

Mike

Rod Wave

(Pipe that shit up, TnT)
(Dmac on the fuckin' track)
Huh, uh
Uh, uh, uh, uh-uh-uh-uh-uh
Yeah, yeah, look, uh

I wake up shakin', sweatin' out my sleep, dreamin' 'bout them hats
Praying 'bout my love life, they say karma comin' back
But that love I get stupid, I catch Cupid, get him whacked (Grrah)
And make sure he's dead for real this time
Everything that I go through, I just keep it all to myself (Yeah)
Niggas say they wanted smoke 'til we gave them ass the belt (Yeah)
Uh, pretty red bitch a real slime, she went to a nigga when she left
I ain't bragging 'bout it, I ain't trippin', I was in that situation
myself, uh
Hundred thousand dollar dog tag around my neck
It say young Michael in between, bitch keep asking what it mean
In arenas, bitch, I'm Jordan, to my fans, bitch, I'm Jackson (Yeah)
In the streets, bitch, I'm Corleone, I ask them boys, "What's happeni
ng?"
You know my face card super clean, never burn no bridges (Yeah)
Youngin ran up them millions, brought it right back to the trenches (Yeah)
Ask about us in the world, they say we sell the most tickets
Ask about us in the city, bet they say we stood on business (Grrah)

Yeah, you'll probably never see me
But you can call me if you need me
Being who I am ain't that easy
Even though I make it look so easy
Okay, and all of the pain'll drive you insane
Through all of the pain, I stay true to this game
True, I dot my I's, I cross my T's
I stack my pape', stay out the way
Make sure lawyers get paid

Yeah, we fighting murders and all
We jumping hurdles and all
Go and ask about 'em, they'll tell you, nigga
You're super involved, you're super involved
Yeah, you're super involved

I'm talking 'bout, you see what I'm saying?
See, see to the, to the arenas thing, I might be, I might be Michael
Jordan or somethin', you heard me?
And to, and to my fans, I might be Michael Jackson or somethin', you
know?
Yeah, and round the way, I might be, I might be Michael Corleone or s
omethin', yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Super involved