Showing Out

Clipse

Ho I'm major, that shit nothin'
Young nigga, old money, Benjamin Button
Seein' through ya poker face, that nigga bluffin'
Ladies goin gaga for a nigga tryna fuck him
Nickel plate tuck it, hesitate nothin'
And I got the A-R, why I like to bust it?
Why I need counselin', why I won't discuss it?
Why I spend Donkey Kong knots and I'm all like, fuck it!?
Pull up at the stop light, lookin' at this cop like
Yeah I drive big shit, nah my license ain't right
Still let the top drop back when it's sunny
Cause life ain't nothin' but bitches and moneyI don't what it is, somethin' inside
I need that attention, I just can't hide
Keep hearin' these voices, inside of my mind
Sayin' fuck the rest, it's time to shine
I know that's how the good one's died
But I need that risk I need that drive
I'm stealin' yo bitch I'm stealin' yo grind
Bitches sing this and that's why I'm
Showin' out lil' mama, showin' out lil' daddy
Showin' out lil' mama, showin' out lil' daddy
Showin' out lil' mama, showin' out lil' daddy
Showin' out lil' mama, showin' out lil' daddyOld school Chevy wide body like a phantom
5 stars love but them haters can't stand 'em
U-K money, 150,000 pounds
All white lamb sit low to the ground
I just joined a gang, the millionaire boys club
Gave me a box of baking soda and a skateboard
I'm in the kitchen puttin' the work on steroids
Peakin' out the glass for the feds, I'm paranoid
No I ain't platinum, but how I'm a millionaire?
I know this a four door, so how it ain't no ceilin' there?
Showin' off lil' mama, goin' hard lil' daddy
Yo Gotti home boy, I'm a walkin' dope packageI don't what it is, somethin' inside
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Showin' out lil' mama, showin' out lil' daddyI'm from the era, of letter to the better
They tell me rap changed, well I'm a have to let her
Common loved her, I wish I never met her
They slutted her out, there's nothin' left to treasure
Seems all I hear em say, nigga where them dollas at?
Here they go right here, tell them niggas hollaback
Hit it then I quit then I step like a welcome mat
That 2010 got me feelin' like I'm all of that
Re-Up Gang Trinity, Liva, me and Pusha T
Got my money right, them hater's tight like virginity
They don't understand how I feed off their energy
My table is prepared in the presence of my enemiesI don't what it is, somethin' inside
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