

Critic

Mike Stud

VERSE 1:

Hello (x4)

Hello to the world, thanks for tuning in
I'm in the building now, I think I'm moving in
And imma do it big, Double XL
I got the critics sick, I pray they get well (well)
Well it pays to be the bigger man
Damn, cause getting payed is in the bigger plan
All for the music, It's hard but it pays straight
Stayin hungry cause my pockets wanna gain weight
Wait, so you can call me what you want
But I'm out here in my own, doin everything I want, want
Just a story of an up and comer
Who turned his whole life around in the fuckin' summer

CHORUS:
Been working hard at this music (this music)

Been working hard everyday (everyday)

I told the world that imma do it (do it)

And I don't care what they say (say)

Nah, I don't care what they saying

Nah, nah, everybody is a critic (critic)

And I aint really trying to hear it nah, nah

Cause everybody is a critic (critic)

VERSE 2:
And now I'm living on the road

And I just wanna ball, so I give in and I go

When I'm swerving in the lane, something german on the frame

Can't stop, won't stop, we burning up the game, mayne

I got a flat out in London, I aint talking tires

I got a grip up on the game, I aint holding pliers

They said we couldn't make it, they all liars

Like the statue of liberty Imma always have fire, fire

Just to prove the people wrong

They said we couldn't make it

They said that we'd be gone, gone

But we a-a-a-aren't, and this is the life for me

Yeah

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Nah, nah, everybody is a critic (critic)
And I aint really trying to hear it nah, nah
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