

Live It Up

Mike Stud

Up late making music through the night time
Cold brew, locked room as I write rhymes
Every second lost is another's gained
Can't hate the player when the player loves the game
Camera in my face, always looking dapper
Too slick, rockstar shit, Mick Jagger
Not a star yet, I'm feeling like a day away
Whole city waiting on me like a layaway
Team Popeye strong, no spinach
Hit the club looking like a fucking line of scrimmage
Bottle on deck, college boy gimmick
Drinking top shelf but it's only for the image
Yeah, and it's looking like a photo op
You ain't living how I'm living homie, no you not
I'm not a player though, I just crush a lot
I'm with your girl behind your back bitch, sucker shot
Is that cool with you? I thought so
Drink fast, talk slow, game fresh, all pro, woah
Respect the persona, resumé impressive, check the diploma

I'mma do me, do me, no problem
I'mma do me, do me, no stopping
Cause you only got one life to live
So live it up, just live it up

Agenda when we land, always have a plan
All about my cheese so I'm always going HAM
They say I make party music, you're damn right
Helping white people dance like Red Stripe
Flow hot, better let it sit
I'm the subject, these other dudes are predicates
The hype's real now, stop asking
Shows sold out, full house, Bob Saget
Leader of the class, you should come and try me
Then I'll put you in your place like assigned seats
I'm Colonel Sanders to you chickens
I'm KFC: killing fucking competition
The critics all are crickets, everybody hear 'em
But they don't make a fucking peep when you getting near 'em
Hungry dude with my hand in the cookie jar
Toast to Tommy, Mike Stud rookie card