Overseas

Pro Era

Overseas chicken, please I over see these chickens
As I squeeze swishers... as I switch positions

Heard you trying to get worked tonight, but you got work tonight
That same excuse won't work tonight
Shit is on you I ain't tripping
You know where I be hidden at, the tipton still tipping
Rippin these bongs, shit is written in these songs
I'm dripping sweet charm, sweetheart, just know it
Won't be no restart when I depart these parts, so dont blow it
Plus how you talk the talk and won't show it, (FRUNCHIN!)
It's cool, I shouldn't even be gettin myself into you
I should get myself in the mood for these interviews (cancel that)
Well, it's whatever doe hit the jack
Worst scenario hit the Twitter I'm following back
And in a matter of facts, perhaps she came back cause I'm runnin these track
s
She like you sayin if you wasn't the Usain of rap
Than I wouldn't put the key into my ac' that fast
I'm like, I ain't even act that fast, put my hands where them titties is
You didn't even act fastidious, no serious
Niggas dont know about this phat sidity shit
Let me tell you what it really is

Naw, lemme tell you what is really was, it was like uh
30 sumchins in a hotel overseas, ya know, fly shit

I'm a stand up guy, could you tell by my stance
Still down to earth, like a meteorite crash
Was never really into luck so this might just be my chance
I might die this time if we let this pass
I just can't one glance we get close, I see more than the pans
Curve every player trying to hit what I pitch her in a flash
Hold it, beauty is what you possess, when you hitting em poses
You be gettin me focused, won't give you props than it ain't reel
Ain't have it we wanted power so we made millls
Hard work, tell me how selling cane fields
This my shot, thats why I'm glad you stayed still
Was just tryna be down, but still living it up
Being super supercilious, how silly of us
Tell em don't mind us, cause her butt made a plush
And I told her she could be blunt, while I get in her guts

Got me like O damn, let me let you know what I was hoping
Other niggas mad cause they just hopeless
Me and you could smoke up on some potent
To get you open, would you promote in
And you and I could listen to some slow jams
Not a little boy, I'm a grown man
Hope you know that your were really chosen
I'm living golden

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As I squeeze swishers, (Beastcoast) as I switch positions (Flatbush)

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