

# Everywhere We Go

## SonReal

Yeah, burd n keyz  
Who that there, huh you ain't gonna ask no longer right? x3  
Who that there everywhere we go  
Everywhere we go, everywhere we go x2Its me, jean jacket with the chops lee  
Showin off a young homie (zzzz)  
No No No I ain't doin him  
(him him him him him)  
(na na na na na)  
Doing me's me's me's me's  
Grew up on the top i rap to  
Really make you spit it  
So if you see him kill it you ain't gotta ask who did it  
Girls, they totally love the way im singing  
Said baby thats the heart  
They take the verses that im bringin like  
About one year ago, i was all on my own  
We was trying to get on, so I put the pen to my dome  
Wrote the realest shit in my life  
Then i put it all in a poem  
Critics said that i was crazy, now they write their asses home  
It's me, never talkin bout no molly  
Or I rap about a hottie on my body like a goddy  
Im tourin up in cali but my roadies in the lobby  
People ask me who i am i just give their ass a copy like  
Take that shit and goodness baby im back  
You could tell by the way that i rap whoo  
Came up in this motherfucker ain't nobody like it  
Thought of what I thought up ain't nobody like it  
Cam up in the booth and its time that i recite it  
Dollar up in my pocket, tryna make this my own  
Critics call my ass crazy now they writing their ass home  
Cool kid cool kid ay tell me what you see  
Cause if I see it I'mma be that too  
Go ahead and follow me follow me  
New kid new kid ay its all i really be  
Mama tell me way back im a star  
Now im walking down the street everybody that sees says  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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

