

Who R U?

Anderson .Paak

They want my bidness
On the front page (Headlines)
I put prescription
In Dior frames (Sunshine)
I had the vision
Back in 12th grade (Lunchtime)
That I'd be killing shit
With Doc Dre (Nigga, what?)

I never want it
To ever be over (Over)
I'm out in Philly,
I thought it'd be colder (Colder)
Drunk off the liqui,
I might need a chauffeur (Chauffeur)
Check out my jiggy,
Check out my, uh

Now, who are you?
(Man, who the fuck is this?)
I don't know, no
What you do? (Hmm, what?)
I don't know, no
You short a few?
(Oh, don't make me have to lose it)
Oh no, no, hold up
Pull my sticky out the jar, come on

Ooh savage, that's a nice get-up
International, rocking Japanese denim
Enough gas to get you above average
How many more drags
Do I have to puff from my cigar?
New enemies,
They bringing my old ways back
Back in my day,
Woulda had your whole face smacked
Look at you niggas,
Wonder why I fucking hate rap
Ooh, what make you wanna go
And say that? (You)
And I'm on another wave,
And I'm puttin' on suede
Niggas feeling overpaid,
Fuck I'm 'posed to do? (Do)
Don't nobody know your name,
We ain't ever seen ya face
You ain't ever gang-bang,
What you tryna prove?

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Now, who are you? (Ooh, nigga)
I don't know, no
What you do? (Ooh, nigga)
I don't know, no
You short a few? (Ooh, nigga)
Oh no, no, hold up
Pull my sticky out the jar, come on

I've been swimming through the process
And you can't see me, I'm the Loch Ness
You could proceed, but with caution
Give the proceeds to my god-kids
Old dirt on my conscience
Same nigga my pop is
Lame niggas wanna pop shit
Get dropped quick by a drop kick
Why you gotta lie to me so much, babe?
You tell me the same shit
That you told what's-his-name
If it don't work out, I'll go back to hustling
Couple hundred-thousand up
In my mother's name, peace
World peace, niggas talk about "Don't shoot"
Tell that to police, mmm
Scared, ain't none of them prepared, I could see
Promise I'ma get them commas before I decease

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Oh no, no, hold up
Pull my sticky out the jar, come on
Now, who are you? (Whoa, nigga)
I don't know, no
What you do? (Whoa, nigga)
I don't know, no
You short a few? (Whoa, nigga)
Oh no, no

Hey, AP, let it ride out