

Lost Boys (feat. Mac Miller & Trinidad James)

Sir Michael Rocks

I said if I was a cop, man, I'd probably be a crooked one
And when I was a youngin' always did shit that I shouldn't have done
Like running in these streets, running in these freaks
Mama always told me I was born to be a G
I said if I was a cop, man, I'd probably be a crooked one
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Mama always told me I was born to be a G
Lost boys out in this lonely world
Lost boys out in this lonely world
All we know is drugs and girls
All we know is drugs and girls
This ain't no cowboy shit, man, this that Alpo shit, fam
An ATL nigga that never fell for shit, man
I always had to grind, story of my life
Scrubbing for the shot, I think I lived my life twice
It's Casanova smooth, James classic, bitches with me
Niggas straight up out the blue flame
Hot bitches, Liu Kang
New to the port, nigga, call me butane
I'm so damn Hussein
Niggas get to ask me a muthafuckin' question
A muthafuckin' question
I went from having nothing to my niggas copping sections
To rocking six gold rings
Then I had to go cop six more grains
Shit done change, man, my momma is my main thing
Took reality and put it in a mainframe
Put it in the main frame, my momma is my main thing
Took reality and put it in a mainframe bitch
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Praise Elijah, welcome your messiah
Walk inside a room, the bitches offer up vagina
I'm eating Jambalaya off a thousand dollar China
Find a hoe's not a ho and strippers, but they ride the pole
Mister Muddy sipper, that mixture is an elixir
A list of A-list celebrities sending me naked pictures
The higher I get the more money I make
I had a threesome with that ho, now she fucking with Drake
Damn, bitches sniffing xannies, yeah, they taking them bars
Lucky she got a father who can pay for her car
I'm faded, but don't worry, been this way from the start
Just shot a video, killed another radio star
Don't make the mistake of thinking I wasn't living fast
(Sample) That's Little Richard cash
It's Baghdad in the booth, yeah, I'm bombing it
Rocks, James, and Miller that's the conglomerate
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I don't slack, I don't simp
I don't sleep, I don't slump, I don't lack, I don't loaf, nigga
I don't brag, I don't boast
I don't pull out the Cris if we ain't popping that toast, nigga
She had dreams she was fucking with a phone boy
It cost seven iPhones for the clothes, boy
I went from the toy store into Tolstoys
Bitch it's Banco, dick fat like cankles, huh
Running through the check, bro, check 1, check 2, check 3
A nigga wanna check me his ass better check again
Hustle, tryna touch a Benz, deuces of the activist, sprite mud wrestling
And I'm on the border with the Mexican
I'm about to cop the Aston if he let's them in
That's my guala, that's my partner, we the best of friends

Nigga you know the code, you will never get a text again
Goofy, face ass, jacuzzi with your main splash
Polo motorcycle with the Gucci on the break pads
Choppin', pussy, possum better play dead
Learn the game from the old heads (back up)
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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