Me

I got my own back
I'm the CEO CFO
Accountant manager
And superior

Who the only one you trust? (Me)
CEO, so who I'm signed to? (Me)
When I got beef man who I run to? (Me)
She live with you but why she ridin with (me)?
Bags of kush, who my weed man? (Me)
Get T's, BT's, man who my lean man? (Me)
Somewhere jury I got a million on (Me)
Versace diamonds these hoes keep kissin on (Me)

Yellow diamond dripped in piss and say I rap explicit
In the kitchen whippin, doing additions, I'm my own assistant
I have a lick so low cuffed on myself that I took me the lean
If you ain't getting no money with me then what you doin with me?

Me, me

I only think of me

Hoes say that I'm conceded 'cause it ain't no we

I book the club and do the show, chop up the bag with me

I cop the dope then front the dope, then me come shop with me

On the TV watchin me

In a Bentley listen to me

I'm my own stylist, I'm dressing me

I'm on go, no soon for lean

I'm so turned up, just me

You hatin on me and I'm hatin on you

Watchin you, watchin me

Is she cheatin on you? is she cheatin on me?

Neh give me give me lean Yea the bitch think it's in it Fuckin then suckin me Put it on a bitch when the game on me As she put the thing on me, why you put the blame on me? It's a shame on me And that credit card on E, car on E So you should put a mouth on me Put it on freeze as a meat disease Now if I make it, you'll do it for me? Shoppin for you like I'm shoppin for me But I'm trappin for you, but I'm trappin for me Boss if a nigga, boy what the fuck mean? Struggle for you but she cuddle for me Boss of my labor, I'm rappin for me And where would I be if it wasn't for me Tony Montana, she wasn't for me Wasn't for you and she wasn't for me I'm lookin to a bitch well now leave it to me Lookin at me and I'm drub of the week Ride through the through with the top in the 10 Gucci Gambino, who talkin to me? Baby latina, she fine as some jeans

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I got lean by the PT by I'm servin you

And they should've named Demetrius 'cus all I think about is me

MTV - that's Me TV

Edge over your lane but I'm ridin just me

One day trillin this damn RV

When the touchdown I'm a fuck the chick to me

Give it to me, leave it to me

You scream, don't want it, it happened to me

Yo girlfriend scorchin ass bitchin on me

I guess baby girl you could just see me

God I'm trippin the Z's, smoking disease

These hustlers ain't worth em, I'm happy to leave

Your uncle in but he'll be coppin for me

10 bills every week and they throw me the cheese

Snitch to the post, said you got it from me

Actors go broke, it won't happen to me

Don't gotta jumble but put out the numbers

So much, guess I need another machine

Rappers are fake, wish he a G

Who I'm on feature? I'm featuring me

No need of a manager managing me

Manage the dope and I'm weezing the lane

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