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 meSee 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 changeSee 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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