

**MJ**

**Bladee**

Six mg's, I feel like MJ  
Still sick in my head, still standin'  
It's that time of the night  
Gonna' have the time of your life  
You know I'm a drainer  
Til' I meet my maker  
And I'm gonna' do it later  
I got gucci labels  
I'm a paper chaser, I'm a paper chaser

Six mg's, I feel like MJ  
Who's that in the beamer, man its Yung Lean and Bladee  
I guess that I'm having one of those days  
I'mma pour some rosé for my dead homie  
Don't know why they actin' like they know me  
You don't really know me, okay, go away  
I feel like my life is like a movie  
My life is a movie, but it's nothin' to me

I know where to get it, I know where to cop  
I hop out the beamer then I drop the top  
Me and Bladee grindin', we get to the guap  
My diamonds on fire, my Moncler on lock  
Got all they keys, but I can't find the lock  
Keep goin' forever, don't know when to stop  
Neon green lights, I pull up to the spot  
It's Neil Young, bitch you know I rock  
When your bitch see me you know she get shocked  
Money my shoes, money my socks  
[?] Louis V my flip-flops  
Pour out some champagne for my dead brodie  
Still don't give a fuck I go hard for all my homies  
They say they want the old me, but they don't know me  
Me and Bladee show no love, money, we be foldin'  
Holdin' onto the light like golden  
Its Sad Boys, GTB, bitch we rollin'  
Snow land nightmare's forever  
We stay golden, stay golden  
Stay golden, stay golden

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