

# Couldn't Do You (ft. Kyle Lucas)

T. Mills

yo its milly man, dont hate on me cause im your girlfriends favorite yf.  
i dont have to listen to what you gotta say  
i do, i do whatever i want to.  
you buy my style so tell me how it really tastes  
i knew, i knew you couldnt just do you  
im pairing shit up on these verses  
haters get nervous  
when they see my picture in they girl friends purses  
im confident not a cocky dude  
they talk shit, im still making moves  
im leading em, they in the group  
im beating em, they bound to lose  
watch me like a tv, speechless when you see me  
you buy swag, i cop for free  
im a real deal, you a wanna be.  
my life is like a movie, girls all act like groupies  
i got my faves, thats all i need  
fuck the world, the world cant fuck me  
i dont have to listen to what you gotta say  
i do, i do whatever i want to  
you buy my style so tell me how it really tastes  
i knew i knew you couldnt just do you  
i dont have to listen to what you gotta say  
i do ido whatever i want to  
you buy my style so tell me how it really tastes  
i knew i knew you couldnt just do you  
im sharper than the knife i cut my steak with, steak with  
you soft like fruit go eat a grape bitch  
you aint gotta say it cause i know that im great bitch  
you aint gotta job but you, you work the grave shift  
i get high and pay all mine  
people talk me outta line  
i aint lying i feel fine you hate alright  
i get dimes i get mine  
its my time you meanest if you see it i will copy paste  
swagger jackin lames need to get the fuck out my face  
i dont have to listen to what you gotta say  
i do i do whatever i want to  
you buy my style so tell me how it really tastes

i knew i knew you couldnt just do you  
i dont have to listen to what you gotta say  
i do i do whatever i want to  
you buy my style so tell me how it really tastes  
i knew i knew you couldnt just do you  
im doin this rap shit til i bash it  
my last shit, i surpassed it  
i killed it, its in the casket  
these adjectives are drastic  
put em in the ground, like 6 feet down  
and they unaware they are finna know now  
see this hate has been poppin up  
bitches make me feel popular  
ill give my profit up  
who gives a fuck if im hip hop enough  
for whatever they talkin bout its blocked out  
in a wip top down with your chick top down  
i dont have to listen to what you gotta say  
i do i do whatever i want to  
you buy my style so tell me how it really tastes  
i knew i knew you couldnt just do you  
i dont have to listen to what you gotta say  
i do i do whatever i want to  
you buy my style so tell me how it really tastes  
i knew i knew you couldnt just do you

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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