

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, [?], aye
If they ain't let Paul McCartney in the club
So if they treat me like a nut, don't give a fuck
Time to put these culture vultures outta style
Poor some gas, and strike a match right on the pile

You can put your arms up, [?]
They take your style, take your [?], and then take credit too
I had to peep how they got it done, they watchin' every move
And once they take it, I erase it and make somethin' new
[?] like these lames in the buildin'
I hope you slip and break ya neck and can't have children
I hope you play the lottery and win a million
I hope somebody steal your ticket, now you know how we be feelin'

Aye, all we ever wanted was all eyes on us
Nowadays too many eyes on us
Gotta feelin' I ain't seen shit
Gotta feelin' I ain't seen shit

If they ain't let Paul McCartney in the club
Somethins wrong man, this ain't good enough
Who the hell let these lames be in charge?
Aye, who the hell tell these niggas, "Be in charge?"
If they ain't let Paul McCartney in the club
I might not ever, ever hit the club
[?] some bottles, make a movie in the crib
Aye, who the hell tell these clowns that they was lit

Take a walk in my shoes, try these on for size
From the city where they hate to see the strong survive
They pray on your insecurities and tell you lies
And all the kids out here believe 'em, so they never try
And where I'm from, you either sellin' or you doin' drugs
The boys I started with gave in and gave the music up
My teachers hated us, they ain't know what to do with us
And we just needed more attention, we just needed love

Gotta be careful, very careful what you ask for
Wanted [?] til' I seen it was a trap door
Wanted to work until I realized who I work for
I wanted a million til' I realized that I'm worth more

All we ever wanted was all eyes on us
Nowadays too many eyes on us
Gotta feelin' I ain't seen shit
Gotta feelin' I ain't seen shit

If they ain't let Paul McCartney in the club
Somethins wrong man, this ain't good enough
Who the hell let these lames be in charge?
Aye, who the hell tell these niggas, "Be in charge?"
If they ain't let Paul McCartney in the club
I might not ever, ever hit the club
[?] some bottles, make a movie in the crib
Aye, who the hell tell these clowns that they was lit

What you rockin'?
Who'd you get it from?
Who you fuckin'?
Where'd you get it from?