

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
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