

Non-Fiction

Mike Stud

I got big dreams in a small city
Got a thick team, yeah they all with me
We pour the bottles out, bring the models out
Living like I'm winning, this is what I'm talking about

I'm on a champagne diet, keep the drinks rolling in
I'm tryna hit rehab and fuck an Olsen twin
Every single door I see, they are opening
If they don't, knock 'em down bitch: bowling pins
Motherfucker you should come and take a listen
When I'm spitting I be ripping every single thing I'm given
Hot from the beginning, fuck losing I'm winning
Sitting with women, sipping liquor till the ceiling's spinning
Yeah, I'm a man on a mission, this is how I'm living
Fuck whoever's saying different
These dudes mad I got groupies and shit
You buy her food then I hit, shit I'm rude as it gets
Yeah it's cool, I'll let you be the trick
And then I throw the deuce quick cause I'm truly the shit
Rookie mixtape sounding like a veteran
Center of attention like the letter N

We hit the club, make it jump like a heartbeat
Got dudes biting my style like it's shark week
Never home alone, leave that to Macaulay C
Catch me at the club fist pumping, I'm Pauly D
Sippin' cups, finish 'em, waitress come and fill 'em up
In the club, taking bigger shots than Mr. Billups does
Yeah, got Hennessy in my bladder
My energy and my swagger the same degrees as Nevada
And they mad cause their girl up in my passenger
Then I showed her why you the ex, like Algebra
I'm her tutor, you're the past not the future
And then she give me crazy head, call that bitch Medusa
Y'all can't see me, LASIKs, call ya Stevie, I'm tasteless
I'm running all over this beat, I need me some Asics
Let's face it, man my verses, they be poppin'
Oval Red and Vodka, failure's not an option