

(YO G Money)

Yeah, woah

I'm so fuckin happy baby, yeah, uh

My whole life, everybody told me that I'm fuckin crazy, huh, yeah, ay
On the first day at school they say what you wanna be boy, I said ama
zing, (ayy), hah, yeah

Used to flip packs in Mankato

Now I whip down Rodeo on the daily, yeah

I been vibin', I been vibin'

I ain't even fucking tryin', yeah

Drop that, watch

Just what I thought

You can still feel the vibe

When there ain't even nothin' going on

I ain't even gotta talk

I let my energy do that for me

Fuck with a compliment

Fuck with critique

Sometimes I feel like once I went to sleep

And never woke up

I'm just stuck in a

Dreamed that last night I ran off

Went straight to NASA and blast off

I'm movin' faster than Nascar

Skrt skrt skrt skrt

Whatcha think about the way I'm makin' everything work

Whatcha think about the way I keep it so down to earth

And I'm bouta be this way till they put me in the dirt

I don't keep it undercover

I came from the suburbs

Where we all love herbs

And we pay top dollars

Cold when a hot summer

Some think its a bummer

But I've never been a sucker

I'm a real life thugger

If she got the bad vibes, then I'm probably gonna dump her

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