

Come Down

Mike Will Made-It

Sosa baby
Ear Dummers
Bang, bang, bang
Mike Will Made-It

I flaunt it, I bought it, I talk it, I walk it
Only thing I worship is the Lord and this .40
Please, do not confront me if you ain't talkin' money
Take a little bitty sip, though I'm already foggy
Let it rain, yeah, they all fall down
All come down
I'd be insane to complain, baby
I'm so high, I don't wanna come down

Sosa baby, GBE baby
Hopped out the car smellin' like a skunk
And I'm cleaned up, somethin' like a mop
Trap wagin', somethin' like a trunk
And I stand tall, somethin' like a dunk
Talkin' 'bout the money, talkin' 'bout the "fffrrr-beep"
Hey baby, you know what the fuck you do to me
I'm ridin' with my shooter, he won't hesitate to squeeze
Any homie, you what the fuck he do for me
Fifty stuffed up in my Balmain
And what I'm totin', the sawed off thang
Knock you down, like a Chiraq Blackhawks game
I ain't never had nothin'

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Talk about a come up
Me and my young bulls playin' with a lump sum (damn)
Niggas that owe me always trying to avoid me
Clutching my .40 and fuckin' with lil' shorty (ayy)
They wanna gossip all through the day
Meanwhile, we flossin' every way (way)
Forget what it's costin'
We get it right back when we lost it
My G.I. Joe got the MAC in case they wanna cross me (hey)
Being impatient got me a new spot that's spacious (woo, yeah)
And I don't test drive the sedan, I take it (I take it)
I wanna shine, I wanna rub it in their faces (faces)

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All of these bitches call me big daddy
Do so much shit in KOD, they callin' me Trick Daddy
Moncler with Louboutin, yeah, I mismatch it (skrtrt)
You can tell I'm a rich nigga by lookin' at me (Uncle Jxmmi)
I'm just chillin', my nigga, my diamonds dancin'
You know I shop on Rodeo, I'm never tacky (ooh)
I'm paper chasing 'til they put me in a casket
I swear them hundreds singin' to me like a ballad (woo)
When I get that Murciélago, I'ma drive it like a Audi (woo)
I pay my tithes with these strippers, yeah (I pay my tithes)
I'm tryin' to die a fuckin' billionaire (I'm tryna die rich)
Balmains, got like every pair (yeah)
On top, I ain't goin' anywhere

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