

Florida Boy Do Your Dance!

Pouya

I know I sell myself short, lookin' at the ceiling fan
Spin around again and again
This repetition got me stuck in a trance, big Glock in my pants
Florida boy, do your dance, yeah, I made me some bands
Yeah, I got me a Benz, yeah, I got me a chain
And I still feel the same, and I still feel the same
I put on for these rappers, I think I'm changing the game
But if they don't feel the same, then fuck it, get in my lane

And see if you can get the crowd movin' for you the same
And see if you can get the crowd movin' for you the same, yuh

Is this it? Is that all? Got my back to the wall
As I'm lookin' around, anticipatin' my fall
Searchin' for answers but stuck with these questions
Is somebody tryna teach me a new lesson?

Is this it?
Is that all?
Is this it?
Is that all? (Alright, let's go, let's go)

How long should I wait until I move on?
Back to the air mattress and the coupons
I realized it'll never be enough for me
What do I gotta do to live comfortably?
I think I'd give it back if it was up to me
My mind's not movin' like it's supposed to be
These labels need to really back off of me
I really don't care what they offer me
Okay, now you talkin' money, I guess you do speak my language
I don't give a fuck who you is or who you hang with
Baby Bone, no, I never been the one to stay silent
Everybody, grab your guns, let's start a riot
Are you so sick and tired of these men in your pockets
That never even left the office but promise to give you just wh
at you wanted?
Oh no, now they got you stuck in a financial coffin
Now you gotta pay 'em back with every cent of your profit