

# SMFWU

## Timeflies

'Fore we was anything, 'fore you could see us  
Before we was electric, well that was Prius  
Before we ever dreamt it here, it's nothing to dream of  
'Cause let's be honest, you didn't ever think that this could be us  
Now watch me shaking hands on the carpet in demand  
Sliding hard right like you seeing me on thin air  
I'm wild for the night, got no plans on getting free  
You were Instagraming you and now you're Instagraming me  
See me walk up in the room, I'm the same  
motherfucker what up? (I'm the same motherfucker)  
And if you're talking to the crew, better know you ain't fucking wit us (you ain't fucking wit us)  
Did it on our own, they kept telling us no  
But now they open up the doors wherever we go  
And now we walk up in the room and they say motherfuckers what up? (and they say motherfuckers)  
I sing a  
pop song, I rap a rock song  
I sing a-club-banging, make-them-panties-drop song  
I'm show time, I keep it poppin' like some popcorn  
Now watch me getting money like a motherfuckin' dot com  
This just how you know  
When you see me in your city  
It's like everywhere I go, everybody fucking wit me  
Yes I'm on top of my game, they all chanting my name  
But I told you if you know me then you know I never change  
See me walk up in the room, I'm the same  
motherfucker what up? (motherfucker what up)  
And if you're talking to the crew, better know you ain't fucking wit us (you ain't fucking wit us)  
Did it on our own, they kept telling us no  
But now they open up the doors wherever we go  
And now we walk up in the room and they say motherfuckers what up? (motherfuckers what up?)  
It's like I'm  
still a kid in the back of the Ford Taurus, yes,  
Waving at some drivers while they scream their favorite choruses  
Now fast forward, my song flashes across the dashboard  
Is this the life I asked for? Well fuck it man of course it is  
I just needed a mic and a stage I could play on  
This life's my playground, I'm Harold with a crayon  
Now how the drought so cold, no shrinkage  
No size limit on greatness, Dinklage  
Only getting better bruh, dominate like Federer  
But if you don't like my lyrics send a letter to the editor  
His address is 'Fuck You', street name is 'Deal Wit It'  
Make sure you tramp stamp it so I know I still get it

Am I a sellout? 'Cause every show I sell out  
I hang around with fans 'til they tell me to get the hell out  
Middle finger to the haters, tell em shut up  
So if you feel that let me hear you say what up! See me walk up in the room, I'm the same motherfucker what  
up? (motherfucker what up)  
And if you're talking to the crew, better know you ain't fucking wit us (you ain't fucking wit us)  
Did it on our own, they kept telling us no  
But now they open up the doors wherever we go  
And now we walk up in the room and they say motherfuckers what up? (and they say motherfuckers what up?)

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