

I'm On

Yung Berg

Baby, like, we ain't dropped an album
In at least fo' years
How the fuck we hit that fella?
Baby, lighting bellies don't drop
For at least four months
How the fuck is niggas go?
I ain't gotta lie, do shit
Fool on others
It's good music in a bitter cool summer
I ain't worry bout nothing
Everything Gucci
Chain fucking your ass out a Hummer
Yes, come for my new bitch dump
South side, nigga, I'ma give you three hundred
Some say cops, some niggas say runners
Old fuck boys, y'all never seen commas?
Out T-Ovana(?), I might eat a (???)
Fucking in the pool, then finish in the sauna
hit making nigga, hit making nigga
(Welcome to my show)
Might see me with Rhianna

Pull up to that club
Leave two hoes in that 2 seater
Lap on lap on lap
I call lights on, lights on
Hook it from the top
Start up from the bottom
Never going back, going back
Pretty young momma
Dirty big baller
How we ball like that!

Feel like I'm on for the first time
Sitting on my throne for the first time
I tell 'em meet me at the top
Only since that beat drop
I'm still gonna get this money
If you like it, or not
I'm on! On, on!
I'm on! On, on!