

# Mmphh

Tyga

(NSMW)  
(Is That It?)  
(Is That It?)  
(N-N-Not Safe)  
Mmm, motherfucker, mmm  
Mmm, mmm, motherfucker, mmm

Yeah, I start my day like an M410 Ford (Yeah)  
Ten man gettin' brain like Scarecrow (What?)  
I treat the bitch like a motherfucker and two (Yeah)  
Baby go below the belt like a little blue (What?)  
Both show, both shows post one photo (What?)  
Half a mil', fifty minutes, mm, what's the total?  
Per minute, mm, I do not know though  
I just rap like a GIF, play Santa Ho-Ho (That's not fashion)  
You look like a hobo  
Block on the waist in case a nigga go loco  
Don't try me for size, I go extra large  
Too raw, my star on my bank card (Bitch)  
Hey, her pussy good, need security guard (Bitch)  
I can see the whole LA from my backyard (Bitch)  
When they see my new chain, they say, 'That's hard'  
Forgiato on the rim, bitch, I'm spoiled, mmm

Mash on the gas, make the body go, mmm  
Face on ten, got my lens on, mmm  
Takin' no L's, but we like that, mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm (Make a way)  
Back in high school, you was the man, mmm  
You sent a DM, you a fan, mmm  
Hoppin' out that way, she get bans, mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm

I don't quit, I don't miss, I just fuckin' dismiss  
I get lit, I get lit, yeah  
Gulag that bitch got you stuck in abyss, yeah  
Send me my money, still with the kiss  
I need a slave, still a street Brit  
She need a wave, you blend in right in (Yeah)  
Ten out of ten, I'm on the back nine  
I hit Birdie, part five, then it's nap time (Ah)  
Nigga wanna do the crime and can't pay the fine (Nope)  
Nigga wanna go to war, but don't got the fun (Pow)  
It's all fun and games 'til you reach the last stage  
Then we send your ass back to the front of the arcade  
Make a roll, no time to lack these days  
Watch your back these days, catch you under these days  
Make a way (Make a way), gotta look both, both ways  
They could find you on Waze like I did when the gays  
Nigga froze

Mash on the gas, make the body go, 'Mmm'  
Face on ten, got my lens on, 'Mmm'  
Takin' no L's, but we like that, 'Mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm'  
(Nigga, what?)  
Back in high school, you was the man, 'Mmm'  
You sent a DM, you a fan, 'Mmm'  
Poppin' all that way, she get bans, 'Mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm'

I don't quit, I don't miss  
I just fuckin' dismiss  
I get lit, I get lit, yeah (Mmm)  
I don't quit, I don't miss  
I just fuckin' dismiss  
I get lit, I get lit, yeah  
All my real live nigga, throw your hand up  
All my real live nigga, throw your hand up  
All my real live bitches, throw your hand up  
Throw your hand up, throw your hand up (nigga, mmm)  
All my real live nigga, throw your hand up  
All my real live nigga, throw your hand up (Mmm, mmm)  
All my real live bitches, throw your hand up (nigga, mmm, mmm, mmm)  
Throw your hand up, throw your hand up (Mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm)