

Jae Millz

"Everyday's Anthem"

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(Hook)

I'm coming for them racks, racks, racks
All dressed in black, black, black
Middle finger to them suckers, suckers, suckers
Real niggas, where you at, at, at?
I pray to the Lord, Lord, Lord
To keep the devil off my back, back, back
I make em girls drop it low, low, low
Can't keep my city on my cut, cut, cut

(Verse)

Uptown rider, blunt long as a dollar
You's a choir boy, I'm straight out of the jungle, surge
your blocka
My youngins off the blocka, break you up something
proper
Like that choppa turn yo ass in that chicken enchilada
I ain't fuckin with them niggas who wasn't fuckin with
me
See how them tables turn? Fuck favors, nothing for free
Yea that bullshit, I'm on that
My dick - yo girl on that
Word I know she ain't, she just show up everywhere I
perform at
How you wanna do it boy? I'm bout that
My team runnin out of money, I doubt that
Stuntin like mall this tall ballin, I'm on my grizzly bitch
I'm a nigga's worst nightmare and a bitch's wish

(Hook)

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(Verse)

New York City rider, full of GT vodka

I'm sprayin in her mouth and she embrace it like
banaka
And she hate it when I stop her
So never do I stop her
I just light my good and watch er
Get messy like whopper
I'm a painful home, wreck a nigga life hurts
I turn your wife into my after the club work
You too close, my shooters show you how them slugs
work
Fuckin with Millz is deadly like Magic's bloodwork
Roll another blunt, pop another molly
I'm with Lee, that Korean bitch is taking shots of sake
Livin sucka free, far from where them suckas be
Jehova witness blow my name
Ringin bells all up the streets

(Hook)

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I'm coming for them racks, racks, racks
Young Money, cash money
Middle finger to them suckers, suckers, suckers
We all 100 over here, G'd up
I pray to the Lord, Lord, Lord
To keep the devil off my back, back, back
Uptown til the casket drop, you already now
Can't keep my city on my cut, cut, cut

Millz!

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