

FSU (feat. GASHI & Rich The Kid)

Jay Park

Yeah look at their faces
Look it
Look at their faces
Look it
(Groovy Everywhere)
Look at their faces
Look it Look at their faces
Didn't know I could fuck shit up
Look at their faces
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Look at their faces
Didn't know I could fuck shit up
Why you actin' surprised
Lookin' at me with those eyes
I am not yet up on stage
But I am back with the vibes
Why you actin' surprised
Lookin' at me with those eyes
I am not yet up on stage
But I am back with the vibes Let it ride yeah ride
Let the fire ignite
Yeah it burn so hard
Let the ashes rise
Let my passion die
Then come back to life
I'm the holy one
Never pay yo' price
I do R&B but they want me to rap
You rappers ain't doin' ur job right
The Roc called me in to come up
And just pick up your slack
I son'ed the whole k-pop industry
The moment I started on
Father's Day they call me dad
I'll put out an album
And win an award
And then say OK cool
And be back in lab
I do TV and magazines shoots shows
Then go right back

In the booth while
Running two labels that I own
Take care of the fam
And the crew whoa
Trying to shed some light
On my city for really
Who else move like I do
Official no whistle
I'm taking the game
By storm no typhoon
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I am not yet up on stage
But I am back with the vibes Everybody was surprised
That I wasn't surprised
They be sleepin'
Need a mattress
'Cause they all love to lie
My success be hurtin' eyes
Can't go to bed with a sty
Shout out my all Brooklyn guys
We be splitting the pies
Man I'm whippin' I'm whippin'
I don't get mad I get distant
Tell them quit all the bitching
Just hit the stove in the kitchen
This a Rollie no Nixon
And I be hearing the disses
You never wanted no friction
Yo' pussy ass can go missing
You know who gon' find you
Some old man fishin'
Bitch must I remind you
Mind your own business
I'm so gifted it's a wrap
Like a ribbon
And I don't see peace
'Cause the world wearing mittens Look at their faces

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Back with the vibes
Back with the yeah
Back with the vibes
Back with the
Back with the vibes
Back with the yeah Bitch don't kill my mood
Put my wrist on cruise
Trap up early
Kitchen cook a birdie
She was cooking breakfast
I was whippin' 11:30
Trappin' in my forces
I could pay your mortgage
Boy you just be cappin'
'Cause you really can't afford it
Too much ice too much ice
Said it twice
Took your bitch
I might let her spend the night
Sipping ac sipping ac
Brought it back
Money old like a Cadillac
Fuck yo' bitch one time
And then you took her back
Fuck it nigga I been married
To them racks Look at your face look at you
Look at your face
You didn't know you didn't know
Nah