

I'm V.I.P.

Consequence

As we proceed

Who rock grooves and make moves with all the mamas? (I'm V.I.P.)
Who rock grooves and make moves-and make moves with 'em?
Who rock grooves and make moves with all the mamas? (I'm V.I.P.)
Who rock grooves and make moves-and make moves-
Who rock grooves and make moves with all the mamas? (I'm V.I.P.)
Who rock grooves and make moves-and make moves with-
Who rock grooves and make moves with all the mamas? (Uh, I'm V.I.P.)
The back of the club, sippin' Moët is where you'll find me (Let's rock, yeah)

This is just a appetizer for all the advertisers
Until I re-up like Pusha T and Ab-Liva (Yeah)
See, I'm a bad driver, I'll make your computer crash
But it ain't by accident how I be runnin' into cash (Uh-huh, uh-huh)
Damn, I heard you been ran through your stash
It's messed up how your life is goin'
And that's unfortunate, I heard how your wife be hoein'
She no different than a chick who marry Gary Coleman
Well, at the moment, I guess what I'm tryna say
The best way to describe how my homies play
Is they be pourin' champagne up in the telly
I'm from the same part of Queens you might've seen in Belly
So just bring the bottles out that you're tryna sell me
I don't give a damn about the [?] like R. Kelly
'Cause I'm runnin' the pick and roll whenever my guy's toast
We takin' shots with women who be playin' high post

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You be actin' like a mobster, a Loch Ness Monster
But you more like Antoine Dodson's sister's robber
So hide your godson [?] and the nonsense
I ain't tryna be like Tiger gettin' aborted by sponsors, I'm dope
Not the kind you put in your nostrils
And y'all got Twitter followers but I got apostles
Y'all just be kickin' raps, you ain't spittin' that gospel
I can tell that you mad 'cause you gettin' hostile (Yeah)
'Cause I got my own business and I ain't finish high school
If I got you, I got you, as long as we jail
Now you lames can join the Army, now don't ask, don't tell
You should be singin' with them carolers, "Noel, Noel"
Lyrically, I'm at my pinnacle, I'm on my [?]
You can play your hottest song, you couldn't mess with my interlude
I'll destroy you just for principle, no one will remember you
So I suggest you niggas don't start before I finish you

Who rock grooves and make moves with all the mamas? (Diggy, I'm V.I.P.)
Who rock grooves and make moves-and make moves with-

Who rock grooves and make moves with all the mamas? (I'm V.I.P.)
Who rock grooves and make moves-and make moves-
Who rock grooves and make moves with all the mamas? (Yeah, hahaha, I'm V.I.P.)
Who rock grooves and make moves-and make moves with-
Who rock grooves and make moves with all the mamas? (Uh, I'm V.I.P.)
The back of the club, sippin' Moët is where you'll find me

It goes V to the I-P, very important
Drew Carey couldn't hold the weight, I'm carryin' more than a ton
Hear a beat, then I'm recordin' for fun
'Cause the way I do a mic is like Jordan wit' dunks (C'mon)
I'm the thing that is a difference with a sword and a gun
Lethal, like that liquor that I pour when I'm drunk
Smokin' chronic 'til I vomit and they moppin' up the floor
Never saw the way I rock it, hear me knockin' at your door (Yeah)
Open up, motherfucker, it's the mailman
Here deliverin' this hero shit: Quailman
Got jams like traffic, hands like a baptist
Blessin' every beat that I come in contact wit'
No sight correction, they alarmed by my white complexion
In a right direction, ayo, Cons [?], let's hear my song
So I'ma smoke a nice big L and put it on

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