

# Couldn't Do You

T. Mills

Yo, It's Millie man.  
Don't hate on me hate on me 'cause I'm your girlfriends favorite. YF.I don't have to listen to  
what you gotta say,  
I do, I do, whatever I want to.  
You bite my style, so tell me how it really tastes.  
I knew, I knew, you couldn't just do you.I'm clearin' shit up on these verses, Haters gettin'  
nervous,  
When they see my picture in their girlfriends purses.  
I'm confident, Not a cocky dude.  
They talk shit, I'm still makin' moves.  
I'm leadin' 'em, They in the group.  
I'm beaten 'em, They bound to lose.Watch me like a TV, Speechless when you see me.  
You bought swag, I cop for free.  
I'm the real deal, You a wannabe.  
My life is like a movie, Girls all act like groupies.  
I got my fav's, That's all I need.  
Fuck the world, The world can't fuck me.  
I don't have to listen to what you gotta say,  
I do, I do, whatever I want to.  
You bite my style, so tell me how it really tastes.  
I knew, I knew, you couldn't just do you. (x2)I'm sharper then the knife I cut my steak with,  
You soft like fruit go eat a grape bitch.  
You aint gotta say it 'cause I know that I'm great bitch.  
I don't got a job, But you, You work the grave shift.  
I get high and pay no mind to people talkin' outta line,  
I aint lyin', I feel fine.  
You hate on wine, I date dimes, I get mine.  
It's my time you're minutes late,  
You see me. Oh you copy, paste.  
Swagga Jackin' Lames need to get the fuck out my face.I don't have to listen to what you gotta  
say,  
I do, I do, whatever I want to.  
You bite my style, so tell me how it really tastes.  
I knew, I knew, you couldn't just do you. (x2)  
Kyle Lucas:  
I'm doin' this rap shit, Till I bash it.  
My last shit, I surpassed it.  
I killed it, It's in a casket.  
These adjectives are drastic.  
So put 'em in the ground, Like six feet down.  
And if they unaware, They finna know now.  
See this hate is all poppin', The bitches make me feel popula.

It gets my profit up, I don't give a fuck if I'm hip hop enough.  
So whatever they talkin' about it's blocked out,  
Even with the top down, With your chicks top down. I don't have to listen to what you gotta say,  
I do, I do, whatever I want to.  
You bite my style, so tell me how it really tastes.  
I knew, I knew, you couldn't just do you. (x2)

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