

# Socialize (ft Young Blacc, Young Lo, Kevin Gates)

## Chris Brown

[Verse 1: Chris Brown]

Yeah, look, acting arcedinic when a nigga in your city  
Fame going to her head, think for worrying 'bout them titties  
And I don't pillow talk with a hoe, that's a no no  
In the morning, shaveroom, she be telling all your business  
And now I got a couple chickens that I'm flying out the coop  
Got some niggas that can fight, got some killers that can shoot  
And bitches all on my 'gram, I'm trying make 100 million  
Got bitches on top of bitches, I'm stacking 'em to the ceiling  
Always a nigga tryna hate on me  
And every time we pull a burner on 'em, they want peace  
Bad bitches see the ice, they wanna skate on me  
I hit the G with my D, now she won't leave  
But I don't trip, I just let her stay and sip codeine  
You know she can give me head but she can't smoke my weed  
In that penthouse suite, I'm the man with the models

And we don't fuck with you nigga, we know you telling your partners [Hook: Chris Brown]

We always fussing and arguing, then we kiss and make up  
And every time I go out with my homies, I'mma have the party lit, going way up  
But why you acting so surprised? I gave you my heart, girl I put it right in front of you

Socialize, now we in the club tryna socialize [Verse 2]

Look, look, now these bitches wanna show's up  
Cause they see me on the road and I'm jolled up  
And all these bitches on my line like they know us  
But I don't want that pussy, I'mma let the crew fuck you up  
She so with it, my bitch bad, she gon' get it  
Her lil sister, she thick now, get those digits  
This money coming so quick now, need more spinach  
We turn a bitch to a bust down if Chris hit it  
And I ain't never 'bout to save no bitch  
But if she bringing back money, we gon' all get rich  
I need a new whip, new chain, talking 'bout the rap game  
Keep the bitch tip toes down, I'm speaking facts mane  
And you ain't never 'bout to break my niggas  
And all this money, I'm about to fresh to death my bitch  
This the west coast, trap game, hit 'em on the crack cane  
Spending young money and shit, call me Mack Maine [Hook: Chris Brown]

We always fussing and arguing, then we kiss and make up  
And every time I go out with my homies, I'mma have the party lit, going way up

But why you acting so surprised? I gave you my heart, girl I put it right in front of you  
Socialize, now we in the club tryna socialize[Verse 3]  
Look, 'fore she used to be a solid bitch, but now she fucking with my tolerance  
Like I ain't the nigga that's bringing dollars in  
Took me from that regular life to living extravagant  
Now you wanna flex on a nigga like you the baddest bitch  
OHB, that's out of here bitch, I got some new freaks  
Porsche 9/11, sitting pretty on the new feet  
Two get fucked for an hour then let the crew skeet  
Cruising, got 4 on the way while I got 2 suites  
Black nigga in white linen with white women  
And I ain't tripping, I like women that like women  
Ooh baby, they all losing be like women  
If I kill the pussy baby, that's a life sentence  
Praying light, that's night vision  
High-Tec, yeah I like sipping  
Sold dope for them gold ropes, I like pitching  
Whipping the block in 4 pots, this my kitchen, fuck with us[Hook: Chris Brown]  
We always fussing and arguing, then we kiss and make up  
And every time I go out with my homies, I'mma have the party lit, going way up  
But why you acting so surprised? I gave you my heart, girl I put it right in front of you  
Socialize, now we in the club tryna socialize[Verse 4]  
Big buck, bitch teeth crooked, and I ain't let her fuck  
I ain't paying for the Uber, never told her that I love her  
Kick her out man, every night she go and get her brother  
Locked up with the reds, you know she watch a nigga fuck  
Dog, I go hard, I am already a boss  
On the plane slinging Rolls, I am already a boss  
I be solo in the game, I be whipping up a Range  
Name's holy wait, kick and fly conversation  
Don't complain in the game, I ain't doing no complaining  
He don't wanna front it, I'mma take it when I'm aiming  
Move real cool, handle business like a gangster  
Shoes on the bed, that's a lion to the jags  
I be working out, wearing slay ups doing reps  
Like the bench press, kill and stand on your chest  
No one came in, flip for another set  
She recertified, real nigga whip the stack[Hook: Chris Brown]  
We always fussing and arguing, then we kiss and make up  
And every time I go out with my homies, I'mma have the party lit, going way up  
But why you acting so surprised? I gave you my heart, girl I put it right in front of you  
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