

Mims

"Beat It Up Like A Drummer"

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Look I said

[MIMS]

Bah Bah Bah Beat it up like a drummer

Tight game momma, no Im not a plumber

Im an international baller find me in Bora Bora

Runnin from rainy days the sun will come out
tomorrow

Lovers lead, haters follow

I came in the game she said I was hard to swallow

But yall dont hear me though

While yall sleepin in bed Im eatin cereal (Cheerio!)

I took what you sold and sold a milli more

Catch up to me homie you got a mill to go

I do my numbers baby, I do my numbers

Got these haters red in the face without the sunburn

Bah bah bah I beats the beat bloody

Clash with the crash I whoop the snares ass

Man, I gives a fuck about a hi-hat

Step to me, uh-uh I wouldn't try that

MIMS!

Chrous

Bah bah bah beat it up like a drummer

[E-Smith]

Smith!

Yo whattup Mims I gotcha homie

I'm goin in like this

Bah bah bah beat it up like a drummer

Young Smith slang wood like a motherfuckin lumber

Jack flip crack like a motherfuckin trap

A Niggas steppin on your work like a motherfuckin

Gamma

Motherfuckers after, the almighty dollar

(IDK) Jeans Ralph Lauren with the collar

5 for the baby 7 5 for the toddler

Bah bah bah beat it up eat it up like a cobbler

Smith run the streets lil nigga you a jogger

Heineken lager, pushin that Lady Gaga

Fresh pair of Pradas, I dont do the dadas

Shottas, want me take the what and leave the what?
Celibate flow nigga i dont give a fuck
28 inches buttnicks(?) on the truck
Smith spit sick got a swag like yuck (EW)
Gotcha chick cryin on the phone like (uh uh uh)

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