

1980

Merkules

Uh-huh
Somethin' classic, somethin' special
Eng

Take a look at the queen with a crown on
What a tight squeeze, could you please turn around, ma?
Pose for the pics, say "cheese" for the camera
I got what you need, take the keys to the Jaguar
Champagne in the tub, girl, I can't get enough
I just wanna turn all that pain into love
I promise I would never drag your name through the mud
And I love it when you do that little thing with your tongue
She my wife, but she better yet, my homie
See the pink face on the Presidential Rollie
Best thing I ever did was when I let her get to know me
Said as long as you with me then you ain't never gettin' lonely
PJs to Belize just for somethin' to do
I feel a different kind of high when I'm fuckin' with you
All these other girls trippin' and got somethin' to prove
Baby, you my ride or die, ain't got nothin' to lose, yeah

Baby, you the baddest in the room
And you ain't gotta try too hard
Baby, you the baddest in the room
And you ain't gotta try too hard

Swear to God that you drive me crazy
She got class like it's 1980
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Swear to God that you drive me crazy (Ayy, Merk)
She got class like it's 1980 (Lemme spit some')

My significant other, she knew I wasn't a sucka
She knew that I was the one and she knew that I kept a gun
It was game involved when my money was small
Didn't take but a second to make it get tall
A lot of these suckas ain't in reality
They think it's 'bout money, but it's really 'bout personality
Gotta do your job right, gotta lay pipe
Gotta get it crackin' in the middle of the night
Even when I'm wrong, I'm right, right?
Happy wife, happy life, aight?
Raised from the gravel, the concrete jungle, the surface
Where they boost and they rob and they dip and steal people purses
No justice, just casualty
Dirty police brutality
I'm for my people, a soldier, I'm for my culture
Tryna play my position now that I'm older (Biatch)

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