

# Billy Mays

Pouya

Up to fy, kill them flies  
Tell no lies on my guys  
On the rise, tidal wave  
Billy Mays, Billy Mays  
Up to 5, kill them flies  
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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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