

Just Like Me

Heembeezy

Ooh
Yeah, aw yeah (MIA JAY C)
Hey (I hear you, JAY C)
Yeah

Yeah, all these niggas wan' be just like me
Fuck hoes, get money, yeah, that's all that I need
My bitch real bad, pop Percs, sip lean
She put all my chains on, now she feelin' like me (Yeah)
If we ain't finna fuck, I'm finna hang up
Baby, bend it over, yeah, I know it taste good
My bitch pretty in the face, no makeup
Chase money, baby, I can't chase ya

Huh, another fifty thousand here, another fifty there
I hate going out in public, everybody starin'
I put all of my bitches up in Amiri
I swear to God, I hate niggas, this shit gettin' weird
I see the flyest young nigga when I look in the mirror
If you sayin' fuck shit, then fuck you
Say he gave the drop to the opps, don't trust him
Hoes ain't shit, brodie, please don't love 'em
Yeah, I ain't trippin' off no bitch, it is what it is
All these hoes want is money and Birkin
I got way too much money to be hurtin'
They like, "Beezy, don't crash out, it ain't worth it"
But I think it is
Shit, if I had some, I'd put it on my kids
I think you think you mad, I up forty on my wrist
But that ain't shit, Rafael workin' on my kit
More than a hundred thousand
In they hood, niggas nowhere to be found
Bad bitch got a BBL, baby, can you bounce it?
I see the realest nigga when I look up in the mirror
My shooter get the job done, get up out of there

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Yeah, yeah, yeah
This shit ain't on me, it's in me
Fuck your camp, nigga, Beezy