ya boyfriend, lemme manage ya  
(She make me wanna say, say, alright)  
I ain't tryna be ya boyfriend, lemme manage ya  
(She make me wanna say, say, alright)  
I ain't tryna be ya boyfriend, lemme manage ya  
(You make me wanna say, say, alright)  
I ain't tryna be ya boyfriend, lemme manage ya  
(You make me wanna say, say, alright)  
I ain't tryna be ya boyfriend, lemme manage ya  
(Shawty, you can do good if you listen up)  
I ain't tryna be ya boyfriend, lemme manage ya  
([Incomprehensible])  
I ain't tryna be ya boyfriend, lemme manage ya  
(Ah, you ain't gotta be afraid, shawty, back it up 'cause)  
I ain't tryna be ya boyfriend, lemme manage ya  
(See, you only have this smile without the black and white)  
I ain't tryna be ya boyfriend, lemme manage ya  
Although I've got it bad for ya  
(It's ya boy Berg)  
I hope you understand that  
(Lloyd)  
I can be ya manager  
(I ain't tryna be ya boyfriend, lemme manage ya)  
But I can't be yo man, no

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