

We Own It

Mike Posner

One shot, everything rides on tonight
Even if I've got three strikes
Imma go for it
This moment, we own it
And I'm not to be played with
Because it can get dangerous
See these people I ride with
This moment, we own it

Now I just feel like I'm gonna win
Hold me West side, that's my kin
Beneath your beautiful that's my pen
You trying to get dope but I just am
I was born with it, did a tour with it
Them overseas girls always give you more digits
I've been blessed, I own it, shore to shore with it
Now trying to help a couple kids do more with it
Got some plaques on the wall and I'm still dope
I'm just trying to show the people that there's still hope
You buy a album and we serve up a meal bro
The label's like "That's gonna cost you a mill bro"
So big, God told me to
And momma don't believe in that but I know its true
We came to spread a little love that's what we gonna do
Finally famous in the house that's the only crew

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I bought it, I own it
You borrow, I loan it
I got people rocking clothes with my fucking name on it
She said "Milli do your thing"
So I built a stage on it, now my bed rocking
Rocking like one of my shows
All she wearing is perfume, she love my cologne
And I been waiting on my moment what feel like forever
But the more I think about it shit its probably better
Cause I keep working, I keep grinding, I keep writing, I keep rhyiming
I'mma turn a single stone into a pile of diamonds
I remember when I didn't have the funds to buy shit
Holla if that's something that you can identify with
But now I drop a grip on the jeans
And now I drop your rent on some weed
And now I'm making love on your sheets
I'm in your worst nightmare and in your girlfriend's dreams
Wake up, hello, tell me what you see
I'm a skinny motherfucker like six foot three
I said fuck a weight room, I was selling CDs
Getting more pussy than the whole football team
I was born in Riverside and I'm still that

Yeah I heard your new shit and it's still whack
Every time we get together you gon feel that
This summer and the next, Imma kill that, Mills

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I got them wetter than a Vilbrequin youngest of the champions
Beach house music, cue the dark pads and violins
Clear glass out in Malibu with all my friends
Me, Mike Pos, the Mills, and Niykee for the win
I'm growing up I gotta buzz call it motivation
Blowing up like iPhone push notifications
Priceless if I had it back I wouldn't change a thing
It's far from over so I tell the fat lady sing
And she hitting the notes and I'm starting to feel
Like I can't sit in coach cause I get fucking killed
Oh, I own it, oh oh, I'm on it
Cold like Winterfell I Game of Throne it
Hold it, hold it, did anybody notice
They all in the D now, Beantown we own it
Shouts to the D.O. Beantown we roll it
Yeah me and my Gs and we own it, yeah Sammy

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This moment, [Mike, Niykee, T. & Sammy:] we own it