

Don't Panic

Chris Brown

Don't panic, nigga, don't panic
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Shawty fell in love with a hustler
Man I took her from a buster
Niggas keep talkin' like they know somethin'
I slide on your bitch like she on somethin'
Don't panic, don't panic
We just getting started, nigga, don't panic
Real niggas gettin' cake
Watch the fake niggas hate
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Okay, don't panic
I see you poppin' that pussy
I'm try'na lick on the cookie
I'm eatin' through the panties
In and out that booty, ham sandwich
Young, new killer
Bitch, you nigga old like BlackPlanet
Strapped up, pistol with the bandanas
It's nearly clear, gotta hide it from the damn cameras
Man, I'm only smokin' Cali kush
When I'm on the plane, they got your bitch rollin' the blunts
I call it high standards
Chucks with my lokes on
Pretty girls, tell 'em ugly bitches, "Go home"
You know, they comin' for the money and the real niggas
You know, these thirsty ass thots need a meal ticket

Talkin' fish scales like a whole salmon
See you fuck niggas from four planets
Just gettin' started, nigga, don't panic
If you a star, I'm a whole planet
Acting like she won't get it
Have her run through the team like Jerome Bettis
You don't want it, don't look for it
Have your bitch on a surfboard, surfboard, surfboard
If you want this money, gotta work for it
Puff puff pass, what you lookin' at?
Bust it wide open, make it nasty

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