

LUV

Mike Dimes

I fell in love (Love)
Shawty, you my drug (Drug)
Tell me where you at (Where you at? Ayy)
I'ma need a hug (Need a hug)
Tell me what it is, I don't care 'bout what it was (Nah)
I remember when those shorties tried to treat me like a bug (Nah, nah)
Baby, I won't say I'm God but I can promise I'm above (Yeah)
If you try to cross me out, then I'ma show you I'm a dub (Mike Dimes)

Bitch, you got me fucked up (Hello?)
Please don't get it fucked up (Yeah)
You talkin' to a young rich nigga, you done lucked up (Huh?)
That BBL ain't cheap, you better get a tummy tuck, bruh (On gang)
She like my swag, nah, she like the way I talk, huh
I swear he ain't even know (On God), I'm a walkin' casino (I'm what?)
This life a move, baby (Lil' baby), I'm a Pixar at Regal
She say I'm innocent, I got some people movin' illegal (On God)
I'm a cash cow, I only talk to five percent people (Oh nah, oh nah)
My team ring bells, Mike like Christmas
I'm a Christian rockin' Christian Dior
The only youngin' with a bad bitch who up
My name is somethin' that you couldn't afford
I got it poppin', niggas wishy washy
Talkin' rags to riches, I was just on the floor
I'm fuckin' bitches drivin' Maseratis
I don't like 'em basic in a Honda Accord
This your shit, huh? Fuckin' up my kicks, huh (Huh)
I'ma lick, huh, you think I'm really rich? Huh (Huh)
You actin' stupid, I remember you ain't even like a nigga
Got a little money, now you like a groupie
They were sleepin' on me, nigga tweakin' on me
I was in my bag back in 2020
I'm the man now, yeah, you is a fan now (I'm the man now)
I got bands now, nah, you ain't my mans now (Nah)
I be coolin' on the front street (The front street)
Bad bitch want me (Want me)
I don't wanna talk to her if she ain't tryna touch me
I want all the dinero (Dinero)
I'm rockin' gold like a pharaoh (Oh no, no, no)
I got a bag and I supply that bag to all of my fellows (Migo, my dime)
I pull up cars, he three, do fraud
And then it's back to the schedule (On gang)
Look at my neck, look at my wrist
My favorite color is yellow (Bitch)

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Bitch, I go by Mike Dimes, nigga
Double Lamb OG
Big Lamb', Mike Dime gon' stay lowkey (Nigga, just like that)

Straight up, oh, no, no, no (Oh, no, no, no)
And it's back to the money
Money on money on money on money on money
One thing about me, I be thumbnin'
Thumbnin', I'm thumbnin', I'm thumbnin', I'm thumbnin', I'm thumbnin'
Damn, this money cause paper cuts
Runnin', I'm runnin', I'm runnin' these laps on these niggas
'Til I get a Piston Cup
The baby momma that you wife is a slut
I'm the man now, yeah, you is a fan now
I got bands now, nah, you ain't my mans now
Ever since a quarter milly broken into P to double up the skrillah? Uh
Ever seen a bougie bitch that be undercover fuckin' on your niggas? Uh
Stupid rookie talkin' goofy, a crash dummy talkin' with his back out
You a fuck nigga with a back end, make a bitch take all your racks out
Set it off, show me what them racks 'bout, take a shit, then we finna cash o
ut
Like to act up, we could act out, camera boy movin' like a flash out

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