Manager

Baccini

I ain't tryna be ya boyfriend, lemme manage ya
Yeah, these girls like me
'Cause I show 'em somethin' icy
Roll somethin' nicely, make her wanna have a seed
Hope her son looks like me
Uh, can't imagine the things that I'm fightin'
Collipark on the drums, I know you gon' like it
Chi-Town swag with a A-Town bounce
Mix it all in together, watch a hit drop out
See we started from the kitchen from the bed to the couch
Gave her forty five minutes, I was in, then I'm out
See my mama say I'm lucky, the hood say they love me
These girls say I'ma put this up, put no one above me
See now I'm livin' lovely, my girl gotta buddy
But she be trippin' out because her girls wanna fuck me
And now we pullin' up, see me and the boy Lloyd
Red bone girls, Lambourghini toys
Take it to tha flow 'cause I know how to handle ya
I don't wanna be ya man, I wanna be ya manager
I know I'm hot, let the top down if you burnin' up
Speakers knockin' the block down when we pullin' up
I see you movin' around on the dance floor
Baby, watcha doin' here? Watcha mad for?
Shawty, you just don't know what you do to me
Gotta playa open hopin' you don't make a fool of me
Ya picture frame belongs inside of my camera
I ain't tryna be ya boyfriend, lemme manage ya
(She make me wanna say, say, alright)
I ain't tryna be ya boyfriend, lemme manage ya
(You make me wanna say, say, say, alright)
I ain't tryna be ya boyfriend, lemme manage ya
(You make me wanna say, say, alright)
I ain't tryna be ya boyfriend, lemme manage ya
(You make me wanna say, say, alright)
I ain't tryna be ya boyfriend, lemme manage ya
(You know you want to)
Yeah, it go, shawty, lemme manage ya
I know how to handle ya
Forget about your boyfriend, mami, he's a amateur

There go the paparazzi smile for the camera
Say cheese and throw up the YB'z
Body picture perfect, I know how to work it
Only for a small fee 'cause you're managed by me
Started with rosade then took it to Don P
Ran outta Don P so we vous vecliz
See them otha' dudes lose 'cause they ain't smooth like me
They don't coordinate the jewels with the shoes like me
True religion jeans with a v-neck fee
Make ya best friend say she want a dude like me
So we took 'em both to the beach to the beach
Me and the boy Lloyd threw 'em on jet skis
Then to the suite 'cause I know how to handle ya
I don't wanna be ya boyfriend, lemme manage ya
I know I'm hot, let the top down if you burnin' up
Speakers knockin' the block down when we pullin' up
I see you movin' around on the dance floor
Baby, watcha doin' here? Watcha mad for?
Shawty, you just don't know what you do to me
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I ain't tryna be ya boyfriend, lemme manage ya
(She make me wanna say, say, alright)
I ain't tryna be ya boyfriend, lemme manage ya
(She make me wanna say, say, alright)
I ain't tryna be ya boyfriend, lemme manage ya
(You make me wanna say, say, alright)
I ain't tryna be ya boyfriend, lemme manage ya
(You make me wanna say, say, alright)
I ain't tryna be ya boyfriend, lemme manage ya
(Shawty, you can do good if you listen up)
I ain't tryna be ya boyfriend, lemme manage ya
([Incomprehensible])
I ain't tryna be ya boyfriend, lemme manage ya
(Ah, you ain't gotta be afraid, shawty, back it up 'cause)
I ain't tryna be ya boyfriend, lemme manage ya
(See, you only have this smile without the black and white)
I ain't tryna be ya boyfriend, lemme manage ya
Although I've got it bad for ya
(It's ya boy Berg)
I hope you understand that
(Lloyd)
I can be ya manager
(I ain't tryna be ya boyfriend, lemme manage ya)
But I can't be yo man, no

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