

SMFWU

Timeflies

Fore we was anything, fore you could see us
Before we was electric, well that was Prius
Before we ever dreamt it here, it's nothing to dream of
Then let's be honest, you did everything, thought this could be us
Now watch me shaking hands on the clock getting demands
Gliding hard right like you seeing me on thin air
And boy out for the night, got no plans on getting freaky
You were Instagraming you and now you're Instagraming me()
See me walk up in the room, I'm the same motherfucker what up? (I'm the same motherfucker)
And if you're talkin then prove, better know you ain't fuckin wit us (you ain't fuckin wit us)
Get it on our own, they keep telling us no
But now they open up the doors wherever we go
And now we walk up in the room and we say motherfuckers what up? (and we say
motherfuckers)

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I sing about a song, I rap a rap song
I sing a club banging, make them panties raps on
I'm show down, I keep poppin like some popcorn
Now watch me getting money like a motherfuckin ghetto
This just how you know
When you see me in your city
It's like everywhere I go, everybody fuckin wit me
Yes I'm outside but my game, they all cheering my name
But I told you if you know me then you know I never change()
See me walk up in the room, I'm the same motherfucker what up?
And if you're talkin then prove, better know you ain't fuckin wit us (you ain't fuckin wit us)
Get it on our own, they keep telling us no
But now they open up the doors wherever we go
And now we walk up in the room and we say motherfuckers what up? (motherfuckers what up?)

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It's like I'm still a kid in the back of the Ford Taurus
Yes, waving at some drivers while they screaming favorite es
Now fast forward, my song flashes across the dashboard
Is this the life I asked for? Well fuck it man of course it is
I just needed a mic and a stage I could play on
This life's my playground, I'm hero with a crayon
Now how the drought so cold, no shrinkage
No sales limit on greatness, Dinklage
Only getting better bruh, dominate like fetera
But if you don't like my lyrics send a letter to the editor
His address is 'Fuck You', street name is 'Deal Wit It'
Make sure you tramp stamp it so I know I still get it

Am I a sellout? 'Cus every show I sell out
I hang around with fans til they tell me to get the hell out
Middle finger to the haters, tell em shut up
So if you feel that let me hear you say what up!()
See me walk up in the room, I'm the same motherfucker what up?
And if you're talkin then prove, better know you ain't fuckin wit us (you ain't fuckin wit us)
Get it on our own, they keep telling us no
But now they open up the doors wherever we go
And now we walk up in the room and we say motherfuckers what up?

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>