

Maino "2012 Predictions"

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This is for my internet bloggers, independent artists
Bitches pulling scams off credit card charges
Yeah, â€™ 11 is dead, let me share a couple visions
that I got in my head
I welcome you to 2012, when the Mayans once said
itâ€™s the end of the world
So we gonna do it up and live it like our last night
So wasted, I canâ€™t remember my last night
All I see is the future in front of me
Nothing like all these visionary wannabees
Iâ€™m a fortune teller man I know shit
Another rapper, open off my own bitch
New year, Iâ€™m a wizard again
Fuck that, I see Obama winning again
Yeah, Chris Brown and Rihanna getting back together
Yo Mainom, for real?
Nobody gives a fuck about all that other shit, nigga
Wassup with you? Predict some shit about you, nigga
I wanna hear about you,
I donâ€™t give a fuck about no basketball wives
I donâ€™t give a fuck about none of these bitches on
television
â€ and crime and fighting every fucking 5 minutes
Wassup with you nigga?

All I see is skinny bitches going skinny dipping in my
swimming pool, barshit
Park the Lamborghini in my living room
Flossing, got a diamond as big as a table spoon
Cartridge, ak 47 and Iâ€™ve been a goon
Mirror, mirror while Iâ€™m staring at the wall
Will I live to be the greatest, or die an underdog?
Will I â€ will I make it to the frog?
Will these niggas ever wake and stop sleeping on your
door
All I see is my funeral me dying as a general
Hopping out that casket screaming you canâ€™t kill
the truth
Yeah Iâ€™m bulletproof baby itâ€™s so incredible
Tweezing off, holding my balance just like a killer do
All I see is visions and kitchens and all â€
Day friends yelling like nigga you gotta ball at night

So now I'm in that place waving bottles out
Strippers dancing on me got me throwing dollars out
So drunk so high that I'm on a cloud
Can't see the sky, can't find the ground
Yeah I'm coming but these fags trying to hide the crown
I'm turned up, need a shot just to calm me down
I spend days and I bathe up in crack houses
Blue bread took bread and I stack thousands
No love with the war with different drug lords
Got friends doing time over drug lords
On the road we gonna roll to the end of it
Stand up and crack a smile at my sentences
Now tell me why these pussy niggas trembling
Cause these rappers in this game all gelatin
All I see is riches in my crystal wall
Should I let them in or should I kill them all?
Should I cop the new Benz with the soft top
So I can stand up on the â€ and yell fuck cops
Should I keep fucking hoes or should I get a wife?
Should I find a strip club or should I find Christ?
Fell a sleep behind the wheel of a â€
Woke up in a tellie next toâ€
This is my prediction for â€ 12, I'm ma make a sex
tape and show girls
Niggas only hate what they fear boy
They gonna kiss the ring this year, boy
They gonna kiss the ring this year, boy
They gonna kiss the ring this year, boy.

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