Second

Chris Brown

Yeah
Look
Make it clap
Yeah
Huh, do that
Yeah
Look

When I'm drunk, nigga, can't see my shades, too dark
And I'm stuntin' and them haters hatin' way too hard
They try to cut me out but my fade too sharp
See me, I get it in, you stay, blue balls
Bustin' shots in the crowd, watch 'em move like U-Haul
How you feel when that blammer pointed right at you, dawg?
When you climbin' to the top, niggas wish that you fall
'Cause I call the shots, I'm a cue ball
Huh, look, stanky ass demeanor
Better watch your girlfriend, ask me have I seen her
Took us to the bathroom, made her sign a prenup
Yeah, we did the nasty, then I made her clean up
Huh, wild, dawg
And she wanted me to tame her like a wild hog
You said you want it rough, take that smile off
Girl, you tellin' lies, it's a mile long
Ha, yeah, gon' and clap your hands
And I just bought this whole bar up, you better dance
This nigga sick, this beat my medicine
It's only makin' me get better, fuck that better than
Yup, yeah, them other guys
Not talkin' 'bout my food, but them slugs will fly
Hors d'oeuvres, I'm a nerd, it's televised
See me flippin' them birds to jealous guys
Haha, look, got about a hundred snapbacks in my Cadillac
There's so much green, racks on racks, I need cataracts
And your girl, when I get her, you can't have her back
So you be stuck with that pussy face like maxi-pads
Ugh, let me cough it up
I'm like cocaine 'cause everything I spit dope as fuck
Move artists, why you mad? Need to open up
I shoot targets and they wounds never close up
Ha, what my favorite word? Hol' up
She bringin' all the girls, 'bout four of 'em
And then they call more girls, 'bout four dozen
And no niggas, just me and my four cousins
Yeah, and they pull up, gon' have a barbeque
Yeah, let me tweet it out, let me call a few
Baby, I bought the stripper pole just for you
And I was hopin' that these hundreds would just stick to you
Ha, D&D on it
I'm the shit on this track, guess they peed on it
Better respect, nigga, we on it
Call 'em rejects, but we don't be lonely
Yeah, all I need is some liquor and a lighter
Chest burnin' like "Agh," shout out my nigga Tyga
And if I'm talkin' loud, you know that shit is fire
And if we need some more shit, I'll put it on my rider

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