

Michael Bay

Cal Scruby

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

V1

I'm like fuck that bitch on the other side, they know my grass is way greener
Find the baddest bitch and I take her home and that ass on her like Trina
I'm just wondering if she got a man cuz there ain't no ring on that finger
I got pull-up game like Stephen Curry, my pull-out game is like Jenga
Shut the fuck up, I ain't tryna have no conversation
City show so much love when the boy came home broke MF had to hate it
I ain't have to make it, could've worked a 9-5 like you when I graduated
But I'm glad I waited, cuz I'ma hit your girl from the back; send a MF back to basics
Why ain't you listen? I told you be quiet (yeah)
Put out your album and nobody buying (yeah)
I get it, you on your hustle, I know you be trying (yeah)
You just keep mentioning all of these rappers I know so I know you be lying (nah)
This is a monologue, why am I speaking to you?
It's like confession with me in the booth, father forgive me for speaking the truth
I got that piece on my necklace turn water to wine, but I mix that vodka with juice
Switch it to whiskey and mixing vermouth, I'm drunk in Manhattan...

HOOK

My shit blowing up
So many calls, my shit blowing up
No time to talk, my shit blowing up
My ringer off but I'm still blowing up
Yeah I'm blowing up
My shit blowing up
Like Independence Day, I'm blowing up
Shit more like Michael Bay, I'm blowing up
Slow motion walk-away, I'm blowing up
Yeah I'm blowing up

V2

Got that Swisher Sweet, pack sour; Sam Jackson, my pack louder
Riding around in that matte black on 24's like Jack Bauer
Rubber band on my left wrist, pulling up on my ex-bitch

I broke up with that old girl but I'm still using her Netflix
Fuck all my exes, I could still fuck all my exes, they tryna get drunk in my section
I know you mad cuz you standing in line and I just go in, I don't know where to exit
She give me neck for the necklace, she reckless; give her that dick like 50 Shades
I want all these whips and chains, damn I feel like Christian Gray
How many times did I tell you be quiet? (yeah)
Calling my phone and I'm hitting decline (yeah)
I got the minutes and data but I don't got time (yeah)
I'm tryna talk to the money; my inbox is full and you blocking my line (nah)
I'm changing my number, I gotta get back to the business
I'ma be running shit, you on that other shit; hop on a track and get back to the fitness
You keep on talking about shit you don't got like the money and cars and the clothes
and the bitches
I'm like when Jordan came back with the Bulls, you're like when Jordan came back
with the Wizards
HOOK

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