

Mike Jones

Smino

Baby
Ooh, ooh, ooh, oh shit
How do you belong?
See
Fuck
Nigga

(I don't want your main) She ain't got it like that
But your girl keep callin' me back (B-back-back-back)
It ain't even gotta be like that
I beat the pussy like my favorite hi-hat (H-hat-hat-hat)
Then laughed at it, just like that
I'm Three-Stacks, she more Kat Stacks
And now, that don't matter
And now, she wanna run this shit right back
Like, baby boy, that shit

Tougher than a two dollar steak
And my estate got a farm, I'm Jake
Insurance, great, from the same, playin' hardball
Gotta know it all, bitch, just like Nardwuar
Fuck them niggas on fence, put up barbed wire
I don't need new friends, just Newhouse blunts
That's Real Housewives
Tryna come 'round and get every time, soon as I slide

They like, "Woo, shit," that's my ho
I'm like, "Woo," Mike Jones
And I'm way, way too gone
In LA, smokin' strong
Wanna lay with the mobile
Can't pay, a T-Mobile
No way (We're sorry)
No way (You have reached a number that is disconnected or is no longer in service)
Nigga like, "Woo," like, "Woo"
No way (How do you belong?)
Lay
No way
No way

(I don't want your main) She ain't got it like that
But your girl keep callin' me back (B-back-back-back)
It ain't even gotta be like that
I beat the pussy like my favorite hi-hat (H-hat-hat-hat)
Then laughed at it, just like that
I'm Three-Stacks, she more Kat Stacks
And now, that don't matter
Yeah, I hung up and then she call right back
Like, "I, uh, ooh," okay, yeah

And I'm on, that car low 'cause I took out the T
Been in the hood like that boy Jody Breeze
I mashed his button and I'm Boba Fett
I got cameras in here, finna pose a threat
I got hoes from Bankhead out to Bouldercrest
I been snappin', I'm leanin' my shoulder next

Finna go to my bunker and pick up a strap, nigga
Then go check on my dog, I'm for sure of it
Got the brr, with a [?]
Got the brr, that shit heard 'bout that
When I hit, I go birdie, been goin' some thirty
When me and Smi link, call it "Shawty and Dirty"
Money printer (Money printer), caught a splinter (Caught a splinter)
Faux Cartier (Faux Cartier), wood in 'em (Wood in 'em)
Got platinum around my rim
She like, "Ooh, goddamn, that him"

They like, "Woo, shit," that's my ho
I'm like, "Woo," Mike Jones
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Six above zero
Six above zero on live, we on live with Mary J. Fried
And we got caller number five, what you got? You got five on it?
Smino is always rappin', and I'm not tryna hear any of that rap shit
I'm not really feelin' it, I wanna hear some more R-and-B
I wanna hear him sing, like, I'm just not with all this rappin'