

# Over Here (feat. Bobo Swae)

## Rae Sremmurd

Over here, fireworks on bottles over here  
Over here, world class bitches over here  
Look over here, we got all the stars over here  
Over here, money don't mean nothin' over here Why you over here? (Why are you over here?)  
(Sremm over here) Sremm life  
Broke niggas all in the club but they ain't over here  
Nah they ain't with the set  
I make it rain 'til she wet  
I sign my name on her chest  
She kiss the G's on my belt, she Gucci  
If I'm in the club I own it  
If it ain't gas, I don't want it  
Your bad bitches look borin'  
My bad bitches look foreign  
Them green guys like a green light, them bad bitches be goin'  
I fucked your girl last night  
And my nigga fucked her this mornin'  
Charlie Sheen is my clone, can they fuck with us? No  
Red carpet my home, VIP is my throne  
Take me out of my zone I'mma take your ho  
All my niggas on gold, everything on gold Over here, fireworks on bottles over here  
Over here, world class bitches over here  
Look over here, we got all the stars over here  
Over here, money don't mean nothin' over here Chris Vernace red bottoms on the ball with the bottles no shots  
We mergin' up the models, that's thots kissin' thots  
I got a pocket full of condoms, nigga I fucked your bitch yesterday (Twice)  
We do this shit every day, she got a tattoo of BoBo Swae  
It's on her ass now  
She like pink diamonds with the Fiji water, make her pass out  
It's big bank when I'm in the club, I'm a walking lick  
That's why I'm talkin' shit  
So don't disrespect  
'Cause I'm with the set bitch  
It's Hollyhood in the 'Ville, we all got the check  
We, Swae, Mike, Miley Cyrus, made it mafia in this bitch  
We got special effects, check the stats  
You know what it is, we in this bitch, we in this bitch Over here, fireworks on bottles over here  
Over here, world class bitches over here  
Look over here, we got all the stars over here

Over here, money don't mean nothin' over hereHakuna matata, I came in with my partners

Hakuna matata, I'm a red carpet walker

50 bad bitches drinkin' vodka like it's water

But who you know over here?

Oh your ho over here?

Ain't no joke over here

On the loud blowin' stronger than anybody you know

I got your ho on my ho

On the double cup, now she on my Koolos

I'm on the Superman, feelin' supernatural, fuckin' two hoes (Clark Kent)

And you know who got the Hublots, makin' Batman signals in the air (Bruce Wayne)

I make 'em send 100 bottles to the section that's comin' for the quick check

My world class bitch takin' shot after shot 'cause she fully automatic with the clip

She bust it like a nina for the set and I

I'm swimmin' in your bitch rockin' from side to sideOver here, fireworks on bottles over here

Over here, world class bitches over here

Look over here, we got all the stars over here

Over here, money don't mean nothin' over here

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