

## 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 barbecue  
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