

# Mic Jack (feat. Adam Levine, Scar & Sleepy Brown)

## Big Boi

Niggas still ain't fuckin' with Hollywood Court  
'Cause they fuckin' wit' ya boi like the Hollywood dough  
Everything big, no comin' up short  
Jack the buzzer beater up, all net, half court  
The game winning shot, your name sayin', not  
That same skinny thot you got, she be in and out  
She never spit it out either, we call her Poke-mouth  
Big mouth bass, start to smash that ass  
I build a bear before I build a bitch  
I take her to the mall and fill her with the sugar dick  
With the same lips give a nigga sugar whits  
Give me brain, so intelligent with plenty sense  
I took her innocence, yeah she was turnt out  
And by the time I gave her back she was burnt out  
Like the tires on the Huracan, you ain't good Antwan  
Or better yet, stay great, we stay puttin' on You're hotter than July (super hot)  
Super colder than December (so cold)  
You got me dancin'  
The dancefloor tells no lies (tells no lies)  
Give them something to remember  
You got me dancin' Please don't stop movin' your feet  
While the music's hot on that ecstasy  
We can dance all night, till we both get weak  
Come on, come on Stayin' fresh that's the gameplan  
Out the oven 'cause we never microwavin'  
We break it up like the smile of Michael Strahan  
And keep shinin' like the glove on Michael J hand  
I do not play man, sure I'll eat your ass up quick  
I'm on that boss rap shit, they on that toss salad  
Old chick, I sees ya nigga and I delete her  
I used to have a bench full of bitches but didn't need 'em  
But still fill arenas and killin' the coliseum  
ATLiens, they on top of ya human beings  
From the mothership, I'm on some other shit  
Lowkey like the blow soul back in '86  
But we don't sell dope, we pimp ink pens  
To provoke the folks and keep 'em thinkin'  
What is you drinkin', or better yet  
Do you really know the meaning of life or are you sleeping, sleeping, sleeping

Sleeping, sleeping, sleeping, sleeping, sleeping, sleeping  
You're hotter than July (super hot)  
Super colder than December (so cold)  
You got me dancin'  
The dancefloor tells no lies (tells no lies)  
Give them something to remember  
You got me dancin'  
You're hotter than July (super hot)  
Super colder than December (so cold)  
You got me dancin'  
The dancefloor tells no lies (tells no lies)  
Give them something to remember  
You got me dancin' Please don't stop movin' your feet (please don't stop)  
You got me dancin'  
We can dance all night, till we both get weak, come on (please don't stop)  
You got me dancin' Morning, we don't stop till the morning  
We don't stop, keep it going  
We gonna see it through  
And the rest is up to you

Songwriters

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