

Living (feat. IamSu)

2 Chainz

Ridin' up to your party
Smoking all of your weed
Fucking all of your bitches
Popping all of these beans
Taking all of your money
Sipping all of this lean
Don't be mad at this pimping
We just living all of your dreams Mine is gold, tell a motherfucker take me further now
Everything is purple when you live inside a circus town
Blunts by the boxes and it's nothing but that chronic
Like it's Dr. Dre in '92, depends what I climb into
So astronomical my story come in chronicles
Money got a pocket full, my bitch she made the honor roll
College hoes, love to swallow whole, tell 'em drop it low
Working 'til I die so I can be out somewhere tropical
Nothing that I wear is cheap, master suite that's where I sleep
Girls I like them classy reading books and fuck with Meryl Streep
Rappers try but I guarantee that they'll get two of these
Bitches know come up to Mac and get your pussy pleased Ridin' up to your party
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We just living all of your dreams I either hustle, hustle like the rent was due yesterday
Muscle car got more muscles than a heavyweight
I take these bitches breath away resuscitate
And the weed I'm smoking strong as pepper spray
That's strong, pussy walls I enter and redecorate
All the police ever say is stay behind the yellow tape
AK to your nose make them niggas call you letter face

Turn you into a vegetable then cut you up like carrot cake
It's Mack Maine YMCM, creeping with ya BM
Wait we just had a moment, that's that carpe diem
Condo look like coliseum, main bitch look like hallelujah
She go green she don't eat meat, she recycle to stop pollution
She like girls and I like girls menage a trois we don't do twosomes
And you can bet she swallow when I come to a conclusion
It's Mack Maine in this mahfucker with champagne in this mahfucker
We and Wayne ain't worried about a damn thang in this mahfuckerRidin' up to your party
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We just living all of your dreamsThis that classic flow this that type of shit people be asking for
Take your shoes off this that special floor
Make 'em kiss my testicles
Bounce on this dick like it's a sixty-four
Versace belt, and like a mistletoe
Point missiles at your car door, back door, front door
I'm riding a Gallardo
I fuck with bitches that'll put you on her ride door
Pocket full of brick fare, hit you when I get there
They ask me if I'm the shit, I had to tell them shit ya
When there I ain't sit there what I spent there was your rent fare
Mink coat like a pimp wear
Take your bitch when I wink at her
Kill your ass in a pink sweater
Niggas know not to fuck with me
Drinking lean with my pinky out like it's a cup of teaRidin' up to your party
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