

Billy Mays

Pouya

Up to fye, kill them flies
Tell no lies on my guys
On the rise, tidal wave
Billy Mays, Billy Mays
Up to 5, kill them flies
Tell no lies on my guys
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I got clean cut coke for you
What the man gotta do to get inside of you?
I see you lookin' over here, wishing you was in my conversation
Your man lookin' too but I don't feel intimidated
A pocket rocket keep me separated
From all the lames
You can tell I'm getting money from the pit stains
Triple S got your bitch by the whip
Fuck around, get split by the lyrics

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I ain't Denzel but you know I'm a star
Fuck with me baby, I could take you far
I got what you need, I know what you want
You don't gotta talk
Competition is missin', I win by default
No man like me in this world
But I turn to a beast when I'm deep in you, girl

Aye, hold up
Yuh, yuh, yuh

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