

## I get around

Millionaires

Got myself a reputation, I get around  
Won't turn down an invitation, i get around

So when i'm in your city, yeah you know where to find me  
I'm hitting all them liquor stores, yeah you know thats what i  
need  
Get off your ass bitch, get me a snack bitch  
I'll tell you what to do that's why they call me the boss bitch

Don't care what you think of me, i ain't your soulmate  
Phones keep ringing, i turn that shit to vibrate  
And update all my twitters and my posts  
You stalk, you follow me, everywhere i go

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When i'm in your city, your boy's gonna be there with me  
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I don't know his name but he sure knows mine  
My lips tatted on his neck, portrait on his spine  
Like oh my, he about to cross the line  
I fucked with him once but it was just to pass the time

He be like, "you remember me, from that party last month?"  
I'm like whoa, you're that guy i stay away from  
Buying me all kind of things, one caret diamond ring  
Now he on his knees, pleading "baby please marry me"

Security surrounding me headed to my tour bus  
Get a bottle, pop it quick, make my drink enormous  
Pass out just to wake up in another state  
You know i ain't fucking with no lightweight

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