

Too Tee Zee

Amanda Perez

Pulling up in my truck with a cady pant
Peanut butter leather, all wood grain
Chrome bars in the back
Got a kit on the bottom
Yo that shit is tight
Rolling up to the club
I got parking reserved
Got money in my pocket and it's all to the good
Slide into the club, people screaming my name
I don't need game, I got money and fame
I'm too tee zee like when you're blazin' on your buzzy
Paparazzi got me dizzy
Ain't my nextel always busy
'Bout to crack open the crizzy
Cause I'm stylin' ohh child'n
Ain't a damn thing getting any easier
Better get your pedda
Stop letting people keep teasing you
I got you going off me indo amnesia
I'm off the hizzy, yeah too tee zee
I got sa crib up in the hills
And I'm livin' it up
Got money in my bank
And I'm spendin' it up
Got bubonic, yeah that chronic
Yeah you rolling it up
Got it in between your lips
And you're smokin' it up
Got me banging in your ride
And you're cranking it up
Got 12's in your trunk
And you're bumping them up
Got my records in your shop
And you're picking them up
Got too tee zee on your mind going platinum plus
Rockin' Sean John, sipping Dom Perignon
Can't catch me Friday nights
'cause I'll be gone like Buzz light year
To infinity and beyond

Yeah it's like that uh
I'm off the planet
Making beaucoup money like Missy and Janet
Player haters see me and they just can't stand it
AP aka too tee zee player bandit
Way ahead of the game
Leaving you so stranded
Make you say goddammit
Waited for this record
And it finally landed
For chezzey
Now can you feel me
Now do you understand the word to tee zee-

Songwriters

Perez, AmandaPublished by

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