Sms (Bangerz)

I Bangerz

(Bangerz)
(F**ckin' Bangerz)All the way in the back with a tree on my lap
All the boys like to ask me, what you doing with that?
You say you love me, I ain't foolin' with that
They ask me how I keep a man, I keep a battery packOne day he wants me, one day he wants me not
I don't do chances, 'cause time just ain't what I got
If he's like that, I got a world tour that they need me at
I can't be sitting round here waiting on a man to tell me where the f*ck my CV at
Where Mike Will at?(Bangerz)
(F**ckin' Bangerz)I be struttin' in my stuff
I be struttin' in my stuff
I be struttin' in my stuffI'm flying high upon the bird, acrophobiac
My slick carder, I ain't down my purse where the dollars at
I let them know the rings two on the first
They can call the hertz
'cause if there's anybody violation I go off with thatCatwalk, slick talk, flirting with the big dog
All I need is milli, only got milli on that speed dial
You know I'm on that me-ow
Quick to scratch your eyes out
Struttin' on the court, make 'em nervous, call it too muchI be struttin' my stuff
I be struttin' my stuff(Bangerz)
(F**ckin' Bangerz)I be struttin' my stuff
I be struttin' my stuffPlay boss the play
Doctor get that big ross
Sit that on my hand
Make that media big talk
Play boss the play
Psych that must be the purple
Got up in my brain
Had me a little bit dysmalI,I bangerz, I,I bangerz I,I bangerz(Bangerz)
(F**ckin' Bangerz)

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