

Mike Tyson

Rod Wave

(CashMoneyAP)

Ooh, ooh

Ooh, ooh

Ooh, ooh

And you got one life to live, and a nigga tryna win
So I'm posted up in this trap (I'm in the trap)
And if the crackers kick it in, everybody gettin' ten
But what other choices do we have?

So I'm takin' chances with my life daily
I ain't frontin' nothing, I need money, got to pay me
First it bubble, then double, turnin' coke to a Mercedes
Then get it gone so fast, Mike Tyson in the eighties

Skrrt, skrrt, skrrt, skrrt
Ooh (Skrrt, skrrt)
Ooh (Skrrt, skrrt, skrrt, skrrt)
Ooh (Skrrt, skrrt)

Oh you the man now?

I suggest you go and pay them lawyers
Got your hand out, but, nigga, I ain't got nothing for ya
We got grams now, I suggest you come and place an order
We done ran out, dope gone, shop closed first quarter
My phone chirp, he like, "What's the word and who got the work?"
For the dirt, say he need a bird, pull up to the curb
But wait, you might have a wire up under your shirt
My lil' brother say, "Let's hit the Interstate every first"
All these bitches fake, they just wanna take your cake and splurge
Fuck a dinner date, I don't need you anyway, smirk
All these bitches fake, they just wanna take your cake and splurge
Fuck a dinner date, I tell a ho, "Smirk"

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Ayy, he from the eighties
Mike Tyson in the eighties
He get 'em gone
Woah, woah
Ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh