

Jae Millz "Run For Mayor"

Visit "[Run For Mayor](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Young Money, Harlem
I got one thing to say before I start this verse, LEGGO
Feeling so good that I might run for mayor
So good I might buy a present for a hater
I just wanna slay her,
You just want to savor
Well good come and get her, let me get back to my
paper
Straight from harlem with the cellars and the shavers
To a high rise balcony way in the air
Stand on my own, so I don't need no favors
And the watch on my wrist dumber than any one of
Flavor's
Cyclops watch the bitch beam lasers
And all my diamonds wathcing, semi davis
Oh that's you girl, I make her say see you later
Take her home and make her sing like I need the paper
They all under estimated, but I mate it
From that young money flow out we courageous
Yeah we the champs so every day is a celebration
Aint nobody do like this in ages
Not only are we young money, bitch we are the
greatest
Catch me in some jordans before you catch me in
some gators
No I'm not icy bitch I'm definetly a glacier
Certified ny wife taker
Old school game like walk like frasier
Pockets of money like an open pager
I grew up in an apartment but ima die on an acre

Tyga

Mass murder every tyga hater
I aint from atlanta but the beat get catered
Eat the 808 bitches say they love my flavor
Cuz I'm a yellow nigga, so I rep the lakers
Wilt chamberlain, hoes in to many places
Player player shit, city's next to where they names is
Famous amos shit, want the cookies with the rasins
I play stages, no games no sages
Rap ragin, move out my fucking way bitch

Are you asian, yup smartest in my age group
I'm fading, and I aint even off nathan
So blatant, and half of these bitches basic
I'm on it, you faling off like humpty dumpty in the yard
I'm a fucking dog
Princess shit, write my name on the star
Skinny nigga dough, hoses stepping on my straw
Big boy dough

Gudda

Real fly bitches all see me and they holla
My shades block the sunray, dolci and gabana
Louis breifcase louis bag I'm stylin
Credit cards in my louis wallet when I'm going shoppin
This is young money, so the money aint a problem,
Got my daughter with me, if she want it them I'm going
to cop it
All my kids, spearl and ryan, they get everythign they
want
They just call daddy and they got it by the morning
I'm an unpaid nigga, under age higga,
I got it made nigga, not bad, I quit school in the 9th
grade nigga
Left my mommas house I was still and underaged
nigga
I was like, fuck this shit, I gotta get paid nigga
Now it's 2010 and we the hottest in the game,
It's young money mention money when you say my
name,
They call me gudda gudda, double g it's all the same
Heroine flow, cocaine, put it in you vein... milzy... we
gone kill these niggas in 2010, you hear me? on some
g shit, you feel me, you hera, slurring right now?

Visit [Jae Millz](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.