

## The Shelf

iamsu!

I-I-I don't need a cosign, I don't need no help  
Did it on my own time, did it by myself  
Tell me what I look like sitting on the shelf  
You must have me mixed up with somebody else  
Wild that we hitting it up right here  
Now Imma send it up for real  
Tell me what I look like sitting on the shelf  
Everything you want to do, somebody will

Yeah, really came from the ugly  
I been workin' OT, I can't do no clubbing  
I work brush for days and my waves wouldn't come in  
Now I got the wave and the whole city love me  
House in the country, but I be out the country  
Dime piece, baddie, I be out to lunch with  
I remember John, first, play me at the function  
Felt like a grammy, you couldn't tell me nothing  
Yeah, and they still can't  
Been around but the town what I will paint  
I been all around the world and it's still gang  
'Till the rims fall off and the wheels break, yeah

I been moving low key, I be moving stealth  
Ride inside the half court, shooting like I'm Steph  
Off road tires I can ride when it's rough  
Addicted to the game, I can never get enough

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Look I don't need a cosign, I don't need no help  
I been with my homie we gon' get it by ourself  
Tell me what I look like sitting on a [?]  
Fresh prince of money, rest in peace to Uncle Phil  
[?] got a bag right here  
[?] its for a real  
Smile while we got it, caught a five right here  
I told my momma Imma make it out for real  
Ay, and that's another thing  
Married to the game, baby, asking her for a wedding ring  
I put my family and my homies before anything  
Crying, gotta shine, get a dime, go and get it then  
You don't really know me, you were never right here  
You was just a trip, tryna get my guys here  
If you don't pick me up, somebody might will  
I can't wait to tell my momma, I made it, mike will

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Ay, I know you miss it, let me pull your hair  
Let me post one for the homies, put one in the air  
By any means, get that bag, you know we don't care  
You rich in the mind, body, soul, you a millionaire  
This that shit they want to learn, but they don't teach a lot  
I be showing love where I go, but I keep a Glock  
I been winning pockets, getting fatter 'cause I eat a lot  
I done seen them make it out and after, you don't need a lot  
Ay, tell me what you love, what you do it for  
Gotta learn them life lessons, and for you to know  
So much talent in the clique, but they want you to blow  
And now it's time for you to do your thing, it's time for you to go  
Ay, greatness take time, so don't rush me  
I'm MC Hammer in this bitch, you can't touch me  
Money make me, but lil' baby wanna fuck me  
And whatever I touch turn to gold, you gotta trust me

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