

Ya Boy "Chillin'"

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In the VIP chillin',
Grey Goose chillin',
ice game chillin',
but ya know I'd give it all to be chillin' with herrrr,
chillin' with herrrrrrr (x3)

We in the VIP chillin',
Grey Goose chillin',
somethin' somethin' chillin',
but ya know I'd give it all to be chillin' with yoouuuu
chillin with yoouuu(x2)

Let me chill with you baby.
I can be yo ice cube!
Just because he bought you a drink, don't mean he like
you!
He tryna get inside you, tryna get around you.
I've been lookin' so long, I'm happy that I found you.
Yeaah I be chillin'. Me and her chillin'.
I'm higher then the ceilin'.
It's the world's greatest feelin'. I
'm feelin' like a villain. I kidnap the love.
Made her tattoo my name on her body just cause.
She like to sip Merlot, and give me back rubs.
I'm kissin' on her neck, and you know what that does.
It get her all hot. I like this girl a lot.
I swear to god she can make a gangsta go pop.
She make dat ass drop. She make the pussy pop.
Then I beat it up, stretch it out, and tie it in a knot.
I got it on lock. I throw away the key.
She ain't with them clowns. She right here with me.

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Pretty women on deck. Lookin' at me. Damn, she bad.
Check, please. I know, I know, I know, I got this.
We chillin', chillin'. But you hot, bitch.

I'm goin' in and out my pockets. Bartender!
Can I get the options? Tell me, can we go back to my
room.
In the mornin', Dads like "Where the fuck where you?".
Last night Hemmey with the Sprite.
You and me chillin', yeah we were chillin' alright.
Okay, now we got her in the day(?).
She's the lemonade and the cangeray. But fo' real, girl.
Fo' real, girl. Let's take a break from the real world.
And just party tonight.
And everybody say "I AIN'T GOT NO WORK IN THE
MORNIN'."

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We chillin' like this platinum Petron on the rocks.
Voice make my ears stick up, like spot.
Ambers flashin off the Gucci lenses in the spot.
We just, we just gon' chill even though we so hot.
Baby kept it hood, she was chillin' on the block.
And now we got it good, catch us chillin' on the yacht.
Manicure her toes, prada heels no socks.
Shanelle J-12 ice chillin' in a watch. Baby just chillin'.
Me? I'm just chillin'. If looks could kill I swear shawty
goin' to kill 'em.
Her ex? She don't feel him. Her friends? She don't hear
them.
All she care about is callin' me and just chillin'.

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