

FYM (feat. Mystikal)

Joyner Lucas

Picture me putting my city all over the map
They wasn't believers, I had to get even at math
Be coming, I'm pulling and jumping all over your grass
So tell all my bitches I got a new girl
Tell the police that I'm robbing the bank and I want all of my fifty's in cash
Bitch, I'm tired of living, check the cheque
I need twenty models and some extra sex
Smiling in my grave, bitch I'm fresh to death
I've been drinking Wu-Tang with Inspectah Deck (getting drunk)
Yeah, I got some shit that I gotta just get off my chest
I can admit I got lots on my list and you next
Take it how you want it
I ain't famous like I want it
But I think I might just skrrt off
Blow the speakers and turn up
Pop a bottle of Smirnoff
Go to church with my shirt off
Tell the Lord that I'm here now
I've been waiting for so long
I've been patient for so long
Breaking rules like there's no laws
And I did it for a long time
If you don't like me, take a ticket, there's a long line
Nice to meet me, hoe
I think the pleasure's all mine
Shit, they've been clocking me so long, I think they lost time
Ooh you lost your mind, nigga
Fuck you mean, hol' on
Goddamn it, nigga
Fuck you mean
And I don't trust a muthafucking soul
What the fuck you mean
Hol' up, whoa whoa whoa whoa
What the fuck you meanDon't know what you think, compare me to niggas is nothing
Adrenaline pumping, and blood will be leaking and running
Shit, I do what I do, I don't care if you like it or love it
Tell all of my bitches I got a new girl
And tell the police that I'm robbing the bank and I want all my money in hundreds
Bitch, I'm tired of living on the edge

I wanna sell drugs but they gon' call the feds
I just bought a brick and that shit cost an arm and leg
My momma told me take it back and get a job instead
(Where's your common sense, nigga?)
Me and the devil got too much in common, I swear
Born in the ghetto I never had nothing to fear
Take it how you want it
I ain't famous like I want it
So, I might just throw a hissy fit
Call up Cassie, ask her if she broke up with Diddy yet
I said shawty, if she's talking I ain't hitting it
Cause she gon' call her friends up and brag about the shit we did
Whoa
I ain't into pillow talking, go chop off your lips
If I ain't in your top ten, go dive off a bridge
My block boys got Glock fours that'll knock off your lid
I doubt you gon' pop off, so hop off my dick
Whoo!
Nigga, fuck you mean, woo!
Goddamn it, I said fuck you mean?!
Listen, I don't trust a muthafucking soul
Nigga, no, nigga, fuck you mean?!
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa
What the fuck you mean?! You thought I was finished, you thought it was over
You thought I retired, you thought I went fishing with Kobe
Nigga, I'm still as the illest considered as one of the coldest
Still-a put a part in a rapper head like Moses
I'm throwback like I'm Motorola
But hoe, I'm cooler than a cup of yogurt
Black flag Crip boy truck soldier
I'm cool with drug lords and Ayatollah's
Rap god cyclops and all the
Bitch I'm King Kong ain't no body told ya
Fuck you think throats still smooth
Aww fuck it I'm Bobby Brown, I'm bout to go get loaded
Retarded Paul McCartney bitch I'm rich
I'm Muhammad Ali i talk shit
I'm James Brown bout to tear down this bitch
I'm Michael Jackson bitch I'm bad as bad gone get
Fuck You Mean?Yo wassup, this is Joyner
I'm unable to take your call right now
Leave me a brief message and I'll get back to you, peaceYo, this is the third time this week that you failed to
pick up your son
And I'm just so confused
Like I find it funny that you stay in the studio laying something down

Slanging mixtapes but you have yet to bring home diapers and lay your kid down and go to sleep

On Snapchat talking 'bout, "Where's the plug?"

Like I'm showing you got national

Bitch better cut my lights back on

Like "a dollar and a dream" ass career and you can't even come home and give us a dollar for milk

I'm not doing this with you

Keep it 100 my nigga

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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